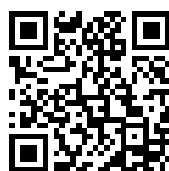

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>





Hope essays add: 25.

THE
(PORTFOLIO,
Vol. II.)



—Published by Bradford & Inskeep, Philadelphia:
and Inskeep & Bradford, New York.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.

JULY, 1809.

No. 1.

RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LECTURE III.

On the nature and proper use of EMPHASIS, by which the truth and force of sentiment is conveyed.

GENTLEMEN,

THE subject to which I shall solicit your attention this evening is that important principle of correct elocution, *Emphasis*, by which the truth and force of sentiment is conveyed; and without the just observance of which, no reader or speaker can properly impress the minds, or engage the attention of his hearers.

The word *Emphasis*, etymologically considered, means *signification or force*. It is a Greek word, and when applied to speech, imports the marking by the voice any word or words in a phrase or sentence, as more important than the rest.

The purpose of *Emphasis* may be effected in several ways; by increase of force, by variation of tone, by extension of time in enunciation, or by any two or all of these together. In the first way, *Emphasis* operates by simple vociferation; in the second, by accent; in the third, by quantity.

Wherever *Emphasis* rests it combines itself with the eminent accent of the word, commonly adding to its force, often altering its tone, never removing it from its place, and only sometimes where some opposition is to be marked within the word, holding any very striking connexion with any other syllable. Though a similarity of operation

VOL. II.

A

thus exists between accent and emphasis, different exertions are employed in producing them; emphasis being performed by the lungs, accent by the contraction or dilatation of the glottis.

The operation of emphasis, by quantity, has place principally in monosyllables ending with vowels; and even there it is, in English speech, always combined with operation by accent. Monosyllables obviously can neither require nor admit distinction of accent within themselves. They receive, therefore, according to their greater or less occasional importance among other words, precisely such accent only as emphasis assigns them. When monosyllables ending with a vowel require emphasis, extension of quantity is commonly added to height of tone and force of utterance, for increase of effect. Thus the pronouns, and some other familiar words, as *he, she, me, we, do, so*, are acute and long, or grave and short, as emphasis may for the occasion demand.

Extension of quantity has sometimes place in polysyllables, for the purpose of emphasis. In few instances however only, and under particular circumstances, which evade rule, but may be illustrated by familiar examples. If one, simply commanding another, says, *go directly*, he speaks the first syllable, *dí*, with a grave accent and a short quantity; expressing the *i* by the sound of that letter as in the first syllable of the words, *direct* and *divide*, as by *e* in the first syllable of *detect* and *deride*. But if, impatient of delay, he would urge haste, he will add emphasis to the word *directly*, by substituting in the first syllable, for the short, the long sound of *i* as in *final*, the predominating accent being still preserved, on its proper syllable, *the second*; though a change of tone ensues both in the first and second, as *go directly*.

All variations of the voice, indicating affirmation, interrogation, admiration, surprise, indignation, complaint, or any other intention or affection of the mind, are modes of emphasis, or pointing out; operating either by accent, or quantity, or both; and, therefore very important to harmony.

From this general idea of emphasis, it will readily appear of how much consequence it is to readers and speakers not to be mistaken in it; the necessity of distinguishing the emphatical words from the rest, has made writers on this subject extremely solicitous to give such rules for placing the emphasis, as may, in some measure, facilitate this difficult part of elocution, but few have gone further than to tell us, that we must place the emphasis on that word, in reading, which we would make emphatical in speaking; and though the importance of emphasis is insisted on with the utmost force and elegance of language, no assistance is given us to determine, which is the emphatic word, where several appear equally emphatical, which is frequently the case,

not have we any rule to distinguish between those words which have a greater and those which have a less degree of stress; the sense of the author is the whole direction we are referred to, and consequently all is left to the taste and understanding of the reader.

In the midst of this uncertainty, Mr. Walker appears to have suggested a good criterion.

"The principal circumstance," says he, "that distinguishes emphatical words from others, seems to be a meaning which points out, or distinguishes something as distinct or opposite to some other thing. When this opposition is expressed in words, it forms an antithesis, the opposite parts of which are always emphatical. Thus in the following couplet from Pope:

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in *writing* or in *judging* ill.

The words *writing* and *judging* are opposed to each other, and are, therefore, the emphatical words: where we may likewise observe, that the disjunctive conjunction, *or*, by which the antithesis is connected, means one of the things exclusively of the other. The same may be observed in another couplet from the same author, where one branch of the antithesis is not expressed but understood:

Get wealth and place, if possible, with grace:
If not, by *any means*, get wealth and place.

Here it appears evidently, that the words *any means*, which are the most emphatical, are directly opposed to the means understood by the word *grace*, and the last line is perfectly equivalent to this: *If not by these means, by any other means, get wealth and place*. Hence, to convey their right meaning, the words, *any means*, are evidently to be pronounced louder and fuller than the others.

In these instances the opposition suggested by the emphatical word is evident, at first sight: in other cases, perhaps, the antithesis is not quite so obvious: but, if an emphasis can be laid on any word, we may be assured *that* word is in antithesis with some meaning agreeable to the general sense of the passage.

To illustrate this, if we pronounce a line of Marcus in Cato, where, expressing his indignation at the behaviour of Caesar, he says,

I'm tortur'd e'en to madness, when I think
Of the proud victor ———,

we shall find the greatest stress fall naturally on that word, which

seems opposed to some common or general meaning : for the young hero does not say, in the common and unemphatic sense of the word *think*, that he is tortured even to madness when he thinks of Caesar ; but in the strong and emphatic sense of this word, which implies, not only when I hear or discourse of him, but even when I *think* of him, I am tortured even to madness. As the word *think*, therefore, rises above the common level of signification, it is pronounced above the common level of sound : and as this signification is opposed to a signification less forcible, the word may properly be said to be emphatical.

This more than ordinary meaning, or a meaning opposed to some other meaning, seems to be the principal source of emphasis ; for if, as in the last instance, we find the words will bear this opposition to their common signification, we may be sure they are emphatical ; this may be still more evident from another example :

“ By the faculty of a lively and picturesque imagination, a man in a *dungeon* is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes, more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.”

Spectator, No. 411.

If we read this passage without that emphasis which the word *dungeon* requires, we enervate the meaning, and scarcely give the sense of the author : for the import plainly is, that a lively imagination, not merely absent from beautiful scenes, but even in a *dungeon*, can form scenes more beautiful than any in nature.

This plenitude of meaning in a particular word, is not always so prominent as to be discernible by a common reader ; but wherever it really exists, the general meaning of the author is greatly enforced by emphatically pointing it out. Wherever the contrariety or opposition is expressed, we are at no loss for the emphatical words, as,

I come to *bury* Caesar, not to *praise* him :
The *evil* that men do lives after them ;
The *good* is oft interred with their bones.†

Shakespeare.

The greatest difficulty in reading lies in a discovery of those words which are in opposition to something not expressed but understood : and if emphasis does not improve it always vitiates the sense ; and, therefore, should be always avoided where the use of it is not evident : this will always appear by placing an emphasis on a word in a sentence which does not require it.

It frequently happens that two or more emphatic words are opposed to others in the same sentence : as,

HE raised a mortal to the skies,
SHE drew an angel down.

The influence of false emphasis in perverting the sense of a passage might be illustrated by a variety of examples, among which the following are at present suggested :

A clergyman having occasion to read in the church our Saviour's reproach to his disciples (Luke 24 c. 25 v.) "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken, concerning me," placed the emphasis upon the word *believe*, as if Christ had called them fools for *believing*. Upon the rector's finding fault; when he read it next, he placed the emphasis upon *all*, as if it had been foolish in the disciples to believe *all*. The rector again blaming this manner of placing the emphasis, the good curate accented the word *prophets*, as if the prophets had been persons in no respect worthy of belief. A correct reader would place the emphasis upon *slow of heart*.

In the following words of our Saviour, the meaning may be placed in a variety of lights according to the manner in which the emphasis is placed. "Judas, betrayest thou the son of man with a kiss?" If the emphasis be placed upon *betrayest* thou, it makes the reproach turn upon the infamy of treachery. If upon *thou*, (betrayest *thou*,) it makes it rest upon Judas's connexion with his master. If upon the *son of man* (betrayest thou the *son of man*) it rests upon our Saviour's personal character and eminence. If upon the words *with a kiss*, it turns upon his prostituting the signal of peace and friendship to the purpose of a mark of treachery and destruction.

Emphasis is of two kinds, simple and complex : simple, when it merely serves to point out the plain meaning of any proposition, as, "Nathan said unto David, *thou* art the man." Here the emphasis on *thou* serves only to point out the meaning of the speaker.

Complex emphasis, besides the meaning, conveys also some emotion of the mind : as, in the following apostrophe of Adam in Milton's *Paradise Lost* :

"O Goodness infinite ! Goodness immense !
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good ; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought
Light out of darkness !

There is a striking exemplification of multiplied emphasis in the dialogue between Sampson and Dalila in Milton's *Sampson Agonistes*:

Dal. In argument with men, a woman ever

Goes by the worst, whatever be her cause.

Samp. For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath,

Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

And again,

"It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win, or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit."

Samp. Ago.

Multiplied emphasis and emotion, are exemplified in this passage from Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts*:

— Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: each day a life!
And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,
Sure vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroy'd
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.
Time flies; death urges; knells call; heaven invites:
Hell threatens: all exert; in effort all;
More than creation labours! Labours more?
And is there in creation what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd Despatch,
And ardent Energy, supinely yawns?
Man sleeps; and man alone; and man, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Endless, hair hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf
A moment trembles; drops! and man, for whom
All else is in alarm: man, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest. Throw years away!
Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments seize,
Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy.

From this account of emphasis, the proper use of it in reading is, I think, clearly pointed out; and it is to be acquired by a due degree of attention and practice. Every one who understands what he reads, cannot fail of finding out every emphatic word; and his business then is to mark it properly; not by stress only, as in the accented syllable, but by change of note suited to the matter which constitutes the essence of emphasis. If it be asked how the proper note is always to be ascertained, my answer is, that he must not only understand but feel the sentiments of the author; as all internal feeling must be expressed by notes, which is the language of emotions; not words the language of ideas. And if he enter into the spirit of his author's sentiments, as well as into the meaning of his words, he will not fail to deliver the words in properly varied notes, unless the natural inflexions of his voice be vitiated or distorted by provincial tones or foreign accent: for there are few people, who speak English with these, who have not the most accurate use of emphasis and tone when they utter their sentiments in common discourse; and the reason that they have not the same use of them in reading aloud the sentiments of others, is owing to the very defective and erroneous method, in which the art of reading is generally taught; whereby all the various, natural, expressive tones of speech, and consequently from their intimate connexion, much of the force and correct influence of emphasis, is suppressed, and a few monotonous, unmeaning tones are substituted in their place. But, more of this when I treat of punctuation, and the inflexions of the voice.

The foregoing position with respect to antithesis being the source of emphasis, will not always bear that test; (although it generally will,) as in the prohibitory injunctions of the Decalogue: "Thou shalt not *steal*. Thou shalt not commit *adultery*," and similar sentences.

There is certainly no one principle in the art of reading, in which more frequent mistakes are committed than in this important one of emphasis, both with regard to stress and tone. The chief reason of this general abuse of emphasis seems to be, that persons so frequently read sentences which they do not understand; and as it is impossible to lay the emphasis rightly without perfectly comprehending the meaning of what is read, they get a habit either of reading in a monotonous tone, or if they attempt to distinguish one word from the rest, as the emphasis falls at random, the sense is usually perverted, or changed into nonsense. Emphasis, therefore, though essentially necessary to give energy to language, must ever be considered as subject to the precision of grammatical truth: for if a correct observance of the laws of orthography and syntax do not accompany the reader's orthoepy and emphasis, his oratory will be but as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." The object of language is to communicate information to the

mind or improvement to the understanding, which are certainly of more importance than merely impressing or pleasing the ear with the force of sound by emphasis: for though that may be necessary to awaken attention and thereby to enforce sentiment, it would be better that such attention should remain asleep, than be awakened by those means which serve to mislead the judgment and to communicate error.

Reading should be considered as nothing more than speaking at sight by the assistance of letters; in the same manner as singing at sight is performed in music by the assistance of notes. And as it is certain that Nature, if left to herself, directs every one in the right use of emphasis, when they utter their own immediate sentiments, they should have the same unerring rule to guide them after they have been written down, whether they are their own or the sentiments of others contained in books. The best method of correcting this false emphasis is frequently to read aloud some passages from books written in an easy familiar style, and particularly that of dialogue; and at the end of every sentence let the reader ask himself this question: How should I utter this were I speaking it as my own immediate sentiment? In that case, on what words should I lay the emphasis, and with what change of notes in the voice? Though at first sight he may find that his former habit will counteract his endeavours in this new way, yet by perseverance, he cannot fail of success; particularly if he will get each sentence by heart, for some time, and revolve it in his mind, with that view, without looking at the book. Nor should he be discouraged by frequent disappointments in the first attempts, but repeat the same sentence over and over till he is correct. For it is not the quantity read which is to be regarded in this case, but the right manner of doing it: and experience will convince him, that after having obtained the victory in some instances, he will soon make a rapid progress in accomplishing it in all.

All that passes in the mind of man may be reduced to two classes—Ideas and Emotions. By *ideas*, I mean all thoughts which rise and pass in succession in the mind: by *emotions*, all exertions of the mind, which arise from the operation of the passions. Words are the signs of the one, tones of the other. And there is not an exertion of the fancy, or emotion of the heart, which has not annexed to it a peculiar tone or note of the voice, by which they are to be expressed; and which, when properly used, excite in the minds of the hearers analogous emotions.

Emphasis is the great regulator of quantity, and changes not only the quantity of words and syllables, but also, in particular cases, the seat of the accent, as in the following and similar instances: "He must increase, but I must decrease." "There is a difference between giving and forgiving." "In this species of composition *plausibility* is much

more essential than *probability*." In these examples the emphasis requires the accent to be placed on syllables, to which it does not commonly and properly belong.

In short, emphasis is the very life of reading, and therefore cannot be too carefully attended to.

The most elaborate and judicious discussion of this branch of our general subject, is that contained in Walker's Elements of Elocution, to which, as well as to other standard authors upon the art of reading, I refer you, for ampler and more minute information.

The subjects of *Quantity*, *Pause*, and *Tone* will be attended to in my next and the two following Lectures.

THE LITERARY REPUBLIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

From the Original Spanish.

(Concluded from Volume I, page 494.)

GRATEFUL for this information, I left the room, and saw pass in order the Greek, Latin, and other historians. Desirous to know them, I drew near *Polidorus*, who related to me their names and qualities as they passed.

This, he said, who walks with slow and circumspect step, is *Thucydides*; to emulate the glory of *Herodotus*, he undertook to write the wars of the *Peloponnesus*.

There, with a profound air, is *Polybius*, who wrote, in forty books, the history of the Romans, of which only five have escaped the destroying power of Time, but not the malice of *Sebastian Maccio*, who ignorantly criticised them, forgetting that in his great learning he abounds more in thoughts than in words.

Next to him, habited in smooth and ample garments, on whose forehead is delineated a candid and prudent soul, free from the slavery of adulation, you perceive *Plutarch*, so versed in politics and military art, that as *Bodius* observes, he might be taken for arbiter in either.

The other with calm and gentle countenance, who with sweetness and tenderness in his eyes, attracts all souls, is *Xenophon*. *Diogenes Laertius* called him the attic Muse ; others, with more propriety, the attic Bee.

He whose robe is short but smooth, is *Sallust*, the enemy of *Cicero*, in whose brevity is comprehended all that eloquence can dictate, though *Seneca* says that he is obscure, daring in his transpositions, and that his sentences are too abrupt.

He is followed by *Cornelius Tacitus*, with falling eyebrows and an aquiline nose, wearing large spectacles ; bold and courteous ; who with short steps gains more ground than all his predecessors ; and was so esteemed by the *Emperor Claudius* that he ordered his picture to be put in all the libraries, and his books to be recopied ten times a year. But even this care did not prevent the greatest part of them from being buried in oblivion, and the rest were not heard of for many years, till a Fleming restored them to mankind, who have ever since protected his memory and honoured his virtues ; for even virtue needs protectors ! Yet I am doubtful whether he has not exposed public tranquillity more than even the inventor of gunpowder. Such is his impatience with corruption and vice, and so irresistible are the doctrines he inculcates. *Budias* on that account considered him as the most dangerous of writers, but this is softened by the encomiums he received from others. *Pliny* calls him eloquent, *Vopisco* fertile, *Esparciano* pure and candid, *Bodino* penetrating, and *Sidonius* worthy of all praise.

I remarked the ornamented habit of one whose projecting lip seemed to drop honey, and learned that he was *Titus Livius*, of Padua, not of less glory to the Romans than the greatness of their empire. To avoid the impiety of *Polybius*, he fell into superstition ; thus often by seeking to shun one fault, we fall into the opposite.

Not less consideration merits *Suetonius*, who followed in a robe so perfectly finished, that whoever would attempt to improve would spoil it. In his face was discovered the impatience of his disposition ; incapable of flattery, or of tolerating the crimes of Princes, even though trifling, if any can be called so of which those are guilty whose actions the people blindly imitate without considering whether they are good or bad.

He, who, with a sword in one hand and a pen in the other, no less terrific to his enemies by his courage, than attractive by his elegance to his friends, is *Julius Cæsar*, the most perfect production of Nature in genius, valour, and judgment.

Succeeding him in the robes of a courtier, though without jewels or ornament, you see *Philip Comines*, lord of Argenton, on whose forehead Nature stamped the profundity of his sense.

Next with a long beard and loose attire comes *Guicciardini*, the enemy of the house of *Urbino*. By his side, wrapped in a mantle of fur, which can scarcely keep him warm, walks *Paul Jovius*, adulator of the *Marquis of Basto*, of the *Medicis*, and declared enemy of the Spaniards; faults which leave his works devoid of the energy of truth.

The last in long and floating vestments is *Zunita*, with *Don Diego de Mendoza*, prudent and lively in their movements; and *Mariena*, who, to acquire credit with other nations excused nothing in his own; he affects antiquity of style, and as some stain their hair to look young, he discolours his to appear old.

Being informed of the character of these historians, we passed on, and saw seated beneath a group of trees the seven sages, so celebrated in Greece. Pride is the daughter of Ignorance, Modesty the offspring of Wisdom; and these sages showed in our presence how much they merited their renown; for some fishermen having drawn in a net from the sea, a golden tripod made by *Vulcan* consulted the Oracle of Delphos to avoid disputes to whom it should belong. The reply was, "to the wisest," and having offered it to *Thales*, he modestly gave it to another, and this to a third, till it came to *Solon*, who presented it to the Oracle, saying, that it belonged to God, in whom alone existed true wisdom: an action which might cure many of presumption and ignorance.

By the side of a fountain, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Clitomachus*, *Carneades*, and many other academic philosophers, were seated, always doubting, never affirming anything as certain, but by force of reasoning and argument, they gave a direction to the understanding, and disposed it to adopt one opinion in preference to another.

Further on were the Sceptics, *Pyrrhus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Anaxarchus*, who were positive only in doubts, shrugging up their shoulders at all questions, and saying that we know nothing; wisely cautious appeared to me these philosophers; and not without foundation their little confidence in human knowledge.

In another part was the dogmatic philosophers, who gave their opinions as decisive, pronouncing some things good, others bad. They lived in continual inquietude; avoiding this and seeking that; more deserving of applause, the Stoics considered all events indifferent; neither desired nor feared them, nor did their happiness or unhappiness depend on enjoyment or loss.

Other philosophers held other opinions, as various as the nature of men, whence arose the infinite variety of sects. The *Peripatetics* were walking under a portico, disputing and establishing their maxims. The *Pythagoreans* said little, and were rigorous in the observance of their five years' silence. They were followed by the *Cynics* and the *Epicureans*.

Retired from all these, less vain and more enlightened, was *Diogenes*, who stole some hours from his public occupations to study the doctrines of the *Stoics*; softening the austerity of his masters, and more indulgent with the passions and natural affections; seated on the margin of a rivulet, he remarked its course, and moralized on the clearness and purity of its waters. Near him on the branch of a poplar tree, hung a paper, on which was painted a shell, the exterior rough and unpolished, but discovering within a pure and silvery bosom, and on the most delicate and pearly part this half verse of *Percius* :

Nil te quæsieris extra.

In which the philosopher showed his contempt of ambition, and the superficial judgments of the envious, satisfied with the applause of his own conscience, always calm and always intent on his duties.

Going thence we heard a tumultuous noise among the people, who were running from all parts crying that the emperor *Licinius*, a great enemy of the republic was coming against her with an army of *Goths* and *Vandals*; the confusion was great; and those who before this event appeared prepared and full of precaution, were found unable to execute the plans they had themselves invented. Many councils were held at which the senators and the four great counsellors *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Xenophon*, and *Tacitus*, assisted; all held in high estimation, and who by their writings were thought to be full of judgment and of sound maxims, but, called on this occasion into action; they were confounded by the contrariety of opinions, and the variety of resolutions that were suggested without being able to form any solid plan. If they proposed any means of defence, it was in measures so impracticable, though they appeared learned, that their inutility was immediately discovered; and it was clearly seen how much those erred who trust the public tranquillity to the power of speculative genius and men devoted to science, always irresolute and wavering among a variety of opinions; skilful in argument, but weak in execution; and dangerous with their theories, which are never applicable to any emergency, for affairs constantly change, and periods of time differ from each other as much as human faces,

From this state of anxiety we were delivered by an account that the alarm was false, and that the emperor was far distant from the republic ; on which quiet was restored, and we continued our way.

Entering a street, where, from one end to the other, there was nothing but barbers' shops, I inquired the reason why there was so many of this trade in a place inhabited by learned men who let their hair and beards grow.

Marcus Varro replied, laughing, that they were not barbers, but critics, certain species of surgeons, who, in this republic, profess to perfect or mend literary works ; their audacity is so great, that they pretend to divine ideas which the authors never dreamed of, and by changing the words, change the sense, and spoil the whole.

At that instant *Democritus* passed, laughing so immoderately that I was obliged to inquire the cause, surprised to see so wise a philosopher so off his guard. Composing himself, he replied, there are so many things in this republic that would provoke the most saturnine to laughter, that this curiosity can be excused only in a stranger. I will satisfy it by representing the general causes, that you may not attribute this indulgence to folly. Since the thirst of knowledge led me among the Indians, Persians, Chaldeans, and Ethiopians, and I have discovered the vanity of the sciences, the danger of this republic, and the madness of its citizens, it has appeared to me best to laugh at them all. For to oppose them, or weep over evils which it is impossible to remedy, would be idle ; and even amid my regrets, I cannot forbear laughing at the folly of those who think nothing true but what comes from the lips or pens of these people ; who, on the faith of this credulity, and thinking to imitate the supreme artificer, have imagined frightful creations and monstrous births never contemplated by Nature.

They assert that there is in the sea *tritons* and *nercids*, in the air *hyogripts*, *harpies*, and *sphinxes* ; in the mountains *satyrs*, *panes*, *sylvans*, and *centaurs* ; in the woods, *dryads* and *hamadryads* ; in the fountains, *naiads*. They have persuaded the whole world to idolatry, raising altars to and adoring as gods, the spheres, the stars, the elements, and creatures rational and irrational, even the rudest and most insensible ; and in excuse of their own vices, leaving neither sea, river, forest, isle, nor mountain, in which, under various transformations, they have not preserved the horrible memory of the robberies, incests, rapes, and adulteries of their gods, daring to defame the celestial luminaries of the firmament, making them accomplices in their lascivious and brutal actions. How can I avoid laughing when I see people receiving from these citizens the documents of immortal life, the prize of virtue, and tranquillity of the soul, while they are themselves the most rebellious, the most prone to anger, blindly devoted to love, to en-

vy, to avarice, to ambition, most inconstant, arrogant, admirers of themselves, and despising others.

I cannot forbear laughing when I see the vainglory of those celebrated for their learning in this republic; they strut about boasting of their knowledge in external things, while they know nothing of themselves, their souls being more rude than unhewn marble, and more savage than the beasts of the forest : at these I laugh, and esteem those only who, though ignorant of the sciences, know how to govern their passions and affections.

I laugh also at the silliness of certain authors who think to immortalize the patrons to whom they dedicate their works, like *Aphius*, the grammarian, and with proud humility consecrate them to great monarchs, strangers to the knowledge of letters, giving for motive the necessity they have of their protection against the malevolent, as if they could defend what they do not understand ; or as if with the book was not purchased the right of murmuring against it.

More wise were the ancients who dedicated their books to their friends, or to some intelligent prince who had furnished the argument.

And if we consider the sciences, which constitute the chief treasure of the republic, how many things do we not find in them, and their professors, that excite more laughter than compassion.

Regard the conceit of the grammarians, who, proud of their knowledge of Latin, pretend to take the lead in all the sciences. Behold how enamoured of herself is *Rhetoric* with her ornaments and colours, disguising the truth, being a species of adulation, and the art of deceiving or tyrannizing over our feelings with an agreeable violence ; it is the lyre of *Orpheus* which drew after it the animals, and that of *Amphyon* which moved the stones; for this reason the *Spartans* would not admit her into their city ; *Rome* expelled her twice from her walls, and the *Stoics* drove her from their schools ; *Socrates* calls the orators public flatterers, and described the danger of employing them, because they impose upon the people, moving them at pleasure by their persuasive powers, and raising seditions, as did *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Cato*, *Demosthenes*, and *Cicero*.

Poetry is the sister of Rhetoric ; she despises all the sciences, and asserts proudly her right of precedence, for to her alone antiquity raised altars ; she denies being the daughter of Labour, father of the other arts, and says she descended from heaven ; she boasts that the *Scythians*, the *Cretans*, and the *Spaniards*, wrote their first laws in verse, and that in verse the *Goths* recorded their actions.

It is a dangerous art, inimical to truth, supporting herself by feigning and imitation, and rendering the gods accomplices of her crimes ; to excuse her own licentiousness she maintains the amorous passions ;

feeding with tender caresses and sweet endearments her own flames and those of others. Her malicious tongue destroys reputations. It covered *Dido* with infamy, though for virtue and chastity she was the example of widows.

Nor is history less dangerous to the world, for as men naturally seek immortality, and this is acquired by Fame, either good or bad, which is not eternised by statues of marble or bronze, but in the pages of history, it follows that as there is in human nature more inclination to vice than virtue, there are so many who like *Erostratus* undertake some signal evil, to be remembered by historians; and as in their annals are recorded the virtues and vices of great kings and princes, we are more apt to excuse our own weakness by their example than to imitate their virtues.

They arrogate to themselves also the theory and practice of politics, though through self-love, or flattery, or hatred, or want of care in seeking after truth, there is scarcely an historian who is faithful in his narration, who pays not more regard to his reputation than to veracity, who consults not public opinion rather than facts.

And if some events are related as they occurred, yet inferences cannot be drawn from them without great danger, for it is necessary to penetrate their causes, and these, though the historians relate them, are uncertain, imaginary, or received from the voice of the vulgar, the blind, the ignorant, for few or none of those who write were present at the occurrences they state, or if present they could not see every thing themselves; nor were they called to the councils of princes and informed of the public and private motives of their actions. Too often from the success of an event they form their ideas of its having been planned, and some writers of bad disposition, aided by the quickness of their genius, interpret malignantly the proceedings of those who govern, and as vice and virtue border on each other, they call the brave rash, the generous prodigal, the prudent weak, and the cautious timid. Another fault not less grave of historians is, that they praise or satirize from interest, thus *Paterculus* praised *Sejanus*, *Livia*, and *Tiberius*, while *Tacitus* exposed the ambition and adultery of the former, and the deceitfulness of the last.

Xenophon did not describe *Cyrus* as he was, but as he should have been, and similar praises gave fame to *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Theseus*, *Epaminondas*, *Lysander*, *Themistocles*, *Alexander*, *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, and *Pompey*, all of whom were only famous tyrants and robbers.

Behold metaphysicians involved in sophistry, arguments, and words, confused in the very expressions and terms they have invented to explain themselves, and so absorbed in these terms that they cannot raise their eyes to contemplate or consider the secrets of nature.

Behold moral philosophers temporising with human vices : the *Epicureans* are libertines, the *Peripatetics* avaricious, the *Platonists* and *Stoics* arrogant and vainglorious ; you may also observe the confusion of their ideas on what constitutes the felicity of man. *Epicurus* and *Aristippus* say it consists in delight, *Pythagoras* and *Socrates* in virtue, *Theophrastus* in strength, *Aristotle* in being free from pain, *Periander* in glory, honour, and riches, *Dinomachus* and *Colophon* in a mixture of virtue and delight. Can there be more ingenious folly ? Why did not some of the philosophers place the happiness of man in not writing, since authors are one of their principal curses.

Plato alone, more enlightened than the rest, knew that felicity could not be found in terrestrial things, but only in a union with the supreme good ; for while man lives, he is exposed to misery and pain, he is the sport of fortune, a fleeting shade, the certain prey of death, and the world, his abode, a scene constantly shifting, a field of battle, a tragic theatre ! and thus neither in it nor in man can he find felicity, but must seek it in another place and among other beings.

Then turning to *Marcus Varro* and myself, with a smiling face, he continued, and what excuse can the lawyers find, who live for others, continually occupied in suits and cares foreign to themselves ? whose memory is an elephant that sustains castles and even mountains of dissertations and books ? whose profession, like an entail, descends from father to son in repertories where they find and do not study its materials, and where genius, forgetful of its generous liberty, obeys the words and ideas of legislators, as if laws were not founded on the fixed principles of nature.

I know not why they call their Jurisprudence a science, being the daughter of the human understanding, blind and mutable. Wise were the first legislators who, knowing that their laws were human dictates, sought to give them authority with the vulgar by persuading them that they were inspired by some divinity, as those of *Osiris* by *Mercury*, those of *Minos* by *Jupiter*, those of *Solon* by *Minerva*, those of *Lycurgus* by *Apollo*, and those of *Numa Pompilius* by the nymph *Egeria*.

Such are the votaries of Jurisprudence, that it is necessary to pay them in order to make them speak or be silent ; and they would be the worst people in the world if there were no physicians ; for if the lawyers consume our property, these destroy our lives. The discretion of a certain king of France was admired, who paid his physicians great salaries when he was well, but discontinued them as soon as he fell sick. The Egyptians, the Babylonians, and the Arcadians lived free from this plague. Greece was not ignorant of it ; since, in order to destroy the Romans, they sent them physicians, but that republic being informed of their intention, expelled them from her bosom. Well do I know who said that life is short, art long, observation difficult, ex-

periment dangerous ; and thus physicians are a greater pest than the infirmities they pretend to cure ; for against these alone nature has more force than against their potions and venomous prescriptions.

Such is the perfection of the sciences among the citizens of this republic, and from these general causes arises my continual laughter.

While we were amusing ourselves with his remarks, *Heraclitus* who stood on one side, his eyes bent on the ground, and streaming with tears, raised his voice and said : It is not possible to laugh in this republic without having lost entirely the understanding ; if we consider her danger, or examine how scantily Nature has divided her benefits among its citizens ; for they are born in such ignorance that to acquire instruction constant labour is necessary, as the precious metals are found combined with such quantities of vile matter, that if they were not purified and formed by the fire and the hammer, they would remain forever concealed ; thus it requires much care and fatigue to cultivate and purify our minds, to discover and improve the disposition we possess for the sciences.

What tears, what pains in our childhood ? what peregrinations in our riper years, what reading, what writing, what meditating, to acquire a little knowledge ? The worst is, that we owe all our information to the brutes, to whom Nature has been more kind, and from whom we have learned the greatest part of the arts and sciences.

The bees taught us politics, the ants economy. The first gave us an example of monarchy in the government of one ; the second of an aristocracy in that of the few, which is best ; the crows, whose government is alternately shared by them all, exhibit a democracy ; from the hawk, using his wings for oars and his tail for a helm, we learned navigation ; the spider has shown us how to weave ; the swallow to build ; even our skill in astronomy exists among the beasts ; the cinocephalus, by his barking, marks the hours of the day and night ; the greenfinch appears on the day of the solstice ; dolphins and halcyons foretel tempests. As he was speaking, we were obliged to retire to make room for a herd of lions, tigers, wolves, foxes, and animals of every description, followed by a man horribly ugly. *Heraclitus* perceiving him continued his discourse, saying, this is the slave *Esop*, who having induced these animals to speak, teaches by their means the true moral and natural philosophy, considering them as the best and most secure masters. And is this, *O Democritus*, an object to excite laughter rather than lamentation ?

This reprimand, accompanied by a flood of tears, was not sufficient to damp the mirth of the other. I laughed at both, because I saw that they were both actuated by envy and malice, and railed at what they did not understand. The sun is so beautiful, that the idolatry of those who adore it as a god, is excusable ; yet such there are, who without

having the eyes of an eagle, attempt to examine his rays, and say there is obscurity and spots on his luminous surface.

Leaving these philosophers, we turned a corner, and saw flying from a house to escape the rage of her father, Sappho with her robe loose and her hair dishevelled. He complained that his daughter, employing herself in writing verses, had forgot to sew and spin, and neglected the duties of her sex, in which women ought to seek their glory, instead of applying to studies which distract their souls and fill them with vanity and the rage of disputing, to the great prejudice of modesty and decorum, the best support of their virtue. I pitied the father, whose old age was rendered miserable by the lasciviousness of his daughter, and having soothed him by some excuses for the propensities of his child, I entered in a square, and saw it filled with celebrated hotels, stocked with all kinds of provisions. Here were epic poems, novels, tales, metamorphoses, and a thousand other productions differently dressed, and so cheap that I thought they were the causes of the complaints and indispositions of the citizens, who, by indulging in this studious gluttony were pale and thin, and subject to headachs and indigestions.

Hence *Marcus Varro* took me to the hall where they administered justice. We entered and discovered on an elevated seat the three judges so celebrated by the ancients, *Minos*, *Eachus*, and *Rhadamanthus*; they opened the court, and an old man rose to defend a cause; his hair was gray, his head and hands trembled, he supported himself on a staff, and appeared to be more than ninety years old. I was surprised that he did not seek for his last days the repose and tranquillity his great age required, and asking *Marcus Varro* his name, he replied, it is *Turanno*, a great lawyer, who was known to *Seneca*, and so attached to the noise of the tribunals, that having been dismissed by *Caesar*, he retired to his house, and ordered his servants to mourn his death; they wept loudly the leisure of their master, who would have died, really, if he had not been restored to his place. Such is the foolish ambition of men who live in toil, without ever knowing the felicity of calmness and ease. I desired to hear him, but was prevented by a troop of sbirri, who brought in *Julius Caesar Scaliger*, with a gag in his mouth and irons on his wrists. With him entered *Ovid*, *Plautus*, *Terence*, *Propercius*, *Tibullus*, *Horace*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*, and *Martial*, all maimed and wounded, some without noses, some without eyes, some with false hair and teeth, and others with wooden legs and arms, so disfigured that they did not know themselves. Silence was commanded, and *Ovid*, having in his early years studied rhetoric and jurisprudence, pleaded in the name of them all against *Scaliger*.

"In this case, oh just judges, it is not necessary to employ the powers of oratory, to warm your souls, and persuade you to punish the criminal. Behold our bleeding wounds, behold the hand still reeking that inflicted them! Your desire to administer justice would no doubt be impatient of a long narration. Our disfigured faces, our dismembered bodies, speak for us. This is the offence; here is the offender. Protect our innocence; we call on the republic to bear testimony of our conduct, where for more than a thousand years we lived esteemed and honoured by all.

"What are the faults of *Plautus* and *Terence*, that they are thus treated? Have they not always been the entertainment of the public? The one is grave, the other graceful and agreeable. In what have *Propertius* and *Tibullus* offended? both sweet, tender, and amorous: In what *Horace*? he is grave and circumspect, and if he jests, it is with urbanity. *Juvenal*, I confess, is satirical, but it arises from his zeal to amend the public, noticing vice without ever mentioning the criminal.

"*Persius* is too obscure, too confused and intricate to give offence, for no one understands what he means. *Martial* alone with his equivocations might have provoked his anger, but he swears that he never saw his face, nor knew any thing of him. As for myself, I can say without vanity, that I have always been considered mild and gentle, and though I have genius, I never exercised it to the injury of others. If in my youth I was free in affairs of love, I was exiled for it, and nobody should be punished twice for the same fault. But if we have all fallen into error, was it for him to judge us? or did not this right belong to you alone? His insolence has not even spared pious and religious authors. *Sannazarius*, *Vida*, *Pontana*, *Frascatorio*, and others, have felt his rage. Consider then, O ye judges, the enormity of his crimes; punish them severely, for our honour, and the tranquillity of the republic, scandalized by this assassin, whose pen is a dagger from which even yourselves are not secure."

Scarcely had *Ovid* finished his speech, when *Scaliger*, taking the gag from his mouth, refuted the charges with so much pride, and treated the poets so contemptuously, that, irritated beyond measure at being thus publicly insulted, they threw themselves upon him with rage, acting at once the part of judges and executioners. This contempt of court would have cost them dear, if the attention of the judges had not been diverted by an occurrence of more importance. A crowd of people entered, lamenting that the sciences had flown from their palace, and left only some slight traces of their having been there behind them.

The citizens raised their eyes, swimming in tears, to heaven, and their sorrow increased at beholding those who had found the precious relics of the fugitives.

The Judges much afflicted at this news, retired hastily, to see whether there was no remedy. The authors remained, executing their vengeance on *Scaliger*. I, moved with pity, strove to appease them; but *Juvenal* conducted himself so ill, that, raising my arm to give him a blow, I struck the bed-post, and awoke.

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SELECT SPEECHES Forensic and Parliamentary, with prefatory remarks, by N. CHAPMAN, M. D. Honorary Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and Fellow of the American Philosophical Society, &c. &c.

— Pictate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
 Conspectere. silent, arrectisque auribus astant;
 Ille regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet.

VIRG.

Hopkins & Earle, Philadelphia, 5 vols. 8vo. 1808.

WE opened this work, we confess, with very moderate expectations, though we were no strangers either to the various reading, or versatile talents of the editor. To compile the forensic and parliamentary eloquence of *Europe* with a critical and explanatory commentary struck us to be an undertaking, in which, an *American physician* was not very likely to succeed.

We did not exactly see by what means he would be able to procure materials, which we knew Time and Carelessness had conspired to disperse; and we distrusted too his competency, even if his well-directed exertions should overcome this obstacle, to determine the merits of *legal pleadings* and *political harangues*. We, in short, conceived that heedless of the precept of Horace, he, abandoning his professional walks, had permitted himself unwarily to be seduced into an enterprise, the execution of which, required a species of information and a refinement of taste, not often derived from, or associated with those studies, which he more particularly cultivates. But we had not advanced far with our critical examination, before we became satisfied that these impressions, had been hastily adopted, and were with little justice entertained.

To the work is prefixed an introduction, written with uncommon propriety of thought, and felicity of expression, which, at the same time, evinces such unaffected diffidence of his abilities, that we were at once charmed and conciliated. If it were not of a length inconsistent with our limits, we would cheerfully insert the whole of this admirable production, not only as an example of superior composition, but as conveying a much clearer exposition, than we can hope to give, of the plan and objects of the work.

After some preliminary observations, intended principally to show that he had not been anticipated in this literary project, the Editor proceeds to inform us, that, incited by a conviction of its importance, he had used every exertion, and it seems not without effect, to obtain the "necessary documents." We are told, indeed, that "from the cabinets of the curious and the hoards of *literary misers*, he drew such a profusion of materials, as to have ultimately imposed upon him rather the perplexity of selection, than the toil of gleaning, and that, therefore, his collection will be found to contain, "not a few of the noblest productions of eloquence, which, at the bar or the senate, have delighted, roused, defended, or governed mankind."

There is nothing in the preceding passage, though expressed with some degree of confidence, which, in our opinion, can be charged of arrogance or conceit. The victorious industry of the Editor entitled him to employ, in speaking of his efforts, the tone of triumph and exultation. No liberal reader, we are persuaded, will hesitate to concede to him this right, when he learns that, notwithstanding the obvious disadvantages, under which the present collection must have been made, that it embraces "all the revised speeches of Burke, more than has appeared before of Chatham's; many of Fox's and Pitt's; several of Mansfield's; the two memorable orations of Sheridan on the trial of Hastings; all the pleadings of Erskine and Curran which are faithfully reported; the best speeches on the slave trade; M'Intosh's celebrated defence of Peltier; besides a large selection of Irish eloquence, and some speeches of the olden time."

Nor is the praise of laborious and fortunate research the only one which the Editor has earned. The contents of these volumes display a wide and intimate acquaintance with the eloquence of modern times, and distinctly assert his pretensions to a taste, pice and discriminating. Like a genuine eclectic, he has selected, with intelligence and judgment, from the stores accumulated by his diligence, and digested the parts, thus carefully collated, into a whole, which leaves but little to censure, or to improve. We know not, really, so complete has been his success, of any very memorable specimen of rhetoric, coincident with the design of this section of the work, that is omitted, and we can confi-

dently pronounce that no one production is introduced, which claims not our regard, by the brilliancy of its diction, or the solidity of its matter.

Each speech of the collection is, moreover, headed by what are unambitiously termed "Prefatory Remarks," sometimes copious, and always of sufficient extent to furnish a prompt and luminous explanation of the circumstances of the case out of which the speech arose.

These introductory notices may, indeed, be consulted as sources both of instruction and amusement. They supply much information of a curious and interesting nature, not easily elsewhere to be obtained, and are occasionally interspersed with critical strictures, and political reflections, singularly acute, and *inflexibly orthodox*.

A work, which thus presents, in a form so attractive, the learning of the bar, the wisdom of the senate, and the eloquence of each, surely cannot require any other recommendation to the lawyer, politician, or polite scholar, than the mere annunciation of its contents. But there is one view in which we deem it our bounden duty to press the importance of this compilation. We allude to its affording the most correct models for the study of eloquence "*to the rising genius of the country.*" This point, has, however, been so ably urged by the Editor, in his general preface, that we shall be content to borrow what he has said respecting it.

"Whether, he observes, we have regard to reputation or to utility, whether we wish to shine in private conversation, or in public speaking, the study of the finest models is vital to success. These are the guides, by which Genius must be directed, and without which the strongest intellect may be fruitlessly or deviously employed. It has been no less justly than elegantly asserted by an admirable instructor* of the most correct and delicate taste in the liberal arts, and who rigorously observed his own maxims, 'that an implicit obedience to the rules of art, as established by the Great Masters, should be exacted from the juvenile student. When Genius has received its utmost improvement, rules may possibly be dispensed with. But let us not destroy the scaffold until we have raised the building.'

"These are precepts, which seem no less applicable to the study of eloquence. They are, at least, the precepts which are enjoined by the highest authority of antiquity. Both Cicero and Quintilian exhort their pupils to adhere to the *established models, lest they fall into a wild licentiousness of taste.*

Poeta nascitur orator fit

The orator is the creature of education.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

By a system of rhetorical discipline, Bolingbroke and Pultney, Murray and Pitt, Lyttleton and Burke, Townsend and Fox attained their glorious pre-eminence and alternately at the desk or the toilet, in conversation or in council, were able to convince, to persuade, to dazzle, and to delight.

"The student, who, with a mixture of enthusiasm and industry, shall "meditate" the contents of this work can hardly fail to acquire the habit of *conversing* and *speaking* with elegance and energy.

"Whatever tends to improve, or widen the dominion of speech cannot be an object of indifference to a free people. Eloquence has always been admired and studied, but never with more ardour and success, than by republicans. It engages particularly their attention, because it opens to them the widest avenue to distinction. Compared to it, the influence of the other attributes, which elevate to rank, or confer authority, is feeble and insignificant. In Greece and Rome it rose, by assiduous culture, to the loftiest pitch of refinement, and the history of those Commonwealths confirms, by innumerable proofs, the truth, that 'Eloquence is power.'

"But nowhere has a condition of things prevailed holding out stronger incitements to its acquirement, or more auspicious opportunities for its profitable exertion than in the United States. In the peculiar construction of our political institutions, there are advantages to the orator, which did not belong even to the ancient democracies. The complex fabric of our federative system has multiplied beyond the example of any government, legislative assemblies, and judiciary establishments: each of which is not only a school of eloquence, but a field yielding an abundant harvest of fame and emolument. It is indeed in our Republic a never-failing source both of honour and riches. Without the charming power of fluent speech, no man, however ambitious, can expect very ample or lucrative practice at the bar, or an elevated seat in the Senate. The road to political preferment is nearly impassable to all but the rhetorical adventurer. A silent lawyer has but few fees, and narrow is the congregation of a hesitating divine. 'Eloquence,' in the language of a favourite friend,* 'may truly be considered in every country, where the freedom of speech is indulged, a synonymous with civic honours, wealth, dignity and might. In the last particular, its potency is that of a magician. *It wields at will our fierce democracie.*' It shakes "the arsenal," and thunders to the utmost verge of our political sky, as Demosthenes

——"Fulminated over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne,"

The volumes, now published, are understood to complete that portion of the work which is appropriated to the eloquence of Europe. But the editor promises, at a future period, not too remote, to add to the collection a volume of American speeches, and intimates, if he re-

* Mr. Dennie.

ceive adequate encouragement, to continue, at proper intervals, the series.

"Eager," says he, "to vindicate the insulted genius of my native land, I am sensible in no way can it be done more successfully than by *exhibiting its eloquence*. For if our writers form but a small company, the regiment of our speakers is full. It may be safely affirmed, that since the Athenian democracy, with no people has the talent of public speaking so generally prevailed. Eloquence of the highest order and purest kind we may not have attained. But though we have not emulated those lofty strains, and brilliant effusions, which the ancient specimens display, or are to be seen in some of the spirited harangues that the momentous events of modern Europe have inspired, yet, in that style of oratory, which shines, without dazzling, and charms, rather than excites astonishment or kindles enthusiasm, we are extensively gifted and eminently excel. There have been, perhaps, brighter luminaries, but not a greater constellation. Collectively, we are entitled to boast of as much eloquence, as has been exhibited in any age or country."

These observations contain sound criticism, and are elegantly expressed. We hope the Editor will speedily redeem the pledge, which he has given to the public, and that he may be induced, by a liberal patronage, to proceed in his design of preserving the eloquence of his country. Such a work is wanted, and no one will execute it with more ability.

We shall close this article, by presenting to our readers the final paragraph of the Editor's preface, not only as a piece of very animated and eloquent composition, but more especially as illustrating his unassuming modesty.

"I trust," says he, "perhaps too sanguinely, that though the contents of this compilation may not equal extravagant expectations, yet, at least, that the industry it displays may deserve public favour. A splendid specimen of oratory, like one of the cartoons of Raphael, or one of the landscapes of Claude, is a beautiful picture which will affect us, however *it be disposed*. Materials, such as form the basis of this work, must have their value under the hand of the humblest workman. Here, as we alternately mark the pure style, and purer doctrines of Pitt, the rapid elocution of Fox, the variegated imagery of Burke, the meteor scintillations of Curran, the pungent sarcasms of Sheridan, and the benignant sentiments of Wilberforce, we discover now the vigour of Hercules, and now the frolic of a Bacchant, with all the delightful shapes of mental grace and beauty."

THE DRAMA—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SHAKSPEARE'S MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

THE *Merry Wives of Windsor* is said to have been written in fourteen days. This tradition is so favourable to the genius of its author and so truly indicative of the rapidity of his conceptions, and his facility of composition, that the admirers of Shakspeare are unwilling to believe it without foundation. The *Telemachus* of Fenelon was completed with scarcely an erasure in three months. Why then may not a comedy of little comparative length, reflection, or research, have been the fruit of a much shorter period of labour, when it came from an author preeminent for the magical rapidity with which the execution always followed his design. The play too bears with it those characteristics of genuine humour which never could have been produced by laborious exertions, and which would have been destroyed by any efforts of correction or ornament.

It seems to be understood that this comedy was written by the direction of Queen Elizabeth. If so, it proves that true genius will triumph though controlled in its direction, and contradict the belief that the productions of fancy must be spontaneous to be excellent. Like all others who had an opportunity to form an opinion, the Queen had been delighted with the character of Falstaff. She had seen in him a representation perfectly unexampled on the stage, and a uniform consistency of character from which the author had never deviated. His prominent and distinguishing traits had been fully exhibited. He had been delineated avaricious, yet profligate; boastful, yet cowardly; abandoned, yet hypocritical; and unfeeling, yet sensual: an assemblage of vices apparently inconsistent, though united without a violation of nature in his gross person. The part appeared to be exhausted, and no one but herself wished for an alteration. But the virgin Queen, influenced perhaps by a capriciousness of disposition, which slanderous history has ascribed to her, or perhaps prompted by a curiosity which a no less slanderous world has attributed to the sex, or yet perhaps anxious to learn something of a passion which she was not calculated to feel, insisted upon seeing her fat favourite in love.

Here was an undertaking worthy of the genius of Shakspeare. Falstaff in love! Falstaff! whose heart, if he ever had any, must have been dissolved in an ocean of sack, and whose feelings, if Nature had been bountiful enough to bestow them, must have been destroyed by his habits of profligacy and debauchery! But a Queen had commanded, and Shakspeare must obey. He could describe to admiration the gentle Romeo sighing forth his very soul with passion; he

could convert the stern Othello, who knew little of the world "more than pertained to feats of broils and battle," he could convert *him* into a tender lover, and he could even infuse a fervent adoration into the heart of Benedick. With these no change of nature was required; the hero's soul could soften, and the careless soldier could be made to feel: but to make Falstaff love would have been to elicit gold from the basest earths. Shakspeare was too perfect a master of nature not to know that love, properly so called, was perfectly inconsistent with the character he had drawn; that the infamous debauchee whose whole soul was concentrated in a cup of sack, must lose all his interest, his humour, his peculiarities, and his comic vices, if he displayed a single symptom of love. Since, then, it could not be fully effected, his object was to comply with the wishes of his patroness as nearly as he could; and after outliving the scenes of the two Henrys, and surpassing in interest even Hotspur and the Prince of Wales, Falstaff was again introduced upon the stage.

He still appeared the boasting Bobadil, the hoary profligate, and the unfeeling sensualist; but he appeared with variety though not with change; he no longer associated with Princes even in disgraceful obscurity, but met hand in hand with fellows of his own complexion, among whom he felt no restraint, and among whom, of course, a fuller development of character could be made. These characters are all auxiliary to the display of Falstaff; they are probably created as pillars to the edifice, as figures to complete the original design; but Falstaff is the life, the spirit, the soul of the comedy: the play was made for Falstaff, and not Falstaff for the play.

As the players do not keep counsel, Sir John very candidly unfolds his own character and that of his companions. On Pistol's application to him for money after their quarrel, he replies:

I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym: or else you had looked through the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon my honour thou hadst it not.

Pistol. Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Falstaff. Reason, you rogue, reason: Thinkst thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go—a short knife and a throng:—to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go—You'll not bear a letter for me you rogue!—You stand upon your honour! Why thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch," &c.

While surrounded by friends such as these, and squandering all he could obtain by any arts however contemptible, he finds it necessary to procure money by some expedient or other, and resolves to make use of Mrs. Ford, who is said to have "the rule of her husband's purse," and Mrs. Page, whom he describes as "a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty." These ladies he determines to make his "East and West Indies;" to effect which it was necessary that he should at least seem to love them. For their purses he entertains an unfeigned affection, and he pretends to feel a desire for their persons. Whatever might have been the disposition of these Merry Wives to admit a *sub rosa* admirer, they were too prudent, and perhaps too virtuous, to yield to the feeble inducements presented by Sir John Falstaff; but the one to ridicule the idle fears of a jealous husband, and the other to afford herself amusement, determine to encourage the addresses of the knight, and the various schemes practised upon him preserve the vivacity of the play with an interest and animation scarcely equalled in the circle of the drama. The concealment in the basket, the metamorphosis into the old woman of Brentford, and the torments inflicted at Herne's Oak in the Park, are all lively exhibitions of the punishment of profligacy and the consequences of gray-haired intrigue.

The courtship commences very properly by letter, and Sir John addresses a counterpart to each lady in the true spirit of gallantry and devotion.* These effusions contain three essential requisites for a *billet doux*, and therefore may be considered admirable of their kind. In the first place, they are absolute nonsense; secondly, they are altogether false; and, thirdly, they contain rhyme: with these ingredients the knight thought he could gain any woman.

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy; you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,

* This idea of writing the same letter to two persons has been imitated by several authors, and with great humour and success by Moliere in his *L'Amour à la Mode*, where Dorotée sends the same letter to Oronte and Eraste, who retort the jest very happily upon her.

With all his might
For thee to fight.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

As this epistle is a masterpiece of love letters, so his first interview is a masterpiece of love conversations.

Falstaff Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O, this blessed hour.

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Falstaff. Let the Court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

* * *
Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me Sir, I fear you love mistress Page.

Falstaff. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the counter gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Here he takes care to commend his mistress to the skies, to boast of raptures that he cannot feel, and to abuse her rival with the same sincerity that he praises herself. After the first unfortunate *rencontre*, in which he is almost suffocated in a basket of foul linen, and then plunged *hissing hot* into mud and water, he half resolves to see no more of the fair tormentors: but the golden prospects tempt him to another trial, in which he fares no better than before.

In relating his beating to his supposed friend Brook, the knight's ingenuity is exercised in a way not inferior to his artful subtleties with the Prince of Wales; for as instinct prompted him to run from the true prince, so, being in woman's shape, he could not but act like a woman with Ford, "for," says he, "in the shape of a man, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam."

After a third defeat, in which the spectators of his mortification are more numerous than before, every thing is explained to Sir John, and he is fully convinced of the vanity and absurdity of his attempts. On a discovery and explanation, the knight is subjected to the taunts of all parties, and submits to them with considerable humility.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge pudding! a bag of flax!

Mrs Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Falstaff. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Shakspeare thus performed the task assigned him. He had framed a character incapable of refinement of sentiment or tenderness of affection; he therefore made his attentions to women but a step to the attainment of gold. Falstaff's conduct appears in some degree that of a lover, but his views extended far beyond the limits of personal attachment, and Interest was the mistress he adored.

D

THE SCRIBBLER, NO. V.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

YOUR countrymen, said a splenetic friend of mine, who has travelled a good deal in America, are a nation of readers. Taking one with another, a far greater number of the people devote some of their time to reading, than of any other nation of the world. In Great Britain, France, and Germany, those who do, or who can read, bear a very small proportion to the rest. They are scarcely one in twenty; but in America almost every man is a student.

They read, not casually, or now and then, but regularly and daily. They betake themselves to reading as punctually as to dine or to labour. Surely, then, they must be a very learned nation. All their minds must be tuned to a generous and enlightened key. Society must wear among them, a face totally different from that of any other nation;—and is not this the truth?

Why, one must pause a little, and inquire, What is it they read? Books of history, or poetry, or science, or morals? Much depends upon

the kind of reading. Are their studies confined to meagre ballads, or fabulous legends? If they be, we can only expect them to be confirmed in every silly prejudice or vile superstition. A sort of volume is left, daily, at every man's door. What are its usual contents? To judge of its efficacy it is necessary to know the tenor of it.

If we examine these volumes we shall find them to be nothing more than newspapers; sheets, in which the two factions, who divide the nation, perpetually fight their battles; and, in every species of invective and stratagem, endeavour to get the better of their adversaries. In this school, you may judge what progress the American student is likely to make in the art of governing his passions, enriching his fancy, or enlarging his understanding.

It is thus that the traveller affected to sneer at us poor Americans for our attachment to the noble pursuits of history and politics. I would fain know, Mr. Caviller, returned I, how the time of a citizen can be better employed than in watching the conduct of his governors, in detecting their mistakes, and, if need be, censuring or displacing them. For what end has the power of choosing our governors and legislators been vested in us, if we do not exercise it with judgment and vigilance; if we do not investigate their claims to our favours, and regulate our choice by the tendency of those measures which we know they will adopt.

But mere political discussions do not wholly engross these publications. Are they not, continually, supplied with intelligence from all nations! And do they not inform us of the fate of battles, the schemes of statesmen, and the change of rulers in every part of the world? And what objects are more sublime, more interesting to the rational inquirer, than the successive scenes of this great drama?

There is no soul among us so sordid and grovelling that has not an active curiosity in relation to these great events. He will always lay down his groat for the sake of knowing what they are doing in Germany, Egypt, or Bengal. The scene cannot be so remote but we have an eye to it; and Napoleon the emperor, and Charles the archduke are people with whom every American, the meanest and most laborious among us, is as intimately acquainted, as with his next door neighbour.

Not convinced by these reasonings, my companion continued to insinuate, that to know the incidents of a German or Spanish campaign, cannot very materially benefit a native of America, who has his bread to get by his industry, and his family to cherish by domestic virtues. He prated much about the necessity of limiting our attention, in the first place, to our own family affairs; and, if those will allow any of our time to be employed in general pursuits, he urged that it ought to be devoted to the improvement of the heart and the understanding by writings that explain to us our personal duties, and illustrate them by

familiar, pertinent, and amusing examples ; by books that advance us in the knowledge of the properties and processes of nature ; that make us, or tend to make us, better fathers, husbands, and neighbours ; better artists or husbandmen.

" Now, no instruction of this kind, he continued, can be gained from the bickerings of faction, vulgarly called politics, and from the shreds and fragments, trifling, contradictory, and vague, to be found in newspapers, and gravely dignified with the name of history. Is any professional skill, any maxim of domestic economy or of social conduct, any improvement in the condition of ourselves or our neighbours, to be drawn from these fountains ? How is any man the better in his taste, his temper, or his fortune ; how is any man the wiser, in any art or science worth knowing, by hearing that so many Austrians were killed in this affair, and so many Frenchmen in that.

" A newspaper, considered as one among a merchant's documents, is a very good thing ; as conveying, in due season, information of what is to be bought and sold ; of ships arrived, or departing, or taken, or wrecked ;—may not be, conveniently, dispensed with by the owners of ships, and the venders and buyers of commodities ; but why so many of its pages should be stuffed with declamation against individuals and with scraps of news respecting the operations of armies and ambassadors in another hemisphere is not easily conceived.

" If these events are worth knowing, it is ridiculously absurd to seek the knowledge in this way. Stay till a little time has rendered the issue of transactions certain, and stay till you have the whole of the particular event, in all its parts and incidents, before you, instead of indulging a childish impatience, and eagerly swallowing every mutilated lying rumor. A little time will not only afford you an authentic account of an event, but will save you all that expense of time which is wasted in procuring and reading premature, unauthentic, and, what is worse, unintelligible statements.

" If the knowledge of great events, passing in the other hemisphere, be of any value, newspapers, as at present conducted, are liable to insurmountable objections, inasmuch as, instead of faithfully and accurately affording this knowledge, they only tend to confuse, bewilder, and mislead. In all they give us there is such confusion or contradiction of dates,—such opposite accounts of the same events,—such idle and incessant repetitions, that no mortal can extricate himself from out the chaos. After a week's study a man may safely conclude that a certain battle has been fought, or a certain treaty has been ratified ; but as to the causes and circumstances that belong to them, the memory is merely burthened with a discordant and obscure mass. Of these he knows nothing, till some impartial and enlightened observer has

collected, arranged, sifted and weighed the accompanying testimony, and, profiting by lights for which it was requisite patiently to wait, or deeply to search, he delivers in a narrative of half a page, what had filled, in its impure and chaotic state, not less perhaps, than an hundred columns of an hundred gazettes.

“But, even admitting that there is some use in perusing these desultory and impertinent details of news, what have I, a plain farmer, perhaps, or a man of some studious vocation, physician, lawyer, or divine, or a country shopkeeper or city artisan,—what has such a one as I to do with this long history of shipping—this catalogue of sloops and brigs to be sold or freighted—these lists of goods, wet and dry, to be found at such a corner or in such an alley? These things occupy three out of four huge and overflowing pages which I daily receive, and are absolutely of less use to me than blank paper.

“A daily gazette contains, when collected, at a year’s end, no less than twelve hundred and fifty-two pages, and these are equivalent to, at least, twelve thousand pages of bulky octavo, and these would make at least, twenty-four thick octavo volumes. When we reflect upon the infinite variety and quantity of valuable matter which may be squeezed into twenty octavos, how must we lament when we come to scan their actual contents? Three fourths of them are nothing to the world at large. They are of use, of temporary use, only to the traders; to one of the numerous callings into which the people are distributed. To all the rest, they are just as foreign as if some obscure taylor should send his ledgers and receipt books, for the last ten years, to the press, and I should be served every morning, with half a volume full of the precious contents. What is the cargo of the ship *Sail Fast* to me? What are the bales of dry goods, or the bags of prime green coffee, to be sold tomorrow by an auctioneer to me who live an hundred miles off, or whose pursuits have nothing in them of a mercantile cast? Yet such is the vanity of fashion, and the caprice of the passions, that two thousand copies of such stuff shall be daily printed, and be dispersed within a sphere of an hundred miles. Though never read by any but traders, it is brought and laid upon the table because it is connected with the news and politics of the day; a connexion that is perfectly incongruous and irrational and unnecessary.

“Among other causes for regret, which the contemplation of the world and its ways furnishes to a friend of mankind, is this absurd or pernicious application of an instrument capable of the most illustrious and permanent use. It is impossible to praise too highly the invention of the Press. Of all the forms of publication, that of a large sheet filled with small type, and printed and dispersed daily, is the most to be af-

mired. By this means, a man shall have, for eight dollars, in daily and convenient portions, put into his hand, without effort or forethought of his own, a quantity equal to twenty-four volumes in octavo.

"How powerful, in the cause of true virtue and beneficial knowledge might this instrument be made. Put into the hands of philanthropy, and genius, what wonders would be wrought by it! How might the knowledge diffused through costly or inaccessible or widely-scattered volumes, be compressed, with new forms, arrangements and illustrations, into this easy and current vehicle! How might the truths of science, the maxims of morals, and the lessons of economy, be modelled and distributed anew, be familiarized, and rendered at the same time captivating and intelligible, in a daily paper?

"Such are its possible uses; but it is mournful to reflect on the actual application of it. Three fourths of its contents are wholly useless and foreign to nine tenths of its readers. By the remaining fourth, the illusions and misrepresentations of faction are conveyed to us. Our understandings are misled by sophistry, and our passions are irritated and depraved by invective and by slander, or a silly curiosity is tantalized (not gratified) by the shreds and patches, void of connexion, authenticity and order, of events in which we have no concern, an attention to which usurps the place of every salutary study.

"Considering the popular newspaper as the test of civilization or wisdom in its readers, how very low, continued my friend, must sink our opinion of Americans! Their connexion with us, as natives of a common country, may rescue them from our contempt, and prompt us to extenuate the censure, by extending it from Americans to men; and by studied comparisons, to show, that if Americans are no better in this respect, than other nations, yet it may at least, be said they are not worse."

Such was my good friend's invective against newspapers. It is easy to see that there is much error and extravagance in it; and that the fault, thus imputed to the people at large, can only fall on the head of the editors or publishers of newspapers. As to the contempt cast upon the mercantile portion of a gazette it is plainly absurd, since intelligence of what is to be bought and sold, is useful to every one who buys and sells; and that is the case of every member of society. Every man is not interested in every article, but there are some to whom every article is of use; and in proposing the gratification or advantage of all, each one must be contented with a little.

In a performance of this kind, nothing is more unreasonable than for any one man, or one class to expect that his benefit or pleasure shall be solely consulted. It is sufficient that there is something among a

multitude of things, which is of use to him, and the scantiness of each portion is made up by the number of those who receive it.

There is no valid reason why mercantile intelligence, and general speculations should not be connected in the same paper. Every merchant and townsman is a citizen and a man, though every citizen is not a merchant, or inhabitant of a town; and while one is contented to receive (for he need not read) the salesman's catalogue for the sake of the literature or politics connected with it, the trader is prompted to extend his view beyond his professional concerns by the vicinity of other topics.

As to the politics of newspapers, the curiosity that is attentive to the character and conduct of our rulers, so far from being merely harmless, or only moderately useful, seems to be the grand and indispensable duty of every citizen. Since it is our privilege to choose, 'tis our duty to choose wisely; and, for that end, to be vigilant in noticing the practices and principles of public men, and to employ all practicable means of forming a true decision.

In all transactions with our fellow-men, we must reckon largely on the influence of passions and prejudices, and draw from their folly, their precipitation, and their selfishness, new motives for industry in searching out the truth for ourselves, and for perseverance and ardour in combating the passions and rectifying the ignorance of others.

If newspapers be, in general, the vehicles of falsehood, and men are betrayed, by faithless guides, in the pursuit of their true interest, and the selection of their true friends, it is criminal to stand idly aloof, or to content ourselves with reviling either the deceiver, or the dupe. No; it is our business to exert ourselves to show them their preferable path; and, by shunning all absurd reproaches, all groundless calumnies, all personal altercations which obscure the penetration in proportion as they inflame the passions of men, we may confer the most signal and illustrious benefits upon our countrymen.

Political intelligence, as conveyed to us through newspapers, is liable to many objections; but some of these objections arise from the nature of the thing, and are inseparable from human testimony; but much, it is evident, must depend upon the industry, and candour, and judgment of the publisher. The proofs of momentous events must ever be wanting in absolute consistency and certainty; and, in general, mere rumour and conjecture are just as likely to be wrong as right: but this is not applicable to every document or intimation, and there is constantly occurring proofs of a proper and legitimate kind. The selection of these evidences, and the conveyance of them to the inquisitive, or studious part of mankind, are surely laudable and beneficial undertakings, and afford large scope for the exercise of diligence, penetration, and impartiality.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—LETTER III.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, February 1, 1804.

UNLIKE the generality of travellers, who endeavour to entertain their correspondents with circumstantial details of their adventures from the moment they embark upon their voyage, I have in my two first letters entered at once into the substance of my narration. This was done for the purpose of giving you full information of the state of affairs in this country at the period of my arrival, which being accomplished, I shall begin to speak of myself.

On the 23d of January, we received a pilot off the harbour of the Cape, and in about one hour anchored before the town. We were immediately visited by a mulatto officer of the port, dressed in a kind of uniform and a military *chapeau*, who directed the captain and myself to accompany him on shore, with the papers of the vessel, invoices, letters, and newspapers. On our landing, an American gentleman came up to speak to us, but was prevented by the officer, who hurried us through the streets, and would permit no person to converse with us. In a short time we arrived at the office of *Sangos*, captain of the port, where our vessel was reported. Thence we proceeded with the same rapidity up one street and down another, until we reached the *bureau* of *Richard*, commandant of the place. Here again a report similar to the former was registered, and we were called upon for our newspapers and letters. Fortunately of the latter we had none, for it is a fact well known here, that no letter deposited in that office ever reaches its address. Thence we were hurried to the house of citizen A. the interpreter. It there appeared that I had forgotten one of my papers, for which I was instantly sent on board, with directions to return without delay. The sailors being employed in mooring the vessel, I was not able to procure a conveyance to shore as soon as could have been wished, and when I landed again on the wharf, was not a little astonished to find the mulatto officer *diabbling* and swearing at me in a violent manner with his stick raised in a threatening attitude. Having never been accustomed in my own country to the *argumentum bacculinum*, especially with one of his complexion, I was mortified in the highest degree, but refrained from any retaliation, as I knew the consequence would be an arrest by a guard of black *gens d'armes*, who were there, listening to the abuse of the officer. He then reconducted me to the interpreter's, who treated me with much civility, and expressed his sorrow at the necessity which obliged him to be so particular, observing "the man with whom we have to deal is not to be

trifled with," alluding to Christophe. We were then conducted with the interpreter to the house of the general, where we waited up stairs in an antichamber, until his excellency was at leisure. He at length appeared, as if disturbed from sleep, in a dishabille with a Madras handkerchief round his head, and having, with all the dignity and importance of a great man addressing his inferiors, asked us several questions, such as whence we came, what passage, the latest news from France, &c. we were dismissed, and permitted to go where we pleased. •

As we passed through the town, my attention was busily engaged in contemplating the surrounding scene. Being a little after midday, when the powerful rays of the sun were scorching the very streets, scarcely a human being was to be seen. The dreary desolated walls which surrounded huge heaps of ashes and rubbish, too plainly pointed out the ravages of a destructive element, and produced in the mind of the observer, a train of melancholy reflections.

Cape François was once a city of much magnificence and splendor, and perhaps the richest of all the West Indies. Two conflagrations have now reduced it to a desolate situation, but the vestiges of its former grandeur, are still in many places to be traced. The walls of the houses are all standing, and the number of those which have been since rendered habitable by repairs, is comparatively small. The buildings are all of stone, roughcast, and either of a white or yellow colour. They are but two stories high, having a hollow square in the centre exposed to the sky, in which is usually the kitchen and a well. From this area the staircases ascend, and around it on a level with the second story is a gallery into which the chamber and parlour doors open. The stairs and floors, with few exceptions, are all of stone, tile, or brick; the ground floors are occupied for stores, shops, and stables, and the upper stories for the accommodation of families. The houses are generally ornamented with iron balconies, which have withstood the fires, and the window casements, as no glass is used, are hung with Venetian or close shutters. The streets are narrow, but well laid out into small squares, neatly paved, and perfectly clean, and there are three or four hollow squares, in the centre of which are fountains adorned with the heads of animals, constantly spouting pure and delightful water, which is conveyed to them in subterraneous aqueducts from a neighbouring mountain. This is the water used for drinking and culinary purposes, as that contained in the wells is brackish and unwholesome.

The space of ground occupied by the city is about three quarters of a mile in length, by half a mile in breadth, and contains no vacant

lots or gardens. It is situated on the west side of the harbour, near to the bottom of the bay, and is open to the sea on the north east. The entrance into the harbour is apparently several miles wide, but a large reef of coral rocks extends nearly across it, leaving but a small passage for vessels, breaks the impetuosity of the waves, and renders the moorings secure. This small passage is close in with the land on the west side of the bay, on the outermost point of which *Picolet*, a very strong and powerful fort, is situated, and sufficiently protects the entrance. The town is encompassed on the north and west by lofty mountains, the acclivity of which commences in the very town. On the south, a plain of flat country as level as a bowling green, extends for fifteen miles, and on the east is situated the harbour, on the bank of which is an extensive battery and parade. At the north east of the town is the suburbs called *carenage*, from its being the place appropriated for the repairing and carcening of vessels. There are but *three* wharves: one, at which all the mercantile business is transacted; another, for the accommodation of the country people who attend the market; and the third, called the government wharf, is little used: all these wharves are guarded day and night by soldiers, who suffer no one to pass them without examination. The lamps suspended at the corners of the streets are lighted every night at the expense of the occupiers of the nearest houses, and small parties of guards patrol the city, to preserve tranquillity and arrest suspicious persons.

The chapel, the only place of worship in the city, is a very commodious building, situated on the south side of a large hollow square, called *Place d'armes*. Its external appearance is magnificent: the floor is a brick pavement without pews, and entirely open to the sky, as there has been no roof on the building since the last conflagration of the town. In one corner however of the church is erected a small shed, which serves to shelter the altar and the priests from the weather. The *martin* service, at which I have more than once attended as a visitor, is performed very early every morning. The church is crowded with devotees, kneeling, and to every appearance perfectly sincere in their religious exercises. They were mostly females, but of every shade of colour, from white to black, promiscuously intermingled. Of men there were few, and these chiefly black, and all very old or mendicants. On one occasion, I observed *fifteen*, who were blind, standing by the door, counting their beads and asking alms. There are three priests who officiate, two whites and one black. A large fine-toned bell announces the hours of service.

The market-place is a hollow square, known by the name of *Place Clugny*, of about 400 feet in length, and of the same breadth. On

Sunday, which is the market day, this whole area is covered with merchandize of almost every species, foreign and domestic, spread out upon benches and stalls, and even upon the ground, in such abundance as scarcely to leave room for passengers. Here you will see, meats, fish, poultry, turtle, eggs, fruits, vegetables, coffee, sugar, wood, grass, charcoal, bread, dry goods, and in fact almost every article which agriculture, commerce, and manufactures can collect together. In addition to this, the stores and shops, of which all the houses surrounding this area consist, are opened, and the most lively scene of small trade is carried on. Many thousands of people attend this market, abounding in all the delicate and luxurious productions, which any of the Antilles are capable of furnishing. The peasants bring in the produce of the plantations from the distance of twenty or thirty miles, on mules, horses, and asses, and in return carry away articles of dress, ornament, and convenience. To speak on reasonable grounds of calculation, there must be, some market days, as much as twenty to thirty thousand dollars of specie in circulation.

The number of the inhabitants of the Cape may be estimated at 10,000. Of the population of the whole Island, from the dreadful state of carnage and massacre which has for fifteen years existed here, it is impossible to make any correct computation.* Of the inhabitants of the Cape, about 3000, as stated in a former letter, are whites, and the number of that colour in the whole Island, is about 10,000. The people of colour in the northern parts of the Island bear a small proportion to the blacks, but in the western and southern departments they are a very considerable part of the community. The island may perhaps contain 50,000, including those who were formerly free. The inhabit-

* The term Island, as heretofore, is to be understood as relating only to the part formerly French. In the year 1789, prior to the revolution, the population of this division was estimated at 40,000 whites, 24,000 free people of colour, and 500,000 black slaves. Since then the population has been daily decreasing. The cruel conduct of the French, in burning, drowning, suffocating, hunting with blood hounds, and otherwise destroying thousands of these ill-fated people, added to the fortune of war and a very extensive emigration, has in all probability reduced it to 300,000. In this opinion I am in a degree supported by a declaration, made in an official proclamation of Dessalines, in which he states his military force to be 60,000. About *one-sixth* of the population of a country is usually considered as capable of bearing arms, but as in Hayti, boys are put into the ranks at the age of fourteen, we may fairly conclude that *one-fifth* are soldiers. Dessalines no doubt swelled his roll to the fullest extent, and from these circumstances we may safely infer that the present population does not exceed that above stated.

ants are then composed of three distinct classes, viz. whites, blacks, and people of colour, which last I shall generally term mulattoes. The whites consist of about an equal portion of Europeans and Creoles. Of the blacks a great number are Africans, the rest Creoles, and the mulattoes are all Creoles.

The African blacks, though sanguinary and cruel, appear to be a tractable and obedient people, easily managed by proper treatment, but excessively ignorant and slothful. From their employment under the former government in the cultivation of estates in the country, and their consequent seclusion, they are quite barbarous and uncultivated, and are in their intellects little removed from the brute creation. This class composes, with those of the Creole blacks who were formerly also plantation negroes, and who do not much differ from them, the great body of the army, and the present cultivators of the land. The Creole blacks, who have not been bred in the fields, are of a different character. From their former habits of associating with their white masters on the estates and in the towns as domestic barbers, cooks, valets, &c. they have acquired a degree of politeness and urbanity of manners scarcely conceivable. Many of them are even well informed intelligent men. Some indeed have had good educations; and I understand there are a few in the island (free formerly) who have been educated in France. The Creole blacks, from their superior knowledge, address, and talents, were, during the revolution, among the conductors and leaders of it, and are, with some exceptions, those of the blacks who occupy the most important stations under the government, particularly in the civil departments. In the army, courage and military skill have been consulted more than learning, and in several instances, Africans and plantation negroes have held important commands.

The negroes generally appear to be brave, but this is no doubt partly the effect of severe discipline. Christophe, in one instance, where some of his men showed a disposition to give way in battle, had their heads instantaneously struck off, as an example to the rest. They are remarkably polite and civil to each other. If a quarrel take place, which however is not frequent, they never strike, and if words and epithets will not settle the dispute, they quietly retire to a private place, and determine it with their swords. A glove is thrown by one as a gauntlet, and as soon as the challenge is accepted by the other's taking it up, the duel commences. This system of single combat extends itself even to the lowest classes, and you will scarcely find a boy ten years old, who has not some knowledge of the use of the sword. Though most of the negroes have proved themselves to be remorseless inhuman villains, some few are possessed of morality, virtue, and benevolence. The ignorant negroes speak a language which is called

Creole, but is a mixture of that language with the African. Those of the better class speak the Creole with some French, generally however very corrupt French.

The mulattoes are composed of people of colour of the various shades between black and white, of which five are defined. Many of these people are the sons of the former wealthy white planters, and have been educated at colleges in France. Classical scholars and men of talents and learning are therefore not unfrequently to be found, and it has generally been the knowledge and abilities of these men that have conducted the revolution. Most of them have some information, and many of them were formerly rich proprietors. A great portion of the important stations, as well military as civil, are supplied by them, principally perhaps, because a sufficient number of blacks of capacity and understanding are not to be found for those offices that require scholarship. The mulattoes possess all the ferocity and sanguinary disposition of the blacks, combined with a superior grade of intellect. They are said to have been the most savage actors on the stage of the revolution, and notwithstanding their affinity to the whites, who were their fathers, they have carried their revenge and cruelty far beyond what was ever practised by the blacks. They are also stated to have been formerly the most severe masters to their slaves, and it appears that the blacks remember it to this day, with the determination of retaliating at some future time. A very perceptible jealousy already begins to manifest itself, and as the government is professedly *black*, the man who approaches nearest to that colour, feels himself the most independent and safe. The mulattoes who were the instigators of the rebellion in the first instance, when they made common cause with the revolted negroes, little expected to be left in the back ground, when the independence of the island should have been obtained. Their pride, which is excessive, has been greatly mortified, and many of them now regret the destruction of the *ancienne regie*. But death would be the immediate consequence of such a sentiment, if publicly expressed. As a stranger I have several intimacies with men of colour holding public stations, and have more than once heard dissatisfaction expressed by them, in strong language. On one occasion a well educated mulatto officer observed to me in speaking of Dessalines, that "in point of cruelty and wickedness he was far before Nero."

R.

TRAVELS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXVII.

IF ever I should have the pleasure of reading these letters over with you, we will spread a map of Paris upon the table, and go on from street to street together, and let me exhort you in the meantime, to do so as far as your patience will let you, and to trace the course, and find out the places I describe, if you wish me to believe that I have afforded you any amusement. A line drawn from the Rue St. Jacques at right angles through the Sorbonne, would soon strike the Rue de la Harpe, where some remains of the Roman domination in Paris may still be traced: they consist of what was probably a large hall and made part of a building, which has long since disappeared, but is supposed to have been the place of residence of Julian, who was extremely attached to Paris for qualities very different from those which characterize its present inhabitants. It was afterwards a sort of state prison, and it was there that Lewis Le Debonnaire confined his sisters. Their irregular conduct may have been deserving of censure, but the severity of the pious Emperor was ill advised and of no avail; it in no degree amended the manners of these frail ladies, while it exposed him to the enmity of their numerous admirers. There are still a great many things worth describing on the south side of the river, but I shall either refer you to books or speak of them hereafter, and will now return to the ancient Convent of the Carmelites at the upper end of the Rue St. Jacques, in order to give you some account of the establishment for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, whom you must hereafter permit me to call the *Sourd-muets*: I do not like a mixture of the two languages, but the French appellation in this instance is certainly the most convenient. I perceived by the Encyclopedia, that great and successful efforts were made, even before the commencement of the last century, to instruct such unfortunate persons as were born deaf and dumb; but if we are to suppose, and I think we may, that the Abbe de l'Epee was informed of all that was done before his time, and of the method pursued, the progress made was very small indeed in comparison of what has been since effected. The utmost that the scholars of the Abbe de l'Epee attained to, was the knowledge of some sign by which they could express any word; and of the art of writing down the word required when the sign was made by a person skilled in their mute language; some short and

trivial questions too they could answer in writing, because the same questions had been repeatedly made; but they were far from being able to compose, or to express their ideas on the most common subjects: they were somewhat in the situation of a schoolboy, whose knowledge of Latin is confined to the Vocabulary, or of a Chinese youth, who may have consumed several years of his life in learning to write down a great variety of characters, which are the words of their language, for each of which he can give a name without being able to affix the most distant idea to any one of them. "Do not flatter yourself, my friend, says the Abbe de l'Epee in a letter to the Abbe Sicard, do not flatter yourself, that your scholars will ever be able to express themselves properly in writing: if they can learn to translate our written language into their language of signs, they will have attained what we do, with respect to foreign languages, when we learn to translate them into our own without being in any degree capable of expressing ourselves or composing in the original. It is enough if you can dictate a sentence to them by signs, and let them have signs, if you please, that may represent phrases, but nothing more will you ever attain to."—It would appear from this that the satisfaction of the numerous spectators, who at different times attended the Abbe de l'Epee's exhibitions, was in great measure founded upon delusion, the good man was himself deluded by his benevolent enthusiasm; he had done wonders in bringing up his scholars to all that he supposed possible, but they were as far from understanding what they wrote, as the automaton who plays at chess is from knowing the nature of the game. *The consequence of this delu-

* There have been instances of persons who have been deaf from their birth and consequently dumb, and after they have arrived to adult or middle age, have been able to hear and speak: and though before this they attended public worship with others, and appeared very devout, and often made those signs which those, with whom they conversed in this way, thought were expressions of their belief of the being of God and of their piety, yet when they came to hear and speak, they declared, that they never had a thought that there was a God, until they could hear, and were by that means informed; and there never has been an instance known of any such person declaring, that he had any belief or thought of the existence of a God, before he could hear and speak. Dr. Willot, in his sermon on the light of nature, relates a story of a man in France who was deaf and dumb, yet was very knowing, active and faithful in the common affairs of life: and, upon solemn trial before the Bishop, by the help of those who could converse with him, was judged to be a very knowing and devout Christian, and admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which he attended for many years with all the signs of high devotion, such as elevation of hands, eyes, &c. At length a surgical operation was performed upon his ears, on which he became capable of

sion was a severe disappointment to such parents as had sent their children to the Abbe de l'Epee and had learned wonders of the public exhibitions: a simple yes or no was all they could obtain on paper in answer to any question, and though the memory and handwriting had been formed and cultivated, it was found that their reasoning faculties were still extremely confined, and their powers of expression very limited: I, said the Abbe de l'Epee, have provided glass, addressing himself to the Abbe Sicard, and you may have the glory of converting it into spectacles and telescopes. This, if we may adopt the metaphor, is precisely what the Abbe Sicard has done; he has gone from the point at which his predecessor stopped, and has invented and explained a method of rendering the faculties of the *sourd-muets*, which had been awakened only, equal to the acquisition of every kind of knowledge. A more arduous, a more benevolent, a more successful attempt was never made for the good of an unfortunate portion of mankind, and in order that his method might become more generally useful, he has taken pains to explain it. Any person may become acquainted with it by looking over the Abbe's grammar, and he may convince himself of the success it has been attended with, by going to the house of the institution, either on public days or in private. A great variety of signs form the primitive medium of instruction, and when one considers, that being drawn from nature they would, with a little practice be equally intelligible to people of all nations; they might be made perhaps to realise the dream of a universal language, which has amused the imagination of some ingenious philosophers: nor would such a language want force, for in addition to what is called talking on the fingers, there is an infinite variety of *gests*, and there is the expression of the countenance. I am just as well satisfied, I confess, and it is right I should be, at my time of life, to continue the use of words in my intercourse with mankind, but I am convinced that there is an eloquence of looks, which is in many respects superior to every other: "Drink to me only with their eyes," is a very pretty expression of Ben. Jonson's, and Milton paints grace, innocence and love, not in the words, but in the steps and gestures of our first mother. Nothing which can be said of the Abbe Sicard's ingenuity and zeal will appear exaggerated to those who will for a moment consider the difficulties he had to encounter, the end he had in view, and the success which has crowned his efforts. It was singularly fortunate that so useful a life should have been preserved at a period which

hearing, and a little while after, could both speak and read. He then declared, that while he was deaf he had no idea of a God, or maker of the world, or of a future state, and that all he had then done, in matter of religion, was purely in imitation of others.

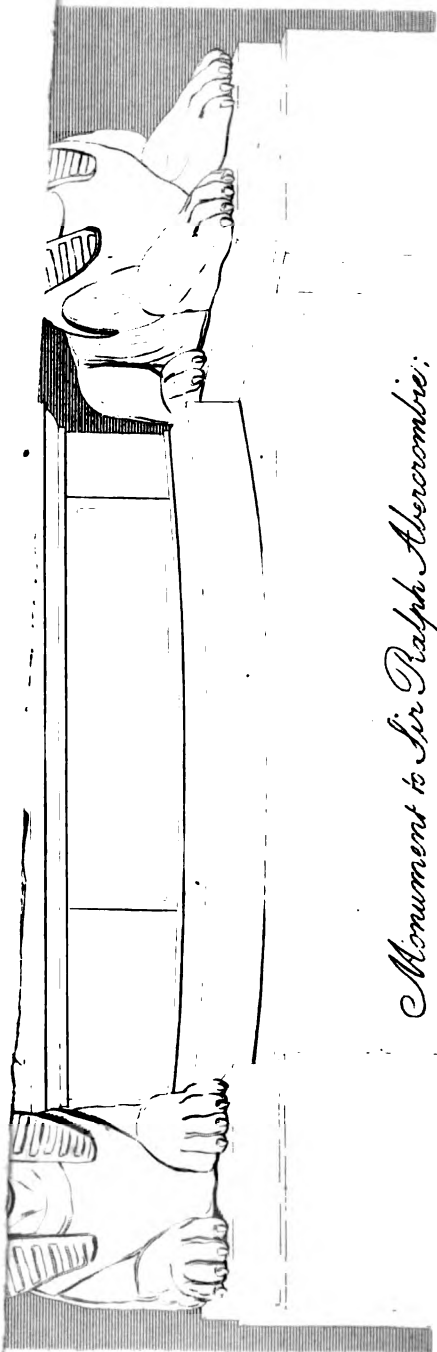
was so fatal to many pious and worthy individuals. He had been imprisoned with other priests in the year 1793; his pupils immediately applied to the humanity of the legislative assembly in favour of him to whom they owed their moral existence. A fruitless recommendation, however, to the executive council, was the only result of this affecting application, and the Abbe Sicard would have shared the fate of his brethren on the 2d of September, had it not been for the courage and sensibility of a man whose name deserves to be known in every part of the world: a watchmaker, of the name of Monnot, forcing his way through the crowd of murderers, embraced the intended victim of their savage fury and implored the mercy of all present for the Abbe Sicard, for the father of the deaf and dumb, for the friend of those, whom Providence had deserted. There is an eloquence which has nothing to do with art, and which nothing can resist; the wretches who affected to officiate as judges upon this horrible occasion, seemed to relent, and the mob without, who were almost as ready to spare as to murder, expressed their approbation with loud applauses, and with every mark of respect, made room for the prisoner and his preserver. Those who would appreciate the Abbe's services, should consider how different the *Sourd-muet* is from other children. The cares and caresses of a mother are, in great measure, lost upon him, nor can he take any part in those early sports of childhood, which exercise the body and form the mind: with a degree of instinct inferior to that of many brutes, without the means of communication with his fellow creatures, without a form under which he can class his ideas, or signs of recollection by which he may recall them, the impressions made upon his mind must be fugitive and transitory: he is a single, a solitary being, who may be deterred from an improper act by violence and punishment, but who cannot possibly otherwise form the slightest conception of what is right: he beholds the objects which surround him, but without any comprehension of their nature and qualities, further than as they affect the sensations of the moment; he is selfish, impetuous, and greedy of enjoyment, and can be under no restraint from sentiments of morality, for to him morality exists not: such is the deplorable situation from which the human mind is to be liberated, before man can be taught to fill even the most inferior offices of society, and we may easily conceive how the difficulty increases, when he is to be made to understand the various connexions which unite men to one another, and the sacredness of property, and the rights which God and nature have given him, and the duties which he is called upon to fulfil: we have no idea perhaps from our having been always in the use of our eyes and ears, how much of our education is acquired without any particular tuition; how much our minds and manners are formed from our intercourse with the world by means of the involuntary use of these

senses, and from the earliest period of our lives; the progress is so gradual as to be insensible to ourselves, and if at the age of fourteen a young person in the full, though as yet unexercised, possession of his faculties, was to set about learning all which was necessary in order to place himself on a footing of equality with others of his age, the labour would seem immense. But how great must the labour be, and how are we to qualify those exertions, which can convert the deaf and dumb human animal of fourteen into an enlightened, well informed man, a man of letters perfectly well acquainted with his moral duties and filling a useful station in society! Surely if Elviou, drawing money from every passing Parisian by the charms of his voice, could be compared to Amphion, you will see no exaggeration in my likening the Abbe Sicard to Prometheus, who stole the sacred fire from heaven, and animated a statue. The book of the Abbe's which I have alluded to and from which I have been able to receive some knowledge of his *system* and mode of proceeding, would be useful in any plan of education whatsoever. To give you a correct idea of it would probably exceed my power of analysing, nor would the extract be much shorter than the book itself, but the outlines may be rapidly traced and easily comprehended: Several objects, which we are all accustomed to the use of, are placed upon a table, and these the *Sourd-muet* is made to compare to a drawing taken of each; he is soon able to point out the resemblance and learns either to fetch the object on seeing the representation, or to attempt a resemblance of it in drawing on seeing the object: he also connects with each a certain sign or *gest*; these this teacher adopts, and as the number of objects is increased, his means of expression are also rapidly enlarged; he is now in possession of a sort of language, and he finds himself no longer a solitary being among men; the next step is to write the name over or along the representations of an object, and then, effacing this last, to leave only the name: he now discovers that this new mode of drawing, in which there is indeed no external resemblance, is yet invariably made use of to convey the idea of certain articles, that a passing stranger would give him the article on being shown the word (as he soon learns that this new mode of drawing is called) or write the word on being shown the article, and after some difficulty he adopts it as being more correct and expeditious, and more generally understood; care is taken to show him, that the constituent parts of every word, are from a collection of twenty-four forms called letters, which mean nothing separately, but which always express the same thing upon their being put together in a certain manner. Such is the commencement which the Abbe Sicard recommends, from having employed it with the utmost success in the case of Massieu, whom in a state of total deafness, he took from minding sheep, at the age of fourteen, and who now at the age of thirty-five is well acquainted with the

belles lettres of his own and of the English language, reads the Latin and Greek authors, and is, I am told a skillful mathematician. Having learned to read and write the names of a great variety of objects, Massieu easily learned to class them, and as he walked out a great deal into the fields, and was carried to various manufactories and workshops of different artists, his vocabulary was very rapidly increasing; he now knew a number not only of simple, but of compound appellations, and these he could write down if required; but he was soon more desirous of acquiring knowledge than of showing it, his mind already began to analyse, and his time was already become valuable: the elements of grammar kept pace with his other acquirements, and while he learned to distinguish that which merely *is*, from that which *lives*, and the *quality* from the *substance*, he also learned the value of the various parts of speech, and the government of verbs and the use of pronouns, by means of applications made to his sense of sight. He was next to take a most important step—he was to be made to comprehend that he had faculties which he had already exercised indeed, but without attending to their nature, and far superior to those of the body by which they are called into action; that upon discontinuing the use of his eyes for a moment, he could still see internally, that we could, in other words, consider; that an idea springing up in the mind at the sight of an object, leads to the memory of other objects not then visible, and to an internal action, which he learned to call reflection; and that a simple inclination becomes, by a mental operation, desire, and then passion: he easily comprehended that the effect of light upon the visual nerves, as of bodies upon the touch, might have a mechanical operation upon the brain or seat of sensation, but the intellectual consequences that arise from this operation, the powers of calling these up at pleasure, and passing them in review, must, as he was made to understand, arise from some cause within us, which had, as he felt, no material existence: Causes and effects he had always seen connected; this great, this wonderful effect then, this immaterial power must spring from some great, some wonderful, some immaterial cause, and that could be no other than God. We may conceive the good man's delight at being able to convey such instructions to the minds of his pupils, to open to them this prospect of another state of existence, and to afford them another powerful incentive to the practice of virtue. The subsequent questions that naturally follow a belief in the existence of God are also treated of and explained; but for these I must refer you to the book itself. I am persuaded that the method pursued by the Abbe Sicard with the deaf and dumb, would be a good one to adopt towards children in the full enjoyment of their faculties, for they never learn any thing so well, as when they seem to find out and to invent that by themselves which we are desirous they should be made

acquainted with. I have never been able to procure any account of the mode of teaching the deaf and dumb in other parts of Europe, but I presume it has kept pace with the improvements of the Abbe Sicard, many of whose scholars would, from the facility with which they comprehend, the readiness with which they answer in their way, and the correctness of their information, do credit to their instructor, had they enjoyed the use of all their faculties: in addition to the language of signs and *gests*, they are attentive to the motion of the lips, and not only learn to distinguish words and sentences in that manner, but also by applying their fingers in the dark, to the mouth of the person speaking. That wonderful machine, the human hand, which serves as an eye to the blind, serves in this instance as an ear to the deaf and dumb. I have explained to you in a former letter how the blind are taught to write sentences so as to be read by others who are also blind, and the same mode of communication has been practised with success between them and the deaf and dumb, two sorts of human creatures between whom Providence had placed, what might have seemed, an insurmountable barrier: they have, I was told, something like an antipathy to each other, and the children of the two schools would be always quarrelling in their way, if permitted to intermix; they feel perhaps, that neither class is at the head of the human scale, and are doubtful about precedence. We should be, I think, extremely embarrassed to choose between the two situations, if it were possible that we could be called upon to decide, and to say whether we had rather be deaf and dumb, or blind; these last have great advantages in the facility with which they may acquire knowledge, but are much more dependent in common life, and infinitely more circumscribed in the choice of a profession or a trade; their external appearance too is against them; they are extremely awkward in their gait and gestures, and betray in every motion almost the want of the sense they are deprived of: the deaf and dumb, on the contrary, know the value of a good appearance, and live so much in the constant exercise of their hands and arms, as to become graceful in the use of them, their eye too is all quickness and penetration, it is the eye of a poet or a painter, and illumines their countenance. They have, besides, the inestimable advantage of reading for amusement: their mode of conversing by signs and gestures is limited indeed, but less so than you would imagine, and they have a method of aerial writing like the Chinese, who are accustomed, when the sense of a word they make use of is doubtful, to draw the root or character of it in the air with the finger. The *Sourd-muets* trace words in the same manner far more rapidly than we do with a pen, those to whom they address themselves, being in the habit of reading backwards, as the blind do with their fingers.

The misfortune of the Abbe Sicard had not finished with his escape from the murderers of the 2d of September ; he had been once more arrested and then enlarged, and after two years of distress was again a third time imprisoned, and on the point of being separated forever from his pupils. The intention was, it appears, to send him at a proper opportunity to Cayenne, and it was during the long and tedious hours of confinement, and of cruel suspense, that he composed his course of instruction for the deaf and dumb, of which I have endeavoured to give you some idea. A change of measures however took place, he was released, and had his property restored to him : he is now assisted and patronized by the government, and the most rigid Carmelite, (if any yet remain of those pious sisters) will not think her convent profaned by the residence of such a man, or by the use it is put to. Massieu whom I have mentioned to you, who is the wonder of the Abbe's school, has published an account of himself : it is a history of his feelings, and if we may suppose (as I presume we may) that he never deceives himself and mistakes imagination for memory, it is one of the most interesting compositions that exist, and adds a valuable chapter to the history of mankind. His ideas of right and wrong were taught him, he says, by his father's applauses and by a cane, which stood in the corner of the room. From seeing the family at times on their knees, with uplifted hands, he had conceived there was something greater beyond the clouds, and this it was, he supposed, that descended at night and drew towards it the plants and grains which were committed to the earth. Animals he thought, were produced, and grew like plants. He perceived that other boys were in possession of some faculty that he had not, and thought that it might be acquired at school, where they regularly assembled, but he found (and it made him weep) that he gained nothing by going there. He learned to count ten in taking care of his sheep, and would then notch down one upon his staff, and begin counting another ten, but that was the extent of his acquirements. When first brought to Bourdeaux, he was every day in expectation of seeing the new flock he was to take care of, and fearful in the meantime of some evil intention in those about him, and of some mischief in every motion, and was trying to get back to his sheep again, when the Abbe Sicard commenced his education. It must seem almost incredible to you, that this poor lad should have so rapidly become what I have described him, and that he should astonish the audience, as he frequently does at the exhibitions of the Abbe Sicard, by answers to such questions as people frequently come prepared to make him. What is eternity ? It is a day without yesterday, or tomorrow ; It is a never-ending time of which we know not the beginning. What is a revolution ? It is a tree, the roots of which have shot up in place of the



*Monument to Sir Ralph Abercrombie;
Erected in St Pauls Cathedral.*

W. H. W. 1840

stem. What is gratitude? It is the memory of the heart. Such are the answers which Massieu gives, and you will agree with me, that it would be scarcely possible to give better, or to express them more happily.

*From Le Beau Monde, or Literary and Fashionable Magazine for
April, 1809.*

FINE ARTS—BRITISH REMAINS.

Let laurels, drenched in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his memory—dear to every Muse!
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
In honour's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that justice draws;
And, will prevail—or perish in her cause!

COWPER.

MONUMENT TO GENERAL ABERCROMBIE.

It seems destined for the most illustrious of our modern generals to conclude their glorious career in countries distant from their own, and to entrust their remains to the lands of strangers. While we rear monuments to their memory, we are denied the solemn privilege of sacredly preserving the last vestiges of their humanity! If the spirit be present with us, still the body is absent. We can secure the sad relics of a Nelson; but those of an Abercrombie, or a Moore, are consigned to the custody of their enemies.

Grave!—the guardian of their dust!
Grave!—the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust
Rests again, in hope, to rise?

MONTGOMERY.

How fair was the course, how bright the close, of the career of Abercrombie! His honourable activity was recompensed with unfading glory. A life exhausted in the most arduous services to his country, and pure from even the suspicion of unworthiness, was, after being happily protracted to the full limits generally allotted to human existence, meritoriously yielded up, an acceptable sacrifice, on the holy altar of patriotism. Beloved by his compatriots, idolized by his soldiers, and respected by his enemies, it was the enviable destiny of Sir Ralph Abercrombie to expire in the arms of glory, and at the moment

VOL. II.

c

of victory ! He fell, as it will be remembered, in the battle of Alexandria ; and his body was afterwards removed from Egypt to Malta, where it is now interred. He was succeeded in command by the present Lord Hutchinson.

Excepting the recollection of his military character, the present Monument, erected by the vote of Parliament, in grateful acknowledgment of his public services, is all that remains to us of the immortal Abercrombie. What an illustrious depository, however, will our metropolitan cathedral one day offer to contemplation ! A revolution, if so it may be termed, has now taken effect as to the place in which we are to rear the sepulchral memorials of British worthies ; and many of these memorials, it is also to be remarked, have already arisen out of the most eventful revolution of the modern ages. The cathedral of Saint Paul seems more than likely to vie with the abbey-church of Saint Peter. If the latter treasures the remembrance of the great men of the old age, the former will preserve the fame of the great men of the new age ; and, if Westminster abbey, among some intrinsically eminent personages, records the names of numbers who were indebted to others for their apparent importance in society, perhaps it is destined for St. Paul's to swell the catalogue of those, not less to be distinguished characters, who appear to owe their individual magnificence to their personal superiority !

Mr. Westmacott, the artist to whom the execution of the Monument to General Sir Ralph Abercrombie (which is shortly to be opened for inspection in St. Paul's cathedral) has been entrusted, will acquire considerable reputation from this exertion of his abilities. He judiciously selected the most affecting incident in the fate of his hero, for the display of his own powers. Mr. Westmacott has chosen for this purpose, the exact instant of time when General Abercrombie, after receiving his death wound, no longer able to support himself, is sustained by one of his soldiers. The face of the General possesses actual likeness ; and the figure of the Highlander, by whom his body is supported, is highly impressive. Here is the sublime effect of the present sculptural composition. The slain man, however, greatly heightens the feelings of the spectator. This object, so natural in the circumstances intended to be commemorated by the monument, is very properly introduced, and is admirably disposed.

So far from objecting to the practice of representing modern persons in modern attire, which reason requires and custom sanctions, we formerly expressed our approbation of this conduct by the rising race of artists. We must nevertheless regret that, in the present instance, such practice entirely deprives us of those picturesque appearances, which embellish and dignify the monumental achievements of antiquity.

THE NATURALIST No. II.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN inhabitant of the northern states, on his first visit to the lower countries of the Carolinas and Georgia, is struck with the unexpected appearance and novelty of the scenery, of their less inhabited or unsettled parts; the chief characteristics of which may be given as follows: A thick flat wilderness of pines, through which the narrow road, skirted with myrtles* and gull-berry bushes,† winds through immense dreary solitudes, with sometimes only one or two huts in a whole day's journey. Marshes, branches or watery tracts, covered with loblolly bays, so closely crowded together as to shut out the light of day; dead stagnating ponds, seen through among the crowded pines, sending forth noxious exhalations, fevers, and pestilence; and prodigious cypress-swamps, where a growth of timber, far surpassing in magnitude all others on the continent, rises from an ocean of reeds, having their leafless branches loaded with such vast quantities of moss, that 40 or 50 men might easily conceal themselves on one tree. It hangs waving in the wind from 3 to 12 and 15 feet long, and looks as if every tree were covered with wagon loads of tow; but what form the most disagreeable part of the features of this country, are, the dark sluggish streams which perpetually intercept the road, and are the gloomy haunts of multitudes of hideous alligators. From Newbern, in North-Carolina, along the whole low countries and coast, to the mouth of the Mississippi, and up that river as far as New-Orleans, there is scarce a creek, pond, or swamp, that is not infested with these disgusting and voracious animals. At every stage you listen to narratives of the depredations committed, at one time or other, by the alligators. The principal sufferers on these occasions are, hogs, who have ventured down to the river's side to wallow in the mud, where they are sprung upon, and soon dragged into the river. Dogs are also a very favourite morsel; and the very howling of one, on the shore, will, in a few seconds, bring 20 or 30 alligators to the surface. On a deer taking the river, the alligators have been known to allow him to pass unmolested; but to seize every dog that followed. Some of these, after having been for a minute or two under water, have disengaged themselves, and rising to the surface, have succeeded in reaching the shore, sorely gashed and mangled by the teeth of the alligator. Some dogs, however, fearlessly take the river, and when attacked, as they generally are, from behind, boldly face round, and engage the enemy in his own element; barking and snapping, and generally forcing him to disappear; for, like all tyrants, he is as cowardly as cruel. The dog then again makes for shore, and

* *Myrica cerifera*, the wax bearing myrtle. † A species of *Vaccinium*.

as often as he hears them behind him, wheels round and defends himself as before ; and thus fights his way through. Negroes who venture into the river to bathe in summer, have frequently been attacked, and sometimes destroyed. It is also a singular fact, that tame ducks and geese, though they frequent these rivers and ponds in winter, yet, as soon as the warm weather commences, entirely abandon such places. The alligator is generally detested by the inhabitants, and various modes are practised to destroy him. A hunting party is formed of 30 or 40 persons, well armed with guns and rifles, who separate into two bodies, and scour the river, lagoons, and banks, for alligators. Those who have no dogs imitate their howling, and thus decoy the alligators near to the boat, while another lays them lifeless with the rifle. In this manner 200 of these animals have been killed in one excursion ; that party which had killed the greatest number, being entitled to a supper or treat from the less successful one. Sometimes they prepare a small piece of hard pitch pine, of about 10 or 12 inches long, sharpen it at both ends and notch it at the middle, where they fasten a line of small rope, and run this sharpened stick into a small piece of pork ; this being thrown overboard is soon swallowed by the alligator, and the rope being pulled the same moment, the stick is thrown at right angles across the monster's throat, who, unable to close its jaws, is led to the shore with very little exertion, to the great diversion of the company.

But the most singular mode of taking and destroying this formidable animal, and which may be depended on as fact, is as follows : In the month of February, when the weather begins to get a little warm, and before the alligators emerge from their winter quarters, a party of 8 or 10 persons provide themselves with a long rope, about three quarters of an inch in diameter, furnished at one extremity with a running noose. Having arrived at that part of the bank of the river under which they suspect the alligators are lying, one of the most resolute and able divers undresses himself, and goes down to reconnoitre. The winter retreats of the alligators are large roomy excavations in the bank, at the depth of 10, 12, and even 15 feet under water, frequently protected by projecting roots of enormous cypress trees. In one of these dens the diver sometimes finds 6 or 8 large alligators, with numbers of mud turtles, dozing in a listless though not torpid state ; for though they appear sensible to what is about them, yet on these occasions they are not easily disturbed. The diver having noted their number and situations, ascends to draw breath ; and after a little, redescends, taking with him that end of the rope which has the running noose. Approaching the largest and most formidable one, he slides the noose gently over the tail, hind feet, and body, up to the fore legs, the animal all this time remaining quite passive. Sometimes, if they lie at a great depth, the diver is obliged

to rise several times for breath, before he can complete his purpose ; he then draws the noose as tight as he safely dare, and ascends to the surface to assist those on shore in dragging the monster, struggling, flouncing, and plunging, to dry land, where with clubs, pitchforks, &c. they torment him awhile, and then put him to death. All these means, however, have availed little to lessen their numbers ; and the most effectual method to exterminate them altogether, appears to be by destroying their nests and eggs. The most interesting and circumstantial description of these, as well as of the alligator itself, I find thus detailed by Bartram :

“ On turning a point or projection of the river bank,” says this traveller, “ at once I beheld a great number of hillocks, or small pyramids resembling haycocks, ranged like an encampment along the banks ; they stood fifteen or twenty yards distant from the water, on a high marsh, about four feet perpendicular above the water ; I knew them to be the nests of the crocodile, having had a description of them before, and now expected a furious and general attack, as I saw several large ones swimming abreast of these buildings. These nests being so great a curiosity to me, I was determined, at all events, immediately to land and examine them. Accordingly I ran my bark on shore at one of their landing places, which was a sort of neck or little dock, from which ascended a sloping path or road up to the edge of the meadow, where these nests were. Most of them were deserted, and the great thick whitish eggshells lay broken and scattered upon the ground round about them.

“ The nests or hillocks are of the form of an obtuse cone, four feet high, and four or five feet in diameter at their bases ; they are constructed with mud, grass, and herbage ; at first they lay a floor of this kind of tempered mortar on the ground, upon which they deposit a layer of eggs, and upon this a stratum of mortar seven or eight inches in thickness, and then another layer of eggs ; and in this manner one stratum upon another nearly to the top. I believe they commonly lay from one to two hundred eggs in a nest : these are hatched, I suppose, by the heat of the sun ; and perhaps the vegetable substances mixed with the earth, being acted upon by the sun, may cause a small degree of fermentation, and so increase the heat in these hillocks. The ground for several acres about these nests showed evident marks of a continual resort of alligators ; the grass was every where beaten down, hardly a blade or straw was left standing ; whereas all about, at a distance, it was five or six feet high, and as thick as it could grow together. The female, as I imagine, carefully watches her own nest of eggs until they are all hatched ; or perhaps while she is attending her own brood she takes under care and protection as many as she can get at one time, either from her own particular nest or others ; but certain it is that the young are not left to shift for themselves, having had frequent opportunities of seeing the female alligator leading about the shores her train of young ones, just as a hen does her brood

of chickens; and she is equally assiduous and courageous in defending the young which are under her care, and providing for their subsistence; and when she is basking upon the warm banks, with her brood around her, you may hear the young ones continually whining and barking like young puppies; I believe but few of a brood live to the years of full growth and magnitude, as the old feed on the young as long as they can make prey of them.

"The alligator, when full grown, is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity, and swiftness in the water. I have seen them 20 feet in length, and some are said to be 22 or 23 feet long; their body is as large as that of a horse; their shape exactly that of a lizard, except the tail, which is flat or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates or squamæ, impenetrable, when on the body of the live animal even to a rifle ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore legs or arms, where it is said they are only vulnerable. The head of a full grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length; the eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk deep in the head, by means of the prominency of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head in the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about. Only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpendicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore part of the upper jaw on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone; these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, and always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance; in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth, to receive them; when they clap their jaws together it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance. But what is yet more surprising to a stranger, is, the incredible loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in the spring season, their breeding time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder, appearing actually to cause the earth to tremble.

"An old champion, who is perhaps absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about) darts forth from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters, in a right line; at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly until he arrives at the centre of the lake, when he stops; he now swells himself by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, while he brandishes his tail in the air, and the vapour ascends from his nostrils like smoke. At other times, when swoln to an extent ready to burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls rapidly round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like

an Indian chief, when rehearsing his feats of war, and then retiring, the exhibition is continued by others who dare to step forth and strive to excel each other to gain the attention of the favourite female."

W.

THE MONITOR No. II.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TURNPIKE ROADS.

It is a subject of the most serious regret to every friend of this country, that turnpike stock generally averages an income below legal interest, and less than most of our other public stocks. This threatens to extinguish, or at least very materially to impair the spirit that has existed in favour of those useful undertakings, turnpikes. In a country affording such an endless variety of modes of employing money advantageously, it would be insanity to expect that any very considerable number of our citizens would devote the large sums necessary to establish these roads, unless there were a reasonable prospect of advantage from them.

The unproductiveness of turnpike stock arises from the very great expense originally incurred in the formation of the roads, and from the constant large disbursements requisite to keep them in repair. As to the first item, although I believe there might generally be great savings made, yet I shall for the present wave any examination of that part of the business, and confine myself wholly to the repairs.

I venture to suggest a plan by which this grand object might be effected, at, probably, less than half the present expense. Perhaps I deceive myself, as most projectors do, and overrate the advantages of my scheme. Of this the public will judge.

Although it is very unfashionable to cite proverbs, yet I cannot resist the temptation to take one as my text. It is homely and housewifely, but contains a vast deal of sound sense—*A stitch in time saves nine*. This is applicable to all human affairs, and to none more than the present subject of discussion.

According to the prevailing system, when a road is finished, all concern of it is abandoned, till it has become so completely damaged, as to call loudly for the most expensive repairs. This is the radical error, which creates a vortex to swallow up so large a proportion of the tolls.

Instead of this wretched mode, I propose that the roads be divided among a certain number of persons, hired at moderate wages, whose duty it shall be to examine their parts respectively every day, and to repair any spot that may require it, as soon as it is damaged, though ever so slightly.

I am not prepared to say what extent of a road each individual might be able to keep in good order. But I am strongly inclined to believe, if there were deposits of stone and gravel placed at suitable distances, that an industrious man, provided with a cart, a yoke of oxen, a rolling stone, and all the other necessary apparatus, would find little difficulty in attending to eight or ten miles. This, however, is a point on which experience alone can determine correctly.

That this management would produce a vast saving to the parties concerned, and render turnpiking much more lucrative, I feel the fullest confidence.

The neglect of the side or summer roads, is another capital error. They can be preserved in good order, or repaired, at a much less expense than the turnpikes. And it is so much more pleasant to travel on them, and so much less destructive to horses' shoes, as well as to the tire of wheels, that when they are fit for travelling, they are almost exclusively used.

During eight months of the year, the summer roads might be kept almost constantly in repair, at a very small expense. This would very much diminish the use, and consequently the destruction of the turnpike. The summer road is very soon damaged. Four or five carriages of burden passing immediately after or during a heavy fall of rain, make a rut, wherein the rain lodges. It is constantly increasing till the road becomes somewhat impassable. It is then shunned, and the turnpike alone is travelled. Hence it is not an extravagant calculation to suppose that the expense of keeping the turnpike in repair in certain places, where the summer road is generally bad, is a third more than would be necessary under proper regulations.

If the summer roads be easily damaged, they are likewise, as I have said, easily mended. A little labour, seasonably applied, would, after the rain has been evaporated, repair even the worst places. It should be the duty of the persons of whom I recommend the appointment, to pay prompt attention to these roads as soon as the weather clears up; to fill up all ruts; and to run the rolling stone over the whole, so as to invite the travellers back to the use of them. This is the *stitch in time*.

One word more. I am informed by men of experience and skill, that when the stones used in making turnpikes are of different degrees of hardness, they wear each other out, and the road is not by any means so durable, as when they are all of the same kind.

It excites astonishment in any reflecting mind, to see the unaccountable insanity that too frequently pervades the conduct of communities and collections of men, any one of whom would be ashamed at the exhibition of a fourth part of the folly in his own private affairs. Perhaps a more striking instance of this kind can hardly be produced, than is displayed by the powerful and reputable state of Pennsylvania, in the custody of her public records. All the papers, documents, and records of the land office, on which the titles to property to the amount of millions of dollars rest, have been for years kept at Lancaster, in miserable apartments, the risk of conflagration whereof is much more than what the insurance offices term doubly hazardous. For 2, 3, or 4000 dollars a fire-proof building might be erected, which would afford all the necessary security, and prevent a calamity, which, if it occurs, cannot be completely remedied for half a million.

The same culpable neglect prevails, I am informed, in most of the counties of the state: and the error does not exclusively belong to Pennsylvania. It extends far and wide throughout the Union.

Philadelphia makes an equal display of misplaced economy. The papers belonging to all the public offices here, are by no means guarded with the proper degree of care. Those who are interested in the titles of city property—in wills or mortgages recorded, or in any of the papers deposited in those offices, would, on an examination of the wings of the state-house, feel the most serious apprehensions. Philadelphia requires a fire-proof building to preserve the public books and papers, equally with the borough of Lancaster; and it is to be hoped the subject will speedily occupy the attention of those whose province it is to make the necessary provision.

DEFENCE OF SOUTHEY'S THALABA.

The Politest Scholars and the ablest Critics have differed widely in their opinion of the merits, or demerits of the *Muse of SOUTHEY*. That he is a man of Genius and a Poet of great sensibility, we are by no means disposed to deny; moreover, in a spirit of the most liberal candor, we declare distinctly, that Mr. S. is incomparably a wiser man, and a more correct and elegant writer now, than he was some years ago. From the most accurate authority, we have good reason to believe that his character has materially changed; and that, however disposed to quarrel with, or laugh at him once, we have no inclination

VOL. II.

H

now to assail with vehemence, either his *principles*, or his poetry. Of late he has written much which reflects lustre upon his heart and his understanding. In his *Chronicle of the Cid*, we discern the plainest proofs of his attentive perusal of the Bible, and a very pleasing copy of the sublime simplicity of its style. But of the innovations, which he has hazarded in his "*Thalaba*," we doubt somewhat of the propriety. This our readers will readily allow to be very natural, when they reflect, that we are orthodox believers in the creed of the High Church of Criticism. Every scholar remembers the powerful onset made against Southey's light troops by the tremendous charge of the *Edinburgh Review*. The strongest defence is by H. K. WHITE, a spirited and gallant, if not a successful volunteer. The ensuing paper is perfectly well written, and if we may not concede to the argument, we must commend its ingenuity. EDITOR.

La rime est une esclave, et ne doit qu'obéir.

BOILEAU.

EXPERIMENTS in versification have not often been successful. Sir Philip Sydney, with all his genius, great as it undoubtedly was, could not impart grace to his hexameters, or fluency to his sapphics. Spenser's stanza was new, but his verse was familiar to the ear, and though his rhymes were frequent even to satiety, he seems to have avoided the awkwardness of novelty, and the difficulty of unpracticed metres. Donne had not music enough to render his broken couplets sufferable, and neither his wit nor his pointed satire were sufficient to rescue him from that neglect, which his uncouth and rugged versification speedily superinduced.

In our times, Mr. Southey has given grace and melody to some of the Latin and Greek measures, and Mr. Bowles has written rhyming heroics, wherein the sense is transmitted from couplet to couplet, and the pauses are varied with all the freedom of blank verse, without exciting any sensation of ruggedness, or offending the nicest ear. But these are minor efforts: the former of these exquisite poets has taken a yet wider range, and in his "*Thalaba the Destroyer*," has spurned at all the received laws of metre, and framed a fabric of verse altogether his own.

An innovation so bold as that of Mr. Southey, was sure to meet with disapprobation and ridicule. The world naturally looks with suspicion on systems, which contradict established principles, and refuse to quadrate with habits, which, as they have been used to, men are apt to think cannot be improved upon. The opposition which has been made to the metre of *Thalaba* is, therefore, not so much to be imputed to its want of harmony, as to the operation of existing prejudices; and it is fair to conclude that, as these prejudices are softened by usage, and the strangeness of novelty wears off, the

peculiar features of this lyrical frame of verse, will be more candidly appreciated, and its merits more unreservedly acknowledged.

Whoever is conversant with the writings of this author, will have observed and admired that greatness of mind and comprehension of intellect, by which he is enabled on all occasions to throw off the shackles of Habit and Prepossession. Southey never treads in the beaten track; his thoughts, while they are those of nature, carry that cast of originality, which is the stamp and testimony of genius. He views things through a peculiar phasis, and while he has the feelings of a man, they are those of a man almost abstracted from mortality, and reflecting on and painting the scenes of life, as if he were a mere spectator, uninfluenced by his own connexion with the objects he surveys. To this faculty of bold discrimination, I attribute many of Mr. Southey's peculiarities as a poet. He never seems to inquire how other men would treat a subject, or what may happen to be the usage of the times; but filled with that strong sense of fitness, which is the result of bold and unshackled thought, he fearlessly pursues that course which his own sense of propriety indicates.

It is very evident to me, and, I should conceive, to all, who consider the subject attentively, that the structure of verse, which Mr. Southey has promulgated in his *Thalaba*, was neither adopted rashly nor from any vain emulation of originality. As the poet himself happily observes, "*It is the arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.*" No one would wish to see the Joan of Arc in such a garb; but the wild freedom of the versification of *Thalaba* accords well with the romantic wildness of the story; and I do not hesitate to say, that, had any other known measure been adopted, the poem would have been deprived of half its beauty, and all its propriety. In blank verse it would have been absurd; in rhyme insipid. The lyrical manner is admirably adapted to the sudden transitions and rapid connexions of an Arabian tale, while its variety precludes tedium, and its full, because unshackled cadence, satisfies the ear with legitimate harmony. At first, indeed, the verse may appear uncouth, because it is new to the ear; but I defy any man who has any feeling of melody, to peruse the whole poem without paying tribute to the sweetness of its flow, and the gracefulness of its modulations.

In judging of this extraordinary poem, we should consider it as a genuine lyric production; we should conceive it as recited to the harp, in times when such relations carried nothing incredible with them. Carrying this idea along with us, the admirable art of the poet will strike us with tenfold conviction, the abrupt sublimity of his transitions, the sublime simplicity of his manner, and the delicate touches by which he connects the various parts of his narrative, will then be more strongly observable, and we shall in particular, remark the uncommon felicity with which he has adapted his versification; and in the midst of the wildest irregularity, left nothing to shock the ear, or offend the judgment.

EPISTOLARY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

*London, near the Shepherd and Shepherdess, City Road.**August 24th, 1802.*

DEAR SISTER,

SHOULD this sheet be fortunate enough to reach your hand, surely you will not fail to write for our mutual satisfaction, and for the pleasure it will give our poor old mother, who is still living, and as well as she has been for many years past.

I sent you a letter directed to Philadelphia long ago. We have heard nothing from you since, nor indeed any ray of information since your letter which gave some account of your voyage to that place. Nat has long entertained a notion that as you have something of the rambler in your disposition you meant to forbear writing that you might one day surprise us with your sudden appearance in London, but I find he now gives you over for dead, thinking that nothing but death could induce you to keep your friends thus in total darkness, both as to your health or sickness, prosperity or poverty; for what if you are as poor as Job, did any of your relations expect you to grow rich? You set out a friendless adventurer, and what if you remain such, is that a reason for your breach of communication with your mother? Dear wench, think of these things, and believe that a letter directed to "Mrs. Bloomfield, to be left at No. 14, Great Bell Alley, Coleman's-street, London" will be highly acceptable to us all. You may probably receive this in October, and then, when may we expect a reply?

With respect to myself my "Farmer's Boy" has run through six editions, and the last publication "Rural Tales" has been reprinted largely. I know, that of the first, you have, on your side of the water, several editions of your own, (American editions) and this circumstance alone makes me wonder that you have not written to me on so great and so interesting a subject to us all. There is a French translation of the Farmer's Boy at Paris, which is now reprinting in London.

Your brothers and sisters are well, and their families. Katharine is still unmarried. If I have no reply in a reasonable time I will get some of the great and good friends whom fortune has thrown in my way, to employ some person residing in your city to ascertain the truth of your situation, if living; or to transmit the particulars of your demise.

Remaining in anxious uncertainty,

Your affectionate brother,

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Elizabeth Bloomfield, }
Philadelphia. }

P.S. You may, if you like it better, direct to "Robert Bloomfield, Seal-Office. Inner Temple, London."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

QUERIES RESPECTING THE COWPEN-FINCH OF NORTH AMERICA.

IT is a fact well known to naturalists, and to the people of Europe generally, that the cuckoo of that country (*cuculus canorus*) never builds itself a nest, but lays her eggs in the nests of other birds, and abandons her progeny to the mercy or affection of strangers. The good and amiable Dr. Jenner, who has since risen to immortal reputation, and to whose genius and humanity the whole human race are under everlasting obligations, was the first person who gave the world a particular detail of these extraordinary habits of the cuckoo, which he has done with great precision, and chiefly from his own observations. In the United States we have two species of cuckoo, each differing greatly in colour and in notes from the European one, and also in habits, for both our cuckoos build their own nests, and hatch, feed, and attend their own young, with the greatest solicitude and affection. The natural history of both these species, will be found in the second volume of the *AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY*, accompanied with coloured representations of the two birds and their respective eggs. In the meantime the author of that work solicits the attention of persons of leisure and information, residing in the country, to the following facts and queries.

In this part of North America, particularly in the middle and southern states, we have a small bird, about the size of the female red-wing blackbird, which is fond of attending the cows while at pasture, and even of frequenting the places where they are penned up in winter, to feed on the seeds, insects, &c. which it finds among the excrements of the cattle. For these reasons it is called by many, the *cow-bird**. It is the *fringilla pecaris* of Linnæus and Turton, and the *cowpen finch* of Catesby. At a distance it appears altogether black; but on being examined in the hand, the head and neck of the male is of a fine silky drab, with the upper part of the breast deep violet; the rest of the plumage may be called black, with strong reflexions of green. This bird has long been noted by persons of observation in the country, for laying its eggs in the nests of other birds, who hatch them, and feed the young foundling† with all the care and tenderness they show to their own brood. When it leaves the nest, one or both of the foster parents assiduously watch all its wanderings, to feed and protect it, exhibiting the same marks of anxiety and distress for its danger, and the same manœuvres for its safety, and escape, as if it were their

* This name is also applied, by some people, to the Cuckoo.

† It is found never to lay more than one egg in the same nest.

own offspring. On the other hand, the cow-bird is not confined in its choice to the nest of any one particular bird ; for I have myself found its eggs and young in those of five different species, some of whose nests were scarcely sufficient to contain the young cow-bird of a week old. Such are some of the facts. I have now to propose a few queries, to corroborate my own observations, and to enable me to throw some light on the history of this remarkable bird.

1. Has the cow-bird ever been known to build a nest for itself ; and if it has, in what situation was it placed, of what materials was it composed, and what were the number and colour of its eggs ?

2. What are the birds generally selected by the cow-bird for its nurses ; and have they been observed to resist or express any uneasiness at the intrusion of the latter ?

3. When the young cow-bird is hatched, or soon after, does it, like its prototype of Europe, turn out all its fellow-tenants, eggs as well as young, and occupy the premises exclusively ?

On some of these heads a number of examples have occurred to my own observation. Any gentleman possessing facts relative to the above, or to the history of the bird in general, will confer an obligation by transmitting them under cover to the publishers, with as little delay as more important matters may permit, and the favour will be suitably acknowledged by

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Philadelphia, June 11th, 1809.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

ON a recent perusal of the tragedy of Hamlet, I was forcibly struck with the injustice of a common criticism upon what are called defects in that admirable play. The authority of Dr. Johnson has given a sanction to the objections : that Hamlet is rather an instrument than an agent : that after he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him, and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing : that of the feigned madness of Hamlet, there is no adequate

cause, and that the apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose, as the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him who was required to take it.

The limits of a single paper must circumscribe my observations and forbid any notice of other subjects of critical inquiry which abound in a drama distinguished for the number and variety of its incidents and characters. The single view to which I shall confine my remarks is to show, that the circumstances which have been stated as defects of the play, are defects of Hamlet's character, which Shakspeare designed to exhibit. And if it shall appear, as I think it will upon a very brief examination, that it was the author's intention to present such a character with all its imperfections, that the character itself is a natural one, and one which, from its high importance, deserved the distinguished attention of the moral dramatist, the criticism to which I have alluded must be pronounced unfounded. With equal propriety might the author be censured for the credulous jealousy of Othello, or the criminal ambition of Macbeth.

No character is better calculated to excite a deep interest than that of Hamlet: a youth of genius and virtue, possessed of the highest accomplishments and the most amiable dispositions, whose feelings are wounded, and whose firmness is overwhelmed by circumstances of peculiar difficulty and distress.

Grief for his father's death, and disgust at his mother's precipitate marriage, prey upon his mind and produce a settled melancholy in his temper. Shocked at his mother's want of feeling and respect for his father's memory, which was cherished with affection and reverence by the filial piety of Hamlet, he is sensible that every tie of natural affection is broken, and that he has suffered an injury and a disgrace which admit neither of redress nor alleviation. Such an instance of depravity fills him with amazement and horror: the world itself appears to be productive of "things gross and rank in nature merely," and all its uses seem to him, "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." He wishes his being at an end, and he regrets that "the everlasting had fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

From this state of listless despondency, he is roused by Horatio's information that he had seen his father! He immediately suspects *some foul play* from the appearance of his father's spirit in arms, and resolves at every hazard to pursue the inquiry. When the ghost appears, he breaks from the restraint of his friends, and in spite of their remonstrances, follows it until he obtains an answer. At the mention of murder! he impatiently cries:

Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
 As meditation or the thoughts of love
 May sweep to my revenge.

When he is informed of the circumstances of his father's murder, and is urged to avenge it, he determines to neglect every thing else, and that "the commandments of his father's spirit all alone shall live within the book and volume of his brain, unmixed with baser matter."

But these resolutions, thus solemn, sincere, and spirited, produce no corresponding action. His natural temper and disposition, averse from scenes of tumult and violence, prevail over his resolutions, and render his conduct weak and indecisive. His sensibility is carried to a dangerous and faulty excess, and his indecision is fatal to every plan which he adopts. To conceal his purposes, he thinks it necessary to feign madness, and to maintain the deception, he treats his friends and his mistress with insolence and rudeness. His determination to banish from his mind all thoughts but those of revenge is soon forgotten, he complains of the hardship of his fate in being destined to correct the evils of the time, and he continues to indulge his melancholy temper with reflections upon the miseries of life.

With the most sublime ideas of the dignity of human nature, he exclaims:

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!

But his mind could find no pleasure even in the contemplation of such a subject, and he adds:

Yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor woman neither.

He is diverted from these thoughts by the arrival of certain players, by whom he appears to be interested and amused. The gayety of Hamlet's conversation upon this and other occasions, notwithstanding his general melancholy, is perfectly natural. These flashes of mirth break from the gloomy mind like lightning from the dark clouds which overspread the atmosphere; they arise from an involuntary effort of nature, which cannot sustain continual and profound sorrow; they are sometimes the ebullitions of a mind engrossed with its own sorrows, regardless of passing events, and disposed to treat them with levity and ridicule. Such appears to have been often Hamlet's humour.

But as soon as he is alone, he begins to reflect upon his situation. When he considers the animation and the feeling expressed by a player *for nothing*, a mere fiction, he exclaims, "What would he do had he the motive and the cue for passion that I have." He reproaches himself for his dullness and cowardice, and his submission to injuries, when he was prompted to revenge by heaven and hell, and for suffering his resentments to evaporate in words and idle invectives.

Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face,
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i'th' throat
As deep as to the lungs, who does me this,
Ha! why I should take it, &c.

It then occurs to him that the play would be a good method to prove the guilt of his uncle:

I'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick: if he do flinch
I know my course.

He excuses his past inactivity by suggesting doubts of his uncle's guilt and a suspicion that the spirit he had seen might be a devil, and out of his weakness and melancholy might have deceived him. Unlike the fiery and decided Othello, with whom to be once in doubt is once to be resolved, and whose vengeance is as prompt as his suspicions are hasty and unfounded, Hamlet procrastinates the moment of action by pretences which he knows to be frivolous.

When he next appears, we find him meditating upon the subject of suicide. The perplexity of his mind has become intolerable. When he reflects upon the murder of his father, and the villainy of the king, his uncle, his sense of duty, his indignation, and the injunctions of his father's spirit, hurry him into the strongest resolutions of vengeance, and his mind continually reproaches him for his inactivity, but his repugnance to such acts of violence, his disgust with life, and his impression of the utter insignificance of every object of human pursuit, soften and disarm him. He is rather disposed to retire from such a scene, in which he found nothing worthy of his attention, and to seek a refuge from his misfortunes by ceasing to be. But the dread of an unknown futurity forbids such a relief, and throws him back upon the world "to bear those ills he has."

VOL. II.

I

The play, however, is at length performed, and the king stands convicted to the satisfaction of Hamlet. He is now wrought up to a high pitch of resolution.

Now could I drink hot blood
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on.

In this temper, while he is on his way to see his mother, who had sent for him, he finds the king his uncle, at prayers. He says,

Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven,
And so am I revenged?

But here again his evil genius suggests a curious refinement. He thinks that if the king should be killed while he was praying, he would certainly go to heaven, and thus he should lose his revenge. His uncle had killed his father when he was unprepared to die, and a just retaliation required that the king should be served in the same manner. He therefore determines to put off his vengeance until he finds the king engaged in some less holy business, and by that method send his soul to hell. Accordingly he passes by the king without discovering himself.

The conduct of Hamlet upon this occasion is considered as an instance of savage barbarity, and so it would be if the reason which he assigns for the delay of his revenge were the true one. But it really was not his motive. It is inconsistent with the whole of his character. It was evidently a mere pretence to palliate to his own mind, his tardy and indecisive measures. He is continually endeavouring to animate himself to do *acts of blood*, which, when the time of action arrives, he shrinks from performing. The neglect of this opportunity proves fatal. While he is in conference with his mother, he hears a noise behind the arras, which he mistakes for the voice of the king, and at the impulse of the moment he aims a blow, which kills Pollonius. The consequences are, that he is obliged to leave his country, Ophelia becomes distracted and perishes, and Laertes is made his implacable foe.

His father's spirit again appears to him while he is conversing with his mother, and Hamlet, conscious of his fault, asks,

Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That laps'd in time and passion lets go by
The important acting of your dread command.
O say.

The ghost replies,

Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But procrastination continues to steal away his time, though all occasions, as he remarks himself, inform against him. When he sees young Fortinbras leading an army of twenty thousand men to fight for a piece of ground scarcely large enough to bury their slain,

On a mere phantasy and trick of fame,

his conscience reproaches him with indolence and apathy, who had such excitements of his reason and his blood, and let all sleep.

When Hamlet should *act*, he speculates:

The native hue of resolution
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And all his enterprises, from an excess of refinement,
Lose the name of action.

He is degraded in his own estimation by remaining in a state of inactivity and insignificance unworthy of his character. He is conscious of the possession of powers, a capability and godlike reason, which were intended to be exercised, and without which man was reduced to a level with the beasts. But he is withheld by a spell which seems to him unaccountable.

Whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And even three parts coward. I do not know
Why yet I live to say, this thing's to do
Sith, I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do it.

He resolves once more,

From this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Yet he suffers himself to be sent away without any attempt to execute his purposes, and narrowly escapes a snare which his uncle had set for his destruction. Even this new treachery of the king does not rouse him to exertion, and we find him on his return again indulging his favourite humour, and considering too curiously, as Horatio tells

him, the circumstances of poor human nature. Yet in every situation he leads us irresistibly along with him. The melancholy gloom which surrounds him, his profound and penetrating understanding, the proud and lofty elevation of his sentiments, softened by distress and by the delicacy and sensibility of his feelings, excite the mingled emotions of affection, esteem, and admiration, and we regret that a more propitious fate had not placed him in a state better calculated for the exercise of his virtues and his talents.

The catastrophe is produced by a new crime of the king who falls by the hand of Hamlet. The guilty are all punished, and though the death of Ophelia be an exception to the rule of poetical justice, yet we cannot consider that of Hamlet to be so. He is the victim of his own weakness and indiscretion.

According to the sentiment of a celebrated critic, the most proper character for tragedy is that of a person who has been himself the cause of his misfortune, and whose misfortune is occasioned by the violence of passion, or by some weakness incident to human nature. "Such a subject" says he, "disposes us to the deepest sympathy and administers useful warning to us for our own conduct. Who does not sympathise with the distresses, the feelings, the weaknesses of Hamlet; and who does not see the fatal effects of indulging those feelings to excess, and of suffering that weakness to become fixed and habitual."

Could he who drew each change of many-coloured life have omitted to delineate a character so important, and one from which so many instructive lessons may be drawn. An instance of talents, virtue, and spirit, rendered useless by a morbid sensibility; a temper too refined and fastidious to admit of steady and regular conduct: an instance too in a more general view, of the fatal effects of indecision.

The great moralist whose name I mentioned before, has described the folly of procrastination as one of the general weaknesses which in spite of the instruction of moralists and the remonstrances of reason prevail to a greater or less degree in every mind, as the most pertinacious, if not the most violent of the passions, always renewing its attacks, and though often vanquished, never destroyed. He had himself felt the influence of that seducement of the imagination by which we are led to believe that another day will bring some support or advantage which we now want, which is employed in forming resolutions which are soon dissipated, and reconciling ourselves to our own cowardice by excuses, which, while we admit them, we know to be absurd. A habit which the calls of reason and conscience cannot correct, which penetration and discernment serve only to increase, and to bewilder us in the perplexity of various intentions.

The moral of the piece I think is obvious, and in tracing the conduct with a view to ascertain the character of Hamlet, I have had little hesitation in differing in opinion from those who maintain that Shakspeare had drawn a character altogether unnatural, and one which he himself did not understand.

A desire to vindicate a favourite production of a favourite author, has induced me to throw together these remarks, which, though hastily, and, I fear, crudely written, appear to me to be just.

CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE WIFE OF SEGESTES.

THE wife of Segestes in Tacitus is worthy of the canvas. The historian has already given us a picture, and it is the finest ever exhibited since the nativity of genius. I can find nothing in Virgil or Homer equal to it: Creusa and Andromache are viewed with indifference by the side of the wife of Segestes. I behold her coming forth from the besieged castle, firm, inflexible, breathing the unsubdued spirit of her husband; no tear falls from her eye, no lamentation bursts from her lip; but lo! she stands a captive in pensive silence, straining her beating bosom with her hands, and fixing her eyes upon her pregnant womb.

ATTICUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TAHOPHA, OR THE CASSADA PLANT.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THERE are several different species; but the manioc is what is known and planted in the West India Islands. It is a cold poison; the

roots are roasted, the juice is pressed from them, and the noxious qualities removed by heat. They are then washed and scraped clean, and grated into a tub or trough, after this, they are put into a hair bag, to squeeze out the juice. The meal or farine, is dried in a hot stone bason and then made into cakes. The root also yields a quantity of starch, which the people of Brasil export in small lumps, under the name of tapioca. In Father Labat's tour to the Antilles, there is a more particular account of this plant. The cakes form a principal part of the food of the French negroes; they are mixt in a pottage consisting of yam, sweet-potato, calilu, a vegetable resembling spinage, and a small quantity of salt fish. This is a savoury dish among the blacks; thousands of acres, round the city of St. Pierre, in the island of Martinique, were planted for the purpose of the negroes, before the revolution. It resembles millet, and is a very nutritive food, though it has not the appearance of it, and in Anson's voyage it is ridiculed under the name of *powder of post*,

I. S.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara,
In the Autumn of 1803.

By the Author of American Ornithology.

(Continued from Vol. 1, page 544.)

LONG ere the morn had show'd its opening sweets,
We clubb'd our arms and pass'd the silent streets;
Slow o'er the pavement limpingly we tread,
But soon recovering, every ailment fled.
Forward we march, o'er mountains rude and bare,
No decent farm, and even a cabin rare;

Thick wastes of ground oak* o'er the country spread,
 While haggard pines sigh dismal overhead.
 Lo! the Blue Mountain now in front appears,
 And high o'er all its lengthen'd ridge uprears;
 Th' inspiring sight redoubled vigour lends,
 And soon its steeps each traveller ascends;
 Panting we wind aloft, begloom'd in shade,
 Mid rocks and mouldering logs tumultuous laid
 In wild confusion; till the startled eye
 Through the cleft mountain meets the pale blue sky
 And distant forests; while, sublimely wild,
 Tow'rs each tall cliff to heaven's own portals pil'd.
 Enormous gap! if Indian tales be true,
 Here ancient Delaware once thunder'd through,
 And roll'd for ages; till some earthquake dread,
 Or huge convulsion shook him from his bed.†

Here under rocks, at distance from the road,
 Our pond'rous knapsacks cautiously we stow'd,
 The mountain's top determin'd to explore,
 And view the tracts already travelled o'er;
 As nimble tars the hanging shrouds ascend,
 While hands and feet their joint assistance lend;
 So we, from rock to rock, from steep to steep,
 Scal'd these rude piles, suspended o'er the deep,
 Through low dwarf underwood with chesnuts crown'd,
 Whose crooked limbs with trailing moss were bound.
 Eager we brush th' impending bushes through,
 Panting for breath and wet with dashing dew;
 Cliff after cliff triumphant we attain,
 And high at last its loftiest summit gain;
 But such a prospect!—such a glorious show!
 The world, in boundless landscape, lay below!
 Vast colour'd forests, to our wandering eyes,
 Seem'd soften'd gardens of a thousand dyes.

* This species of dwarf oak produces great quantities of acorns, which the bears, pigeons, grouse, jays, &c. are extremely fond of. It grows to the height of about five feet, very close, and affords good shelter for the deer and bear.

† This pass in the Blue Mountain is usually called the Wind Gap. The reader will find some curious conjectures on its formation in Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*.

Long lakes appear'd ; but at the increase of day
 Assum'd new forms, and roll'd in mist away.*
 Scoop'd from the woods unnumber'd spots were seen
 Embrown'd with culture, or with pasture green ;
 Some cottage smoke mov'd slow, and dimly white ;
 But ev'ry hut had dwindled from the sight.
 In long trail'd fogs, that all its windings show'd,
 For many a league the distant Delaware flow'd ;
 And all beyond seem'd to the ravished eye,
 One waste of woods, encircling earth and sky !
 We gaz'd delighted—then, with short delay,
 Descending fix'd our loads and march'd away.

From this rough mountain, northward as we bend,
 Below us, wide, the woody wilds extend ;
 The same ground oak o'er all the country lies,
 The same burnt pines in lonely prospect rise,
 Mute and untenanted ; save where the jay
 Set up his shrill alarm, and bore away.
 One solitary hawk that sail'd serene,
 Secure, and eying the expanded scene,
 High from his zenith, midst the bursting roar,
 Dropt at our feet, and flutter'd in his gore ;
 " *Thus falls,*" said Duncan, "*many a son of pride,*
 "*While buoy'd in thought o'er all the world beside.*"

From these dull woods emerging into day,
 We pass where farms their opening fields display,
 Barns, fences, cottages, and lawns appear'd,
 Where various sounds of human toil were heard ;
 'There, round a hut, upon a sloping green,
 Gay laughing bands of playful boys were seen ;
 Soon, Books ! aloud, is thunder'd from the door,
 And balls and hoops must charm the hours no more ;
 But frequent tears the blotted leaves assail,
 And sighs for dear-lov'd liberty prevail.
 Thither, by long yet fond remembrance led,
 With awe we enter this sequester'd shed ;
 All eyes are turn'd the strangers to survey,
 One tap is heard !—and all the hint obey ;
 Then grave and courteous, rising from his seat,
 The decent Master bows with meekness meet,

* The effect of this deception was really astonishing. Nothing could be more evident to the eye—the shores, the waters, studded with numerous islands, seemed to disappear as if by enchantment.

Invites to sit—looks round with watchful eyes,
 And bids, by signs, alternate classes rise;
 Hears, reads, instructs, with solemn voice and slow,
 Deep, busy silence muffling all below;
 Slates, pens, and copybooks in order pass,
 And peace and industry pervade each class.
 Dear to the Muse, to Truth, to Science dear,
 Be he who humbly toils and teaches here!
 His worth, his labours, shall not sleep forgot,
 And thus the Muse records them as she ought.

Of all professions that this world has known,
 From clowns and cobblers upwards to the throne;
 From the grave architect of Greece and Rome,
 Down to the framer of a farthing broom,
 The worst for care and undeserv'd abuse;
 The first in real dignity and use,
 (If skill'd to teach, and diligent to rule)
 Is the learn'd master of a little school.
 Not he who guides the legs, or skills the clown
 To square his fists, and knock his fellow down;
 Not he who shows the still more barbarous art
 To parry thrusts and pierce the unguarded heart:
 But that good man, who, faithful to his charge,
 Still toils the opening reason to enlarge;
 And leads the growing mind, through every stage,
 From humble A, B, C, to God's own page;
 From black, rough *pothooks*, horrid to the sight,
 To fairest lines that float o'er purest white;
 From NUMERATION, through an opening way,
 Till dark ANNUITIES seem clear as day;
 Pours o'er the mind a flood of mental light,
 Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,
 Till earth's remotest bounds, and heaven's bright train
 He trace, weigh, measure, picture, and explain.

If such his toils, sure honour and regard
 And wealth and fame will be his dear reward;
 Sure every tongue will utter forth his praise,
 And blessings gild the evening of his days?
 Yes!—Blest indeed, by cold ungrateful scorn,
 With study pale, by daily crosses worn,
 Despis'd by those who to his labours owe
 All that they read, and almost all they know;
 Condemn'd, each tedious day, such cares to bear
 As well might drive even Patience to despair;

The partial parent's taunt—the idler dull—
 The blockhead's dark, impenetrable scull—
 The endless round of A, B, C's whole train,
 Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain.
 Plac'd on a point, the object of each sneer,
 His faults enlarge, his merits disappear;
 If mild—" *Our lazy master loves his ease,*
 " *The boys, at school, do any thing they please.*"
 If rigid—" *He's a cross hard-hearted wretch,*
 " *He drives the children stupid with his birch.*
 " *My child, with gentle means, will mind a breath;*
 " *But frowns and floggings frighten him to death.*"
 Do as he will, his conduct is arraign'd,
 And dear the little that he gets is gain'd;
 Ev'n *that* is given him, on the quarter day,
 With looks that call it—*money thrown away.*
 Just Heav'n! who knows the unremitting care
 And deep solicitude that teachers share,
 If such their fate, by thy divine control,
 O give them health and fortitude of soul!
 Souls that disdain the murderous tongue of Fame,
 And strength, to make the sturdiest of them tame;
 Grant this, ye powers! to Dominies distrest,
 Their sharp-tail'd *hickories** will do the rest.
 Again the shades of sober eve appear'd,
 Up the dark windings of a creek we steer'd,
 Where, glad to rest, and each in hungry plight,
 In Marewine's humble hut we spent the night.
 Our social host piles up a jovial fire,
 Brings his best cyder, still as we desire,
 Inspects our arms, with nice inquiring gaze,
 And while we eat, his hunting spoils displays:
 The skins of wolves and bears, a panther's jaws,*
 His horrid tusks and life-destroying claws;

* This animal, generally, though improperly, called by the above name, is the *felis cougar* of European writers; and is considered as the most dangerous and formidable inhabitant of our forests on this side of the Ohio. They are still numerous among the mountains of Pennsylvania that border the Susquehanna, and frequently destroy deer, calves, sheep, colts, and sometimes, it is said, horses and cows. They are bold and daring; and lie in wait in the low branches of trees for the deer, on whom they spring with prodigious force, and soon destroy them. The one mentioned above had seized a

Recounts the toils and terrors of the chase;
 And gave us fiddling too, by way of grace;
 All which, when bed-time warn'd us to lie down,
 We fully paid him for with half a crown.
 Refresh'd with sleep, before the peep of day,
 O'er rising Pocano* we scour away,
 Beyond whose top the dismal swamp extends
 Where Tobihanna's savage stream descends.
 Here prostrate woods, in one direction strew'd,
 Point out the path the loud tornado rode,
 When from the black north-east it gathered strong,
 Creating ruin as it roar'd along,
 Crashing outrageous.† Still with awe-struck mien,
 The pilgrim stops, and gazes on the scene.
 Huge pines that tower'd for centuries on high
 Crush'd by each others ruins prostrate lie,
 Black with devouring flames, of branches bare,
 Their ragged roots high tilted frown in air;
 While shiver'd trunks, like monuments of wrath,
 Add deeper horror to the wreck beneath.
 Cut through this chaos rude, the narrow road,
 Alone by solitary traveller trod,
 Winds through the wilds of this forlorn domain
 Where ruin drear and desolation reign.
 Here as we loiter'd on, with restless gaze.
 Absorb'd in silence, musing and amaze,
 The rustling bushes and the snorting sound
 Of startled *bruin* fix'd us to the ground!‡

calf in the evening, within a few feet of the girl who was milking; who, sup-
 posing it to be a large dog, gave the alarm, and attempted to drive it off.
 The old hunter, our landlord, soon drove him up a tree with his dog, where
 he shot him.

* A small spur of the blue ridge, and one of the few places in Pennsylvan-
 ia frequented by the *tetrao cupido*, or pinnated grouse.

† These tornadoes are very frequent in the different regions of the Uni-
 ted States. The one above alluded to, had been extremely violent; and for
 many miles had levelled the woods in its way. We continued to see the ef-
 fects of its rage for upwards of twenty miles.

‡ At this season of the year great numbers of bears resort to the moun-
 tains in search of whortleberries which they devour with great voracity.
 They are at this time very fat, and individuals are frequently shot that weigh
 upwards of 400lbs.

With levelled guns we momentary stood—
 He's gone! loud crashing through the distant wood ;
 Sad disappointment throbs in ev'ry breast,
 And vengeance dire is threaten'd on the rest.
 And now each passing stump, and bush, and nook,
 Is eyed with eager and suspicious look ;
 But one deep solitude around prevails,
 And scarce a cricket eye or ear assails.
 Thus many a tedious mile we travell'd o'er,
 Each passing scene more rueful than before ;
 Till night's dun glooms descending o'er our path,
 We took up lodgings at the *Shades of Death*.^{*}
 The blazing fire, where logs on logs were laid,
 Through the red hut a cheerful radiance spread ;
 Large horns of deer the owners sports reveal ;
 The active housewife turns her buzzing wheel ;
 Prone on the hearth, and basking in the blaze,
 Three plump but ragged children loitering gaze ;
 And all our landlord's odd inquiries o'er,
 He dealt out tales and anecdotes in store,
 Of panthers trapp'd†—of wounded bears enrag'd ;
 The wolyes and wildcats‡ he had oft engaged ;

* A place in the *Great Swamp*, usually so called, from its low, hollow situation, overgrown with pine and hemlock trees of an enormous size, that almost shut out the light of day.

† Our host made himself very merry by relating to us an anecdote of one of his neighbours, living ten or twelve miles off, who having fixed his large steel traps, in the evening, returned to the spot next morning, when to his terror he saw two panthers (*F. Cougar*) surrounding a trap in which a very large one was taken by the leg. Afraid to hazard a shot lest the surviving one who was at liberty might attack him, he hurried home, loaded another gun and gave it to his wife, an intrepid amazon, who immediately followed him to the scene. Arrived within forty or fifty yards the hunter presented to take aim, but was so agitated with terror that he found himself altogether unable. His wife instantly knelt down before him, ordering him to rest the rifle on her shoulder, which he did, and by this expedient succeeded in killing the whole three.

‡ *Felis montana*, mountain lynx. Another species is also found among these mountains, and appears to be the *F. rufa* of Turton. I measured one of these, that from the nose to the insertion of the tail, was upwards of three feet;

The noble bucks his rifle had brought down—
How living rattle-snakes he took to town.
His dog's exploits—the glory of his kind!
Now gash'd by bears, and lame, and almost blind.
Display'd his hat, with bullet-holes o'errun,
To prove the many matches he had won.
On powder, rifles, locks and balls enlarg'd,
And a whole broadside on his art discharg'd.
The mother spun, the children snor'd around,
And Sock the landlord still fresh stories found;
Our nodding heads the power of sleep confest,
And the kind hunter led us to our rest.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BURK'S GARDEN GRAVE.

John Daly Burk fell in a duel at Petersburg, Virginia, and lies buried in the garden of general Jones's villa, about a mile from the town.

I CLIMBED the high hills of the dark Appamatox,
The stream poured its waters the wild woods among,
All was still save the dash of the surge from the white rocks,
Where the sea-fowl indulged in his tremulous song.
On my right, where the poplars, with fair branches gleaming,
Half embosom the high-vaulted villa of Jones,
On the tombstone of Daly the liquid sun streaming,
Marked the spot where the bard had found rest for his bones.

Oh! rare is the spot hung with clustering roses,
Where Virginia's sweet minstrel is gone to his rest,
For the sun's parting ray on his grave oft reposes,
And the redbreast delights there to build her soft nest
And oft shall the damsels with bosoms high swelling,
Whose ruby lips sweetly his soft stanzas sing,
Dejected repair to the bard's narrow dwelling,
And deck the raised turf with the garlands of spring.

SELECTED.

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

From the Greek of Callistratus.

Mild star of eve! whose tranquil beams
 Are grateful to the queen of love,
 Fair planet, whose effulgence beams
 More bright than all the host above,
 And only to the moon's clear light,
 Yields the first honours of the night.

All hail! thou soft, thou holy star!
 Thou glory of the midnight sky!
 And when my steps are wandering far,
 Leading the shepherd minstrelsy,
 Then if the moon deny her ray,
 Oh! guide me, Hesper, on my way.

No savage robber of the dark,
 No foul assassin claims thy aid,
 To guide his dagger to its mark,
 Or light him on his plundering trade,
 My gentle errand is to prove
 The transports of requited love.

OBITUARY.

To record the worth and virtues of departed friends, is a grateful, though melancholy, duty. Among the various biographical sketches which daily meet the eye, there can be few, if any, more deserving of notice and respect, than the following affectionate tribute to the memory of the late JUDGE SMITH.

This gentleman was a native of North Britain, whence he emigrated in early life to this continent. On the 9th of February, 1769, he was appointed deputy surveyor of an extensive frontier district, and established his residence at the town of *Bedford*. In the execution of his official duties, he displayed integrity and abilities which could not have been exceeded. His fidelity in this important and interesting trust, was so strongly marked, that no individual has been able to complain of injury; and exemption from law suits, and certainty of titles to property, have been almost the invariable re-

sult. So high was his sense of honour, so inflexible his principles of justice, that he would never suffer even suspicion to cast a shade over his official character. His private interests yielded to the firmness of his mind; and although landed property was then so easily to be acquired, he scrupulously avoided all speculation, determined that the desire of gain should neither warp his rectitude, nor give birth to jealousy in others.

When the county of Bedford was erected, he received commissions from the then proprietors, to execute the offices of prothonotary, clerk of the sessions, orphan's courts, and recorder of deeds for that county; and such was the uniform tenor of his conduct as to insure the respect, esteem and attachment of all who had any transactions with him.

At the commencement of the late revolution, he zealously espoused the cause of his adopted country, and at the head of his regiment of militia performed his tour of duty in her service; and his attachment to the liberties and independence of these United States was inviolable. By the citizens of his county he was chosen to represent them in the convention which formed the first constitution of this commonwealth, but it is just to add, that instrument did not meet his entire approbation. As a member of the legislature, frequently elected, his talents were useful, his exertions and industry unremitting; and, when, towards the close of the revolutionary war, he was appointed to represent this state in congress, he carried with him into that body the same invaluable qualities, the same firm and inflexible integrity.

The law was his profession, and he practised with industry and success; seeking to do justice, but abhorring iniquity and oppression, never greedy of gain, he was moderate in receiving the honourable reward of his professional services. He was a father to those who confided in him however poor or afflicted. He delighted to encourage merit and virtue, wherever he found them; but he exposed with severity, violence, fraud, and iniquity, whether clothed in rags, or shrouded behind the mantle of wealth or influence. To those who sought it, he gave honest and sound advice in questions of law according to the best of his skill and judgment. He discouraged law suits, and scorned to foment litigation for the sake of gain. He may have frequently erred; more frequently may have been deceived by statements imposed upon him by clients; but he never, knowingly, recommended the prosecution of an unjust cause.

When the judiciary department, under the present constitution of Pennsylvania, was organized, he was appointed president of the district composed of the counties of Cumberland, Mifflin, Huntingdon, Bedford and Franklin; in which office he continued, until upon the resignation of Mr. *Bradford*, he was appointed a judge of the supreme court of Pennsylvania. The arduous duties of both those stations, he performed with skill and integrity. He spared not himself in sickness or in health—he shrunk from no labour or fatigue. Although his constitution was wearing away, his high sense of duty foreclosed from his view his approaching danger; or though he beheld it, it appeared to

him trivial in comparison with what he considered the obligations of conscience. He never tasted the bread of idleness; nor would he have touched the emoluments of office, if unable to perform its duties. But he sunk under this too zealous attention to rigid duty, at an age not greatly advanced; and when by a little indulgence and self denial (most surely justifiable) he might yet have been spared to his afflicted family.

The expressions of his features were apparently austere: his outward manners were not marked with grace or softness. In conversation, his sentiments were delivered with blunt sincerity: and were sometimes supposed, by those who knew him not, to designate the character of harshness; but his heart was replete with the finest qualities which could adorn it: humane, benevolent, and just; in his friendships ardent and sincere; and his acts of friendship executed with peculiar delicacy and grace. In all his dealings he was scrupulously exact, and there exists no man who can truly say, he has received from him an injury. Those who knew him well will not hesitate to acknowledge the correctness of this brief eulogium on departed worth.

To his family his loss is irreparable—as a husband and a father, he was affectionate, mild, indulgent. The happiness of his family was the great object of his life—Domestic harmony reigned in his household. His mansion was the abode of hospitality—long, very long will his loss be mourned—the memory of his virtues will remain as their sweetest consolation; but the deep-felt sorrows of his afflicted widow and children cannot recall the husband, father, friend.

DIED on the 11th of May last, after a short but painful illness, in the 46th year of his age, Mr. JAMES SIMMONS of this city.

Scarcely have we recorded an instance of death more fully calculated to impress the mind with the uncertainty of human life, than the present. Enjoying every happiness which a state of the most perfect health, supported by a constitution uncommonly vigorous, could afford, the deceased saw himself in the meridian of life, surrounded by a young family who had just attained an age, at which they more particularly required the attentions and guidance of parental affection and authority. But, from this scene of temporal interests and felicity, he was hurried in the short space of three days, to a state,

“Where momentary ages are no more!

“Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire.”

By an extensive circle of relatives and friends, the deceased was well known and beloved: as a parent, he was to an unusual degree kind and tender, as a husband he was affectionate, as a Son dutiful; to the poor he was charitable, to the world polite; and his manners possessed all that pleasing unbanity, which obtain, for a gentleman, the esteem of society.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WITH the request of "JUVENIS" we cannot comply with a better grace, than by citing the classical canons of an OXFORD SCHOLAR, who exemplified all his correct rules, by his splendid example; and, who, when but a boy, wrote with all the purity of COWPER and GOLDSMITH. The rules of Composition are, in fact, very simple and very few. If we have a mature acquaintance with our subject, there is little fear of our expressing it as we ought, provided we have had *some little experience* in writing. The first thing to be aimed at is *Perspicuity*. That is the great point, which, once attained, will make all other obstacles smooth to us. In order to write perspicuously, we should have a perfect knowledge of the topic, on which we are about to treat, in all its bearings, and dependences. We should think well, beforehand, what will be the clearest method of conveying the drift of our design. This is similar to what Painters call the *massing*, or getting the effect of the more prominent lights and shades by broad dashes of the pencil. When our thesis is well arranged in our mind, and we have predisposed our arguments, reasonings, and illustrations, so as they shall all conduce to the object in view, in regular sequence and gradation, we may sit down and express our ideas in as clear a manner as we can, always using such words, as are most suited to our purpose; and when two modes of expression, equally luminous, present themselves, selecting that which is the most harmonious and elegant.

It sometimes happens that writers, in aiming at perspicuity, overreach themselves, by employing too many words, and perplex the mind, by a multiplicity of illustrations. This is a very fatal error. Circumlocution seldom conduces to plainness; and you may take it as a maxim that, when once an idea is *clearly expressed*, every additional stroke will only confuse the mind and diminish the effect.

When we have once learned to express ourselves with clearness and propriety, we shall soon arrive at elegance. Every thing else, in fact, will follow as of course. But let not the order of things be inverted, nor let the graces be courted when we should be studying perspicuity. Young writers, in general, are too solicitous to round off their periods, and regulate the cadences of their style. Hence, the feeble pleonasm and idle repetitions, which deform their pages. If we would have our compositions vigorous and masculine in their tone, let EVERY WORD TELL, and when we detect ourselves polishing off a sentence with *expletives*, we should compare ourselves with a minor poet, eking out the measure of his verses, with all a ballad maker's tautology.

The *little book of Songs and Sonnets*, is certainly worthy of the genius of *Master Slender*. It is incredible how much bad Poetry we are doomed to peruse, with a frowning brow, and an aching head; with all our limited Powers of Judgment most sorely wounded, and disconsolate Taste in utter despair.

Hourly we see some *raw pin-feather'd thing*
 Attempt to mount, and wars and heroes sing,
 Who for *false quantities was whipt at school*,
 But t'other day, and *breaking grammar rule*,
 Whose *trivial art* was never try'd above
 The dull description of his *native grove*.

The class of writers, to whom our critical correspondent refers, are essentially different:

Why name you VIRGIL with such *fops* as these?
He's truly great, and must forever please,
 Not fierce, but awful in his manly page,
 Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage.

We have no sort of objection to the publications of satires after the pattern of JUVENAL, HORACE, and POPE. But the furious invectives of — display more of rude rage, than of captivating Poetry.

Your Satires, let me tell you, are *too fierce*,
 The *wits* will never bear so *blunt a verse*;
 Their doors are barr'd against a *bitter flout*,
 Snarl, if you please, *but you must snarl without*.

Our friend, Charles, is a perfect pattern of victorious industry, in tracing all the paths of Literature. We are exceedingly obliged by his persevering punctuality. Capable of intense Application, he is competent to the faithful accomplishment of every task, that his versatile Genius may impose upon his obedient Mind:

—— strung with nerves of wire,
 Tough to the last, and whom no toil can tire.

The ardor of Summer skies causes the mind to droop and the pen to loiter. In fact, a July essay, however ingenious, is only nodded over. Readers, as well as authors, are languid and lazy:

—— The *glaring sun*
 Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
 To shades and *noon tide rays of Summer shun*;
 All plung'd in Sloth men lie, and *snore supine*,
 As fill'd with fumes of undigested wine.

We are exceedingly benefited by the liberal Criticisms of an old and classical friend, whose principles are as noble, as those of BURKE, and whose style is *ad unguem factus*, finished to a nicety, and polished to perfection.

Tell me, dear G——, whence hast thou the skill
So nicely to distinguish good from ill ?
And by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
What piece is *Tinker's metal*, WHAT WILL PASS,
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify ?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never craving, or oppress'd with care ?
The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
And look on wealth, with undesiring eyes.

We cannot imagine a wretch in a state of more abject servitude than the *sort* of Popularity seeker, whom "Pictor" has contemptuously described:

Yes, write him down a *slave*, who humbly proud,
With flattery begs preferment from *the crowd*.

We plainly perceive that *the cherub Contemplation* is often invoked by our friend C. and that to the Genius of Musing he exclaims in a poetical rapture:

Come, pensive Sage, who lovest to dwell
In some retir'd Lapponian cell,
Where far from noise and tumult rude,
Resides sequestered Solitude.
Come, and o'er my longing soul,
Throw thy dark and russet stole,
And open to my duteous eyes
The volume of thy mysteries.

"The vagaries of a coquette" must remind her admirer of a passage in *Marmion*, where an exceedingly wise and shrewd Scotchman thus judiciously comments upon the freaks of his fair Partner:

We hold our greyhound in our hand,
And falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find *leash*, or *band*
For *Dame* that *loves to rove* ?
Let the wild falcon *soar her wing*,
She'll *stoop*, WHEN SHE HAS TIR'D HER WING.

The Editor despairs of ever acquiring the enviable power which has been indicated for his emulation by a favourite friend:

From me, wild nurtur'd, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well conn'd task?
Nay G——r, nay—on the *wild hill*,
Let the *wild heathbell flourish still*,
Cherish the Tulip, prune the Vine,
But freely let the Woodbine twine,
And leave *untrimm'd the Eglantine*.

We are by no means insensible of the various merits of our domestic and poetical friend Asmodeo. We regret that any engagement should cause a suspension of his tuneful powers:

The harp full defty can he strike,
And wake the Lover's lute alike;
To dear St. Valentine no thrush,
Sings liv'lier from a Spring-tide bush;
No nightingale her love-lorn tune,
More sweetly warbles to the moon:
Wo to the cause, whate'er it be,
Detains from us his melody.

Our advice to a rational disciple of Epicurus may be briefly expressed in the words of WHITE:

"Let him laugh with the gay, and meditate with the sober, drink deeply at the pure well-spring of unpolluted Pleasure, and taste all the fountains of Wisdom and Philosophy."

Under this discipline, which comprehends both duty and delight, he may nobly exclaim in DRYDEN's noble phrase:

Secure and free from business of the state,
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare;
Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine,
To see a beggar's brat in riches flow
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor envious at the sight, will I forbear,
My ruddy bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer.

We are not insensible of the Rhetorical pretensions of C——,

Soft Elocution does his style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown

We doubt extremely whether the refined doctrines of *genuine* Philosophy, indicated by a venerable friend, will be either relished or cared for by the humdrum tribe of worldings. One of the translators of Persius makes a Roman wit exclaim:

Preach this among the *dullard cite*, sayst thou,
And see if *they* thy doctrine will allow :
The *plodding peddler*, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a *base note*;
And prize a *hundred Zenos* just as much,
As a clipt sixpence, or a shilling Dutch.

"A CORRESPONDENT" should adopt for his guide a line from LUCRETIVS.

Juvat integros accedere fontes.

The gossips whom he has consulted, are mere old women mumbling in their chimney corner. Sir WILLIAM JONES, with his wonted wisdom, says emphatically—"In *history* as in law, we must not follow streams, when we may investigate fountains, nor admit any secondary proof, where primary evidence is attainable."

The praise of Philadelphia loveliness is well bestowed. Whenever we advert to the appearance and accomplishments of our fair countrywomen, we cannot forbear exclaiming with THOMSON:

May my song soften as thy *daughters*, I,
Columbia, hail ; for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance of taste : the *faultless form*,
Shap'd by the hand of Harmony; the cheek
Where the live Crimson, through the native White,
Soft shooting o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace ; the parted lip
Like the red rosebud, moist with morning dew,
BREATHING DELIGHT ; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown
The neck slight shaded, and the swelling breast ;
The *look resistless, piercing to the soul*,
And BY THE SOUL INFORM'D, when, dress'd in love,
She sits high, smiling in the conscious eye.

An attentive perusal of Dr. ABERCROMBIE'S ingenious Lecture on *Accent*, reminded us of a passage in a writer, whose rhetorical skill cuttles his opinions to be received as the *gospel* of oratory.

Accent is subject to the caprice of fashion. Ancient writers accented many words differently from the moderns: and not many years since, the tide of innovation tended to throw the accent as far backwards as possible, even on words which by that accentuation were rendered altogether difficult to pronounce. It may be remembered, that exertions were made to bring into vogue such uncouth accentuation as *co'mparative* and *i'mperative*; and that they nearly succeeded. Miscellany is one of those words which has retained its new accent. It is incumbent on literary men to resist such innovations as violate the prosody and destroy the harmony of the language, and render obsolete the measures of our best poets, which would otherwise remain as a fixed standard of both.

Besides the literary accent marked in written language, there is also an accent relating to the tones and expression of the living voice, and understood as the general song, or recitative, in which whole sentences are delivered. This is named the provincial accent. It is the peculiar song of each county and province, and, according to the LAW OF LANGUAGE ESTABLISHED IN EVERY CAPITAL CITY, it is a stain of rusticity and an object of censure: and must be guarded against, or removed by every one who would not incur the penalty of being uncourtly.

To err against the correct accentuation of particular words is altogether unpardonable, because every literary man may acquire sufficient information on this subject, partly from books, and partly from living authorities. But it must be confessed, that as to the general song or recitative of his speech, almost every man is compelled to fall into that of the majority of those with whom he converses; and whoever does not reside at the very court of London, or live with the highest class of the persons who form it, must speak more or less with a provincial accent. Even in London, the accent of the citizen differs from that of the courtier; and every province in England has a peculiar accent of its own.

"The portrait of an American miser," is painted with vivid colours. No vice is more deeply branded in the Gospel, than that of *covetousness*, which, with equal emphasis and propriety, is described as *the root of all evil*. But the exhibition of such a picture will not have the smallest effect upon the muckworms to whom it is shown. Yet, although we do not choose to hang up his portrait in our gallery, we do not shrink a moment from the clear expression of our hatred and contempt for one of the most sordid and detestable passions that ever defaced and degraded the character of our country. The skinflint scoundrel, to whom we allude, cannot be adequately described by any terms, however nervous, which our correspondent or ourselves can

employ. But DRYDEN, whose lofty genius regarded such a *slave* with habitual disdain, shall, in his immortal verse, hang him up as a scarecrow to all succeeding times. Some remote allusions having been satirically made to such a character, the poet, in a paroxysm of virtuous anger, impetuously breaks out with the following animated query:

Him dost thou mean, who, *spite of all his store,*
Is ever craving and will still be poor?
 Who *cheats for half pence,* and who *doffs his coat,*
 To *save a farthing* in a ferry boat;
 Ever a glutton, at *another's cost,*
 But in whose kitchen dwells *perpetual frost,*
 Who eats and drinks with his *domestic slaves,*
 A *verier hind* than any of his *knaves;*
 Who sips by *spoonfuls,* *trembling to approach*
 The *little barrel,* which he *fears to broach.**

VARIETY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THAT accomplished cavalier, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, seems to have been the delight and admiration of the age of Elizabeth, both for the variety and greatness of his genius. He who was the ornament of the university, was also the ornament of the court; and appeared with equal advantage in a field of battle, or at a tournament, in a private conversation among his friends, or in a public character as an ambassador. His talents were equally adapted to prose or verse, to original composition or translation. His *Arcadia* was not only admired for its novelty, but continued to be read longer than such compositions usually are, and has passed through fourteen editions.

* This most exquisite and picturesque couplet probably suggested to the imitative genius of POPE some of his finest antitheses. In a description of the Sunday equestrians in *Rotten Row*, by Mr. SHERIDAN, in one of his poetical *jeux d'esprits*, we remember the following passage, alluding to the affectation of the *Cockney* horseman:

Now his left heel, *insidiously aside,*
Provokes the canter that he seems to chide.

This, perhaps, is one of the most felicitous imitations ever effected by the wit of man.

It is not at all known that the following criticism upon Dr. Beattie's Essay upon the Nature and Immutability of Truth in opposition to Scepticism and Infidelity, is from the pen of EDMUND BURKE. The right honorable author not only speaks in the tone of an accurate critic, but of a truly pious and good man. "The author of the work before us has great merit in attacking pernicious sophistry. He has gone to the bottom of his subject, and vindicated the rights of the human understanding with such precision and sagacity, with such powers of reason and investigation, as will do him honour when the system he exposes will be remembered only in his refutation. His method is extremely natural and clear: his style lively and ardent. He is no cold, uninteresting advocate for the cause he espouses. If he may sometimes be thought too warm, it may easily be forgiven, when his warmth neither hinders him from doing justice to the merits of his adversaries, where they have real merit, nor leads him to any intemperance of language, unworthy of himself or of the subject."

COURAGE is one of the most dazzling of the virtues. It always challenges our admiration, and, according to Dr. Johnson, it challenges our respect too. Let the reader peruse the following anecdote, and then count his pulsations, if he has the feelings of a mere arithmetician.

Sir George Lisle signalized himself upon many occasions in the civil war during the reign of Charles I, particularly in the last battle of Newbury, where, in the dusk of the evening, he led his men to the charge in his shirt, that his person might be more conspicuous. The king, who was an eye witness of his bravery, knighted him on the field of battle. In 1648, he rose for his majesty in Essex; and was one of the royalists, who so obstinately defended Colchester, and who died in its defence. This brave man, having tenderly embraced the corpse of Sir Charles Lucas, his departed friend, immediately presented himself to the soldiers, who were ready for his execution. Thinking that they stood at too great a distance, he desired them to come nearer: one of them said, "I warrant you, sir, we shall hit you." He replied, with a smile, "Friends I have been nearer you, when you have missed me."

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum.

PRINTED FOR BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, NO. 4, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, BY SMITH AND MAXWELL.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty may be indulg'd.
Cowper.

Vol. II.

AUGUST, 1809.

No. 2.

EDUCATION—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A CHARGE

Delivered, at a public Commencement, July 27, 1809, to the senior class of the Philadelphia Academy, upon their having completed the course of study prescribed by that Institution.

BY JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D.

*One of the Assistant Ministers of Christ Church and St. Peter's,
and Director of the Academy.*

—et nī
Posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non
Intendes animum studiis, et REBUS HONESTIS,
Invidiā vel amore vigil torquerere.—Hor.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

THE ample and satisfactory testimony which you yesterday exhibited by a public examination, of your unwearied diligence while under my tuition, and of your successful progress in the various branches of English literature inculcated in this seminary—and, the unequivocal proofs you have just now given of your skill in the important arts of Reading and Public Speaking, as applied to the several species of Forensic, Dramatic, Narrative, Descriptive, and Didactic Eloquence, as well in Poetry as Prose, incontestibly evince that your labour has not been in vain, nor your time unprofitably employed. This improvement of that invaluable talent must ever be a source of high gratification to your friends, and of pleasing reflection to you.

Among the various attestations of the mutability of human affairs, the frequent abruption of human association, which will mark to

OL. II.

M

you the revolution of the present year, the events of this day cannot fail to render it singularly memorable; for the tie which hath so long united us in daily intercourse is now to be dissolved, and the mutual obligations of duty resulting from the relative situations of tutor and pupil are now to be cancelled. Hence, on my part, a sincere solicitude for your future welfare, a due respect for your parents and guardians, and a just regard for the interests of this Institution, which has, for so many years, experienced the most liberal patronage and approbation, induce me to solicit your attention to a brief valedictory address, in which I shall endeavour to indicate the objects worthy of your future regard and pursuit, and to suggest such precepts as are essentially necessary to form the Scholar, the Gentleman, and the Christian. To this combined excellence of character, I trust the laudable ambition you have hitherto evinced, will ever impel you zealously to aspire.

As *Scholars*, you will render yourselves useful and ornamental to society—as *Gentlemen*, by the urbanity of your deportment you will conciliate the affections, and command the respect of all with whom you associate—and as *Christians*, you will not only be enabled to withstand the innumerable temptations with which you will be assailed, but, to support with dignity and true fortitude the privations and disappointments you may be called upon to experience *here*—and to secure for yourselves “A good provision against the time to come,” viz. eternal happiness in Heaven *hereafter*, where the painful and pleasing vicissitudes of mortality shall be absorbed and forgotten in the full fruition of celestial and eternal bliss.

By the adoption and cultivation of these characters, therefore, you will promote and establish your best and most unequivocal interests both in this world and in the *next*, that retributive and “untried state of being” to which we are all rapidly advancing, and in which our condition will be inconceivably happy or miserable, “according to the deeds done in the body.”

With respect to the first of these characters, the *Scholar*—though the different professions and avocations of mankind require a considerable degree of information peculiar to each, yet there are certain *general* principles of science, and branches of knowledge, which pertain indiscriminately to all who would desire to be distinguished under that denomination.

The marked variety of character among men, the unequal possession of intellectual powers, the diversity of human genius, and the versatility of human taste, necessarily direct the attention to various professions and pursuits, each of which has its peculiar dogmas to be studied or principles to be investigated, before either usefulness can be

effected, or celebrity obtained. Any observations upon these peculiarities would be foreign to my present intention : they will of course be presented to you when your choice of a profession is determined. My object is to suggest to you those general principles of knowledge which *every Scholar, every Gentleman, and every Christian* should acquire, in addition to those professional or technical attainments which are necessary to qualify him for the exercise of his favourite occupation, by which he is to be distinguished in society. And this I shall endeavour to do as briefly as possible, the indulgent attention of this respectable audience having, I fear, been already trespassed upon by the length and variety of the preceding exercises.

The foundation of that character which is to elevate a man above the drudgery of the mechanic arts, and to render him a polished as well as useful member of society, is formed in an elementary school, and completed in a college or university. He is there taught the principles of classical literature, and general science, which are to be afterwards expanded, and applied by his own industry and taste, to those various objects of intellectual pursuit, the cultivation of which will refine and dignify his mind ; improve, adorn, and invigorate his understanding ; give acuteness, activity, and precision to his judgment ; and enlarge and strengthen the capacity and retentive powers of his memory, to such a degree, as will render him “ a burning and a shining light ”—the torch of knowledge not only illuminating the devious and often dreary paths of “ the world’s wilderness ; ” for the pilgrim who is blessed with the possession of it, but attracting by its splendor, and animating by its genial influence, all who are fortunate enough to come within the sphere of its radiance, and are thereby rendered either his casual or constant companions in the journey of human life.

While at school, under the discipline and direction of teachers, he is instructed (particularly in this Institution) in Grammar, the cornerstone of every literary superstructure, in Composition, Elocution, Natural History, Geography, Logic, Arithmetic, and the arts of Reading, Writing, and Public Speaking—due attention being also paid to the improvement of Morals, and a general knowledge of the Christian Religion. If he wish to become acquainted with the higher gradations of science, he enters a college or university, where he is taught the Greek and Latin languages, the various branches of the Mathematics, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Metaphysics, and those other general principles of classical literature which are necessary to qualify him for receiving the honours of the seminary.

Thus informed, he makes choice of a profession ; and, after the usual course of study, steps forward upon the stage of active life, to exercise its duties for the mutual benefit of himself and his fellow men.

But during the course of these preparatory exercises, as well as after his introduction into society, the energies of his mind must be directed to many subjects of Belles Lettres and scientific research, of the wide-extended range of which he must have a general, and of many of them an intimate acquaintance, before he can be entitled to the truly honourable appellation of an accomplished scholar. The most prominent and necessary of these, I shall now, therefore, as briefly as possible, point out to you.

The first subject then which should engage your attention as a relaxation from the severer pursuits of professional studies, is *History*, both ancient and modern, in its several departments of *Ecclesiastical*, *Civil*, and *Natural*, together with *Voyages*, *Biography*, and *Travels*.

Here the acquisition of knowledge will be rendered easy and delightful, by the high degree of entertainment which such interesting and authentic narratives must afford, while a delineation of the various vicissitudes of human affairs, and the various operations of passion and intellect in the mind of man by recording the errors of Ignorance, the miseries of Vice, and the Follies of Indiscretion, must serve as beacons to caution you against danger, at the same time that they operate as incentives to virtuous industry, by animating examples of the benefits resulting from the exercise of fortitude, perseverance, and piety.

Let the versatile powers of the human imagination occasionally range at large in the diversified and magic fields of Fancy, and evoke the enthusiasm of Genius, and the animating glow of Sensibility through the fascinating and flowery paths of *Poetry*, at the same time cultivate an acquaintance with the other liberal arts of *Music*, *Painting*, *Sculpture*, and *Architecture*, a sufficient knowledge of the principles of which may easily be obtained, to enable you to judge of the real merit of productions in each, without entering upon those minute criticisms which could only be expected from a profest artist.

Nor let the important sciences of *Botany* and *Chymistry* be neglected, for by the *former* you will be enabled to distinguish between the various plants and flowers which the benevolent Author of nature has designed either for medicinal, culinary, or ornamental purposes—from the invigorating or poisonous vegetable which flourishes unnoticed and unknown in the bosom of the forest, to the fragrant woodbine which blooms in the garden's alcove, or the variegated and gaudy tulip, which decorates its gay parterre. By the *latter*, viz. Chymistry, the instructive volume of nature is elucidated and enlarged, by analyzing compound substances, ascertaining their various properties, and by the operation of heat and combination producing many wonderful and useful results.

The structure of the human body, its wonderful organization, the arrangement and harmony of its various parts, together with some of the general principles of *Anatomy*, demand an early and serious attention. What subject of art or science can be more interesting than the nature and mechanism of our own bodies? by even a partial acquaintance with which, we may be taught to avoid much pain, and guard against and alleviate many diseases.

In addition to these subjects of scientific research the general scholar will obtain some information with respect to the principles of *Commerce*, and the relative connexion of one country with another, as it regards an interchange of productions and commodities. As *Geography* will inform him of their topographical situation, *History* will acquaint him with their customs, manners, government, and laws; and the principles of *Commerce* with the nature of their exports and manufactures. And to obtain this kind of knowledge in an ample and satisfactory degree, he will find it necessary to make himself acquainted with some of those living languages which the commercial intercourse of his country may call into action, particularly those generally used in the commercial world, the *French*, *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *German*. And to the scholar who hath been well instructed in the grammatical institutes of his native tongue, those of other languages will be easily acquired, the radical principles of all languages supporting a close analogy with each other, notwithstanding some idiomatic peculiarities which may distinguish them. You, therefore, gentlemen, who have so long, and so successfully studied the best and most copious grammar of your own language, will find no difficulty in obtaining the instruction which is to be conveyed by those of others.

Language is the expression of thought, and Style the peculiar manner in which thought is communicated. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that you should endeavour to convey your ideas in the most polished and expressive form. This the scholar will always studiously observe when subjected to the formality of *written* language, though frequently regardless of both in common conversation;—a degree of negligence highly censurable; nothing having a more powerful tendency to engage attention and conciliate respect, than a well selected choice of words in the familiar communication of sentiment. Be, then, particularly assiduous to cultivate the colloquial powers, or the *Art of Social Converse*, by which correct and vigorous thoughts are adorned with the captivating charms of nervous and splendid diction.

To recommend the acquisition of this important accomplishment, it will surely be sufficient to observe that the refined imagination of a Chesterfield, and the profound erudition of a Johnson were habitually tasked to convey their thoughts in the most polished and expressive

terms : hence the one fascinated and enchained, and the other arrested and compelled the attention of every hearer. I trust, therefore, that you will, on all occasions, so carefully select and arrange your expressions that it may be said of each of you, he communicates his sentiments

—“ in such apt and gracious words,

“ That aged ears play truant at his tales

“ And younger hearings are quite ravish'd,

“ So sweet and voluble is his discourse.”

The same ease, gracefulness, and energy, should be supported in your *Epistolary* intercourse ; that lying conversation reduced to writing.

The science of *Legislation* is a subject which merits and demands your most attentive investigation. Those principles of government which, according to the situation and local circumstances of a country, are essentially necessary to preserve the association and promote the happiness of its inhabitants should certainly be well understood by all who think or converse about the interests of civil polity.

Though there are certain abstract principles, the operation of which, under any state of society, are indispensable to its welfare, yet there are others, the propriety of whose application depends upon the national character, the designation of ranks, the accumulation of wealth, and the dissemination of knowledge among the people.

That form of government which would be sufficiently energetic for the firm, moderate, and enlightened Englishman or American, or even for the phlegmatic German, would certainly not possess sufficient activity for the turbulent Turk, the suspicious Spaniard, the licentious Italian, or the gay and volatile native of France. And as the experience of ages has incontestibly proved that no one of the simple forms of government can afford all those privileges and benefits, which would result from a well organized combination of the advantages, and a rejection of the imperfections, peculiar to each, the great point of political wisdom lies in properly arranging those restraints, and in enacting laws accommodated to the character and condition of the people governed.

Another and very interesting subject of attention for him who would be an accomplished scholar, is, the cultivation of a correct and graceful *Elocution in public addresses*. The elementary principles of this branch you have carefully studied in this seminary, with what success, the exemplifications you have just exhibited will most effectually testify. You have only, therefore, to apply those principles, and to expand their influence by the frequent exercise of reading aloud, and of recitation either in private or before others, to make yourselves masters of an accomplishment which must always render you agreeable compa-

nions in private life, and may enable you to be highly useful and influential in public; the peculiar nature both of our general and state governments rendering every man, who possesses in any degree the confidence of the people, either on account of his integrity or abilities, eligible to a seat in the legislative assembly, where the fascinating, the irresistible influence of chaste and animated oratory is most conspicuously displayed. The pen of the historian has recorded its efficacy in every age of the world, and in every state of society.

Among various other instances, I will, for a moment, direct your attention to that of the incomparable Demosthenes, who was not more remarkable for the power of his elocution than for the difficulties he encountered and overcame, before he attained that celebrity which immortalized him in the annals of oratory; exhibiting at once the magic influence of rhetorical skill, and the equally wonderful operation of perseverance and exertion. Place now before your imagination, my young friends, the image of the Grecian orator in his earlier years, struggling against apparently insuperable natural defects in his articulation, in consequence of which he was hissed from the rostrum by the delicate and fastidious taste of an Athenian audience—view him, instead of sinking into apathy and despair, wandering along the shore of the boisterous Archipelago, and endeavouring to outbellow the ocean “with all its roaring multitude of waves,” in order to give compass and strength to his pronunciation, and familiarize him to the tumult of a popular assembly—see him then buried in a subterranean cell invoking the inspiration of Apollo by the glimmering light of the midnight lamp, and placing pebbles in his mouth to retard the velocity of his elocution—behold him, with a naked sword suspended over his shoulder to correct an ungraceful movement which had become habitual, and retiring from that scene of discipline with a wounded, bleeding body—contemplate him, finally, returning to the very Areopagus, from which he had been indignantly expelled, but, in which he now triumphantly exhibited the most brilliant trophies of his victorious eloquence, rousing his countrymen from their inglorious indolence, and with the vivid lightening of his eye, and commanding energy of his voice, fulminating over all Greece, and causing the throne of Macedon to tremble before him, whether occupied by the victorious Philip, or his no less intrepid successor, Alexander the Great.

His was

“that pathetic eloquence, that moulds

“Th’ attentive senate; charms, persuades, exalts,

“Of honest zeal, th’ indignant lightning throws,

“And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.”

THOMSON.

In these memorable incidents, my young friends, you behold the invincible power of Genius, and the sure reward of unwearied industry and assiduous application. Eloquence may be styled the handmaid of Genius—often eliciting that splendor, and awakening that animation which would otherwise have remained dormant and neglected.

Even Shakspeare, whose name is now enrolled in the volume of Immortality, though endowed with superhuman power, slept, as it were, in the tomb of the Capulets, till the potent spell of Garrick's elocution burst the marble jaws of his sepulchre, dissolved, as with Promethean torch, his iron trance, and exhibited his matchless genius to the senses of an admiring world, in all its native mightiness and majesty.

By the magic powers of Eloquence the most astonishing effects have been constantly produced in the history of mankind. The calm suggestions of Wisdom, the dictates of Prudence, the machinations of Artifice, and the exertions of open Force, have often failed to accomplish that which has been instantaneously performed by the effusions of a fervid imagination conveyed through the channels of chaste and animated Oratory. Nations have been guided—armies have been inspired with courage—and empires have been subverted, by the all-subduing influence of a bold, energetic Elocution.

An ordinary, unimpassioned utterance may be said to resemble water in a quiescent, fluid state; an animated, nervous elocution, the same element volatilized by heat, which, under that modification, is capable of exerting an elastic, all-commanding force, that can bear down every obstacle in its progress; can "rend the knarled oak;" shiver the adamantine rock; and even if pent in the centre of yon burning orb of day, would burst from its glowing prison, and scatter the glittering fragments of that resplendent luminary in wild disorder through the planetary system.

The accomplished orator, like the enraptured poet, may be said to possess the keys of the human heart.

"This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

GRAY.

Lastly—In order to bring into useful action, and give to these accomplishments their proper effect, you must cultivate the principles of genuine *Taste* and correct *Criticism*. "Taste is that faculty of the human mind, by which we are enabled to perceive and enjoy whatever is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature and of art." By a

studious attention to the best authors, and a frequent intercourse with literary men, you will gradually be qualified justly to appreciate the merits, and accurately to ascertain the errors or deficiencies, of any author or object which may be subjected to your observation. Thus will you view the beauties which are calculated to gratify an intelligent mind with a degree of enthusiasm and refinement which the illiterate and unpolished are incapable either of exciting or of cherishing; and thus will your capacities of intellectual enjoyment be expanded and invigorated, and consequently the purest and most independent principles of human happiness subjected to your command.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VALEDICTORY ORATION,

Delivered at the late Commencement in the Philadelphia Academy, by

MR. JAMES P. MORRIS.

HAVING gone through the usual course of education in this seminary of learning, having passed the ordeal trials of private and public examination, I am now in full and joyful expectation of receiving those *parchment* honours which are to certify the success of my studies, and prove to a believing world, that my labour hath not been in vain. But I have been informed, that before my temples can be crowned with literary laurels, it is expected that I should address you, ladies and gentlemen, in an *elegant* speech on this *grand* occasion.

Unreasonable as this demand seemed to me, being long accustomed to the passive obedience and nonresistance of a school, I earnestly endeavoured to comply with it. I had recourse to books, to solitary walks, to ardent invocations, and to all the usual provocatives to good writing. I chose for my subject the dignity and advantage of a complete English education, and the excellent mode of attaining it in the Philadelphia Academy. I began with a warm apostrophe to this building, in manner and form following—O ye sacred walls! ye venerable stools and benches! and thou, expanded arch, that hast often echoed the sweet effusions of those aspiring youths who have in times

VOL. II.

N

past been nurtured within your hallowed precincts—hear! O hear! one of your latest sons testify the ardour with which he feels himself inspired,—on escaping from your gloomy confines. Thus far all was well—but what to say next was the difficulty.

While I was making every effort to proceed, an unlucky line of a distressed poet, who was composing new year's verses, popped into my head, viz. "What can I say, that han't been said before?" This ridiculous question, quenched all my enthusiasm in a moment, nothing could be more unfortunate: I certainly proposed, ladies and gentlemen, to have made a very eloquent speech, exemplifying all the possible ornaments of language, expressed in the most grammatical and logical form: but my good intention having been thus unhappily frustrated, I must e'en endeavour to express my sentiments in plain English; yet, although I am under the necessity to change the intended style of my speech, I shall not abandon the subject I had chosen,* for I have been here taught, that perseverance is a cardinal virtue in the character of a scholar, and that the life of a student is a life of perpetual warfare. I have been daily told, You must consider your lesson as an enemy you have to encounter. If you conquer it, you will forever command its services and be rewarded with honour and reputation; but if it defeats you, ignorance and disgrace will assuredly be your portion. From the influence of this principle, therefore, having grappled, I am resolved to hold fast my subject, be the issue what it may: the chance I know is against me, as I am not accustomed to extempore speaking; but my confidence in the liberality, indulgence, and benevolence of this polite audience, seems to inspire me with invincible courage. So much for my exordium, which is one sixth part of my oration, and I think tolerably well executed. To begin then the detail of our instruction here.

As soon as a youngster can read trisyllables with any degree of facility, a Grammar is put into his hands, and he is required to commit a portion of it to memory every night, grammar being the very foundation of language; and justly so termed, its rules being as hard, as rough, and as unpolished, as the stones which constitute the walls of a cellar. Through all the mazes of this grammar, the sounds of the letters, the proper division of syllables, the properties of the different parts of speech, the rules of syntax, and the puzzling perplexities of prosody, he is obliged to wade, groping for some time in utter dark-

* For the greater part of this introductory portion of the address the writer is indebted to the works of the late Francis Hopkinson, Esq. being the exordium of an oration written by that gentleman for one of the graduates of the University.

Vide Hopkinson's Works, Vol. 1,

ness, and learning by rote a complicated system of rules, the propriety or application of which it is impossible for him to see at the time he is learning them ; but, when he begins to parse, then the beauty, the symmetry, the connexion of the before incomprehensible whole, begin to appear : like the genial rays of a meridian sun, after a dark and gloomy thunder-storm, (and such often occur within the walls of this building) the light of knowledge beams with the most invigorating radiance upon his hitherto torpid faculties ; he feels himself in possession of a new character, and brings not only all the written, but the colloquial language he meets with, to the test of his grammatical skill. Often indeed have I, while silently sitting at my father's fireside, pitied the ignorance of otherwise very respectable characters, for the torrents of ungrammatical jargon which they poured out ; nay, I have more than once detected members of Congress tripping, and what was still more astonishing and distressing to me, I have even sometimes heard grammatical errors from the fair mouths of the ladies.

The next branch to which our attention was called, was that of Composition, by which we were instructed how to connect sentences together so as to form a good style, accommodated to the nature of the subject to be discussed. We were taught the peculiarities of the concise and diffuse, the nervous and the feeble, the vehement and the plain, the neat, the graceful, the florid, the simple and affected style, together with all the ornaments of figurative language, from the trope to the allegory, from the cold discussion of a philosophic theory, to the animated, glittering, and glowing rhapsody of an eastern tale, a town meeting address, or, ladies, a passionate love-letter.

Having thus enjoyed the opportunity of rendering ourselves masters of written language, we were called upon to study Elocution, or the art of reading or reciting with justness, energy, propriety, and ease, either our own sentiments or those of others, whether communicated in prose or verse, with the peculiarities attached to each species of oratory for the pulpit, the senate, or the bar.

We were next introduced to an acquaintance with Natural History, or the properties and various classification of the objects which surround us, in the three kingdoms of nature : the mineral, vegetable, and animal ; the composition of fossils and minerals ; the construction of trees and plants ; and the form and faculties of living creatures, from the majestic rotundity of the mighty mammoth, to the delicate organization of prairie dogs.

Geography, or a knowledge of "this great globe which we inhabit" followed next ; by which the relative situation of countries, their boundaries, their rivers, mountains, &c. are precisely ascertained ; so that we can now read a newspaper with peculiar delight, as we can travel

in imagination over the whole globe ; through oceans, over mountains, across deserts and uncivilized regions, without either the risk of life, or the expenditure of money ; nay, can follow the invincible Bonaparte through all his military manoeuvres, without the fear of being made conscripts, the danger of death, or of mutilation in his desperate battles.

The next step of our academical ladder was Logic, or a knowledge of the art of reasoning.

As the former branches which engaged our attention related to external things, this makes us in some degree acquainted with the powers of the human mind. O ! the inexpressible comfort of chopping logic ! by which truth is ascertained, error exposed, and ignorance silenced. Let not this branch of our education be objected to, as being too abstruse and abstracted for our juvenile minds. The human mind, be assured, is capable of much earlier and more extensive expansion than is generally imagined, and though we have not been able fully to comprehend all the intricacies of logical disquisition, yet its elementary principles which we could comprehend, were so far useful that they convinced us we were in possession of intellectual powers we should otherwise have been ignorant of, as well as of the proper application of them to the art of reasoning. During our progress through these scientific branches, a portion of each day was devoted to the art of writing, to arithmetic, to the correct reading of the highest English classics, Thomson, Milton, and Young, and our Saturdays to practical elocution, an examination in our respective catechisms, and an explanation by our director of some of the leading and general principles of Christianity ; while the business of each day was commenced and closed by prayer, and the reading of the Holy Scriptures.

Such is the system of education we have passed through in this seminary : and if it be not a complete English education, at least as to elementary principles, which is all that is ever taught at school, I know not what is : besides, in acquiring it, such habits of study and attention are induced, as must greatly facilitate the progress of higher studies, and accustom the mind to serious thinking.

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, I have given you the outlines of that course of education which has so happily terminated in presenting us before you this morning.

And now, having executed my proposed undertaking, I should congratulate you and myself on its accomplishment, and with a formal bow retire, were it not that being the last of the orators of the day, it is incumbent upon me to conclude in the valedictory form.

Permit me, therefore, reverend and respected Sir, to offer you my sincere and most grateful acknowledgments, and those of every indi-

vidual of my class, for your benevolent attention and unremitting exertions in our behalf. The instruction you have communicated, and the precepts you have inculcated, will, we trust, ever maintain the most active influence upon our future conduct. May you long continue, Sir, to preside over this Institution, to dispense similar blessings to our successors, and in the fullest enjoyment of health, prosperity, and happiness.

The hour of our separation, my dear fellow students, is at length arrived; when we shall either prosecute our studies in other seminaries, or engage in some of the various employments of active life: receive, therefore, my parting advice, to cherish and expand the elements of science here acquired, and to regulate your future conduct by the dictates of Religion and Morality here delivered. I trust the friendships we have formed during our association here, will be continued through life, and that as we advance in age we may make proportionate advances in useful knowledge and in practical piety. Farewell! my friends, may the choicest blessings of heaven be liberally bestowed upon you!

To you, young gentlemen of the junior classes, I most earnestly recommend a diligent perseverance in the daily acquisition of knowledge, a cheerful conformity to the discipline of the Institution, and an affectionate and respectful deportment towards your teachers and superiors. Behold in us, the reward of diligence, and may you in course experience the honour and satisfaction which we now enjoy.

Accept, respected auditors, my most ardent thanks for the honour conferred on us this day, by your presence, and for your patient and polite attention.

TRAVELS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXVIII.

It was impossible to confine what I had to say of the deaf and dumb to one letter; and if I have been able, in any degree, to communicate what I feel with respect to this highly useful institution, you will scarcely regret that I could not. I twice attended the monthly exhibitions, of which I will give you an account presently, and had some con-

versation with the Abbe Sicard ; and I once had the pleasure of passing some time in a room where an assistant of the Abbe was giving lessons. On my arrival at the Carmelites, upon this last occasion, I asked a little boy, who was going out, to show me the school room, upon which he applied his fingers to his mouth and to his ears, to explain to me that he was deaf and dumb, and then imitated the action of a person taking a pencil out of his pocket, and writing on a piece of paper. All this was done in less time than words expressive of the same ideas could have been pronounced, and with a very intelligent countenance, and upon my writing down, that I was an American, and that I wished to see a countryman, a *sourd-muet* who had lately arrived, he conducted me to the room. I could perceive, as he went along the corridor of the ancient convent, that he told the boys we met, who I was, with his fingers ; several of them appeared to be conversing, and all of them seemed cheerful and happy. As I requested the instructor to continue his lesson, I had the pleasure to see the mode of teaching, which the Abbe recommends, put in practice. A part of the wainscot was painted black, and upon this, the boys either drew the figures of different objects, or placed the names of them ; or wrote sentences which the master dictated. Some of them were learning the numerical figures by making a greater or less number of radii meet in a common centre, where the figures were placed ; and others, the government of a verb, by one or more substantives ; in the case of the third person singular, for instance, of the verb *to go*, and in the present time, *he was* put at one extremity of a line and *goes* at the other ; and in the third person plural, two lines, each having *he* at one extremity, terminated by forming an acute angle, and there the words *they go* were written. It was the same for the first person plural of *to be* : two lines, with *I am* at the commencement of each, ended in *we are*. I desired the instructor to dictate to one of them, that I was from North America, which he did by pointing to the west with one hand, and with a gesture which implied distance, and making a movement with the other in imitation of a ship in motion. He comes from America, was instantly written down, and the boys immediately gathered about me and drew my attention to a little Creole of St. Domingo, implying, I presume, that he was my countryman. I then requested that the word North might be put before America, upon which the instructor, making a sign that all was not right, looked first as if incommoded by the sun, then turned suddenly round and pointed a little to the right of West, and the word North was immediately added. I observed that they expressed the future by moving the hand forward in a half circle vertically, and the past by an action which resembled the throwing of something over the shoulder. I am sorry I neglected to ask how many pupils there are at

present under the care of the Abbe Sicard, but I know the number to be very considerable. Persons who are able to bear the expense, pay for the board and tuition of their children, the others are maintained by the government. I should have been glad to have repeated my visit to this interesting place, but there were still a great many things to be seen in Paris, and my time has passed as rapidly as in a dream.

A great many of Massieu's definitions are the best I know, and I was only sorry, that a person of his respectable character and great acquirements should be called upon to act a part, once a month, upon a sort of public stage. As he expresses himself by looks, and by gesticulations, and motions of the body, there are times when it is impossible to keep one's countenance. But the good Abbe condescends to act a part also, and takes a great deal of pains to explain his system before persons, who pay very little attention to what he says, and are far from following him, as he imagines, into the regions of metaphysics. They come to see the *sourd-muets* perform feats of knowledge, as they would go to see a monkey play tricks, and are impatient till the show begins.

There is a simplicity in the language of these people, when they express themselves upon paper, which is very interesting. It happened once to Massieu to have his pocket picked, and his attestation before the magistrate was as follows: "I am a *sourd-muet*. I was standing with others, *sourd-muets* like myself, looking at the pyx of the holy Sacrament, when a man perceived a red pocket-book in my right coat pocket. He approached me gently and took it. My hip informed me of what had happened. I turned towards him: he was frightened, and threw the pocket-book against the leg of another man, who picked it up and gave it to me. I took him by the coat; he turned pale and trembled. I beckoned to a soldier and showed him the pocket-book. The soldier brings this man-robber before you, and I have followed. I swear before God he took my pocket-book. He dares not swear before God. I hope he will not have his head cut off, but only be made to row upon the sea, for he has not killed."

The first effusions of his mind, when his teacher had made him feel the necessity of a supreme Being, and convinced his reason that there was a God were truly astonishing: He begged that he might return home and give the blessed information to his parents, and to his brothers and sisters; and when he was informed that the government had decreed him twelve hundred livres a year, as an assistant teacher: "ah, how happy I am!" was his exclamation, "my dear parents now can never want bread."

The almost impious idea of Rousseau, that he would present himself to his creator, at the day of universal judgment, with the volume of his confessions in his hand, might cease to deserve that epithet, if

applied to these good and virtuous men, the Abbe de l'Epee and the Abbe Sicard. They, surely, if we can suppose such a moment according to the literal interpretation, might not fear to present themselves at the most awful tribunal, followed by numbers, for whom neither virtue nor religion had existed, but for their exertions.

NEW PERIODICAL PAPER,

BY MESSRS. COLERIDGE, SOUTHEY, AND OTHERS.

A VERY late London gazette announces that a new weekly paper, entitled *THE FRIEND*, was on the eve of making its appearance in the metropolis of the British empire. This Journal is to be conducted by the celebrated Coleridge, already advantageously known to the republic of letters by many ingenious performances both in Poetry and Prose. With the utmost cheerfulness we insert his Prospectus in *The Port Folio*, and this we do with the more alacrity, because it is plainly perceived that Time, Experience, and Observation, have totally changed the colour of this gentleman's mind, and that the reign of right principle is fully restored.

The execution of this Prospectus, we think, falls rather below Mr. Coleridge's brilliant powers. It is manifestly a hasty production; and, in the awkward form of a fragment of a letter, has the guise of affected negligence, not to say slovenliness. Mr. Coleridge is unquestionably capable of much more glorious exertion, and, when we recollect that, with all an architect's ability, he is about to construct a magnificent Temple, we are not a little surprised that he has not been more studious of the elegance of its porch.

The plan is nearly unexceptionable. It is liberal and extensive. The preference of prominent utility to transient delight is certainly judicious, but when Mr. Coleridge tremendously threatens his terrified readers with the menace of writing *long* essays, we tremble for the popularity of the work. If he depart from the plan of the *Spectator*, Mr. Coleridge does it at his peril. Brevity, he need not be told, is the soul of wit, and a long essay is as absurd as a long epigram.

EDITOR.

PROSPECTUS OF THE FRIEND.

A WEEKLY ESSAY, BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Extracted from a letter to a correspondent.

"It is not unknown to you, that I have employed almost the whole of my life in acquiring, or endeavouring to acquire, useful knowledge, by study, reflection, observation, and by cultivating the society of my superiors in intellect, both at home and in foreign countries. You know too, that at different periods of my life, I have not only planned, but collected the materials for many works on various and important subjects: so many indeed, that the number of my unrealized schemes, and the mass of my miscellaneous fragments, have often furnished my friends with a subject of raillery, and sometimes of regret and reproof. Waving the mention of all private and accidental hindrances, I am inclined to believe, that this want of perseverance has been produced in the main by an over activity of thought, modified by a constitutional indolence, which made it more pleasant to me to continue acquiring, than to reduce what I had acquired to a regular form. Add too, that almost daily throwing off my notices or reflections in desultory fragments, I was still tempted onward by an increasing sense of the imperfection of my knowledge, and by the conviction, that, in order fully to comprehend and develop any one subject, it was necessary that I should make myself master of some other, which again as regularly involved a third, and so on with an ever-widening horizon. Yet one habit, formed during long absences from those, with whom I could converse with full sympathy, has been of advantage to me—that of daily noting down, in my memorandum or commonplace books, both incidents and observations; whatever had occurred to me from without, and all the flux and reflux of my mind within itself. The number of these notices, and their tendency, miscellaneous as they were, to one common end, (*quid sumus et quid futuri gignimur*, what we are, and what we are born to become; and thus, from the end of our being to deduce its proper objects) first encouraged me to undertake my weekly essay, of which you will consider this letter as the Prospectus.

"Not only did the plan seem to accord better than any other with the nature of my own mind, both in its strength and in its weakness; but conscious that, in upholding the principles both of taste and philosophy, adopted by the great men of Europe, from the middle of the fifteenth till toward the close of the seventeenth century, I must run counter to many prejudices of many of my readers (for old faith is often modern heresy). I perceived too in a periodical essay the most likely means of winning, instead of forcing my way. Supposing truth on my side, the shock of the first day might be so far lessened by reflections the succeeding days, as to procure for my next week's essay a less hostile reception, than it could have met with, had it been only the next chapter of a present volume. I hoped to disarm the

VOL. II.

c

mind of those feelings, which preclude conviction by contempt, and, as it were, fling the door in the face of reasoning by a presumption of its absurdity. A motive too for honourable ambition was supplied by the fact, that every periodical paper of the kind now attempted, which had been conducted with zeal and ability, was not only well received at the time, but has become permanently, and in the best sense of the word, popular. By honourable ambition I mean the strong desire to be useful, aided by the wish to be generally acknowledged to have been so. As I feel myself actuated in no ordinary degree by this desire, so the hope of realizing it appears less and less presumptuous to me, since I have received from men of the highest rank, and established character, in the republic of letters, not only strong encouragements as to my own fitness for the undertaking, but likewise promises of support from their own stores.

The *object* of The Friend, briefly and generally expressed is, to uphold those truths and those merits, which are founded in the nobler and permanent parts of our nature, against the caprices of fashion, and such pleasures, as either depend on transitory and accidental causes, or are pursued from less worthy impulses. The chief subjects of my own essays will be :

The true and sole ground of Morality, or Virtue as distinguished from prudence.

The origin and growth of moral impulses, as distinguished from external and immediate motives.

The necessary dependence of taste on moral impulse and habits : and the nature of taste (relatively to judgment in general and to genius) defined, illustrated, and applied. Under this head I comprise the substance of the Lectures given, and intended to have been given, at the royal institution, on the distinguished English Poets, in illustration of the general principles of Poetry : together with suggestions concerning the affinity of the Fine Arts to each other, and the principles common to them all.

The opening out of new objects of just admiration in our language ; and information of the present state and past history of Swedish, Danish, German, and Italian literature, (to which, but as supplied by a friend, I may add the Spanish, Portuguese, and French), as far as the same has not been already given to English readers, or is not to be found in common French authors.

Characters met with in real life ; Anecdotes and results of my own life and travels, &c. &c. as far as they are illustrative of general Moral Laws, and have no immediate bearing on personal or immediate politics.

Education in its widest sense, private and national.

Sources of consolation to the afflicted in misfortune, or disease, or distress of mind, from the exertion and right application of the reason, and imagination, and the moral sense ; and new sources of enjoyment opened out, or an attempt (as an illustrious friend once expressed the thought to me) to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy more happy. By the words "distress of mind," I more particularly refer to speculative doubt or diso

lief concerning the moral government of the world and the destination of man.

Such are the chief subjects, in the development of which I hope to realize, to a certain extent, the great object of my essays. It will assuredly be my endeavour, by as much variety as is consistent with that object, to procure *entertainment* for my readers, as well as *instruction*: yet I feel myself compelled to hazard the confession, that such of my readers as make the *latter* the paramount motive for their encouragement of *The Friend*, will receive the largest portion of the *former*. I have heard it said of a young lady, if you are told before you see her, that she is handsome, you will think her ordinary; if that she is ordinary, you will think her handsome. I may perhaps apply this remark to my own essays. If instruction and the increase of honourable motives and virtuous impulses be chiefly expected, there will, I would fain hope, be felt no deficiency of amusement; but I must submit to be thought dull by those, who seek amusement only. "*THE FRIEND*" will be distinguished from its celebrated predecessors, the *Spectator*, &c. as to its plan, chiefly by the greater length of the separate Essays, by their closer connexion with each other, by the predominance of one object, and by the common bearing of all to one end.

"It would be superfluous to state, that I shall receive with gratitude any communications addressed to me: but it may be proper to say, that, all remarks and criticisms in praise or dispraise of my contemporaries (to which however nothing but a strong sense of a Moral Interest will ever lead me) will be written by myself only; both because I cannot have the same certainty concerning the motives of others, and because I deem it fit, that such strictures should always be attended by the name of their author, and that one and the same person should be solely responsible for the insertion as well as composition of the same.

"I may not inaptly conclude this Prospectus with a quotation from Petrarch "*De Vita Solitaria*:"

"Crede mihi, non est parvæ fiduciæ, polliceri opem decertantibus, consilium dubiis, lumen cæcis, spem dejectis, refrigerium fessis. Magna quidam hæc sunt, si fiant; parva si promittantur. Verum ego non tam aliis legem ponam, quam legem vobis meæ propriæ mentis exponam: quam qui probaverit, teneat; cui non placuerit, abjiciat. Optarem, fateor, talis esse, qui prodesse possem quam plurimis."

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Grasmere, near Kendall,
February 2d, 1809.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER IV.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, Feb. 1804.

SINCE my last we have been alarmed to a serious degree, by a strange and uncommon transaction. On Sunday, the fifth instant, the town was filled with soldiers, who had orders to kill all the *dogs*. Some were stationed at the corners of the streets, with drawn swords, while others entered the houses and drove the dogs out, who no sooner appearing in the streets, were crushed with stones, bayoneted, or cut to pieces with sabres. This barbarous and inhuman conduct excited universal terror and consternation among the whites, who considered it as a signal to notify them of their approaching fate. Few ventured into the streets, and those who did, appeared pale and gloomy, and bearing every mark of distress and fear. In the evening the streets were full of dead dogs, and most of the poor animals that had not been destroyed, appeared with the loss of some of their limbs. This piece of cruelty, it was afterwards said, was done by the direction of Christophe, in consequence of a dog having made an attempt to bite his horse as he was riding. But this is hardly to be credited. I am satisfied in my own mind, that it was done with a view of affrighting the whites, by displaying the vengeance to which they were themselves soon to be devoted in the destruction of the animal which had been so wickedly employed in torturing and tearing to pieces so many of the blacks.

The foreigners now in this place consist of very few others than Americans, who, you know, are to be found in every part of the world. Some are resident merchants, but the chief part of them are sojourners. The treatment we receive from the Haytians may be considered as *civil*; as for *respect*, we see very little of that, and I am sorry to find that they have no higher opinion of the American character, than other people, who form their judgment of us from mercantile intercourse. We are considered as a nation of traders, whose sole pursuit is money, and who, for the attainment of their favourite object, would sacrifice probity, virtue, and honour. Dessalines has been heard to say, that "If a bag of coffee was to be placed on the brink of Hell, an American would be the first man to go for it."

In the present unsettled state of affairs, we meet with much difficulty in the transaction of business. The officers of the custom house do not yet completely understand the routine of business belonging to their department, and they have a number of absurd and useless regulations, which cause detentions and an infinity of trouble.

The males in this country, as stated in a former letter, above the age of *fourteen* are all soldiers. A sufficient number are left in the towns to perform the necessary offices of mechanics, tradesmen, porters, servants, &c. These compose the militia, and are liable at any time to be called into service at a moment's warning. The rest are employed in the army, or in agriculture. The regular troops, as *chasseurs*, *dragoons*, and *grenadiers*, who are usually employed as the city guards, or as the personal guards of the officers, are the best disciplined troops, and always appear in uniform. These men are sometimes permitted to go out to work, and it is a very common thing to employ a fellow at a *five-penny-bit* job, who has a cocked hat on, and a sword by his side. These troops, however, are, at best, but poorly clad, and worse fed. They receive a small allowance of very hard bread, and get no pay, for the government, though they promise to pay them, are too fond of money to let it out of the treasury.

The great body of the troops, who are stationed at the forts in the country are complete raggamuffins, and have often reminded me of Falstaff's "good householders, yeomen's sons," when he says "There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves." Large companies are frequently marched into town for the purpose of carrying arms and utensils into the country, and it was upon these occasions I have seen them. One has had on a pair of small clothes, another a jacket, a third a hat, and perhaps an apology for a shirt; and many a poor fellow have I seen with nothing on but his cartridge-box. On one occasion I saw a fellow in his shirt, with a sword on. These poor devils get nothing to eat but *plantains*, and perhaps are sometimes favoured with a *point at a herring*. They are compelled to draw large heavy waggons, laden with military apparatus into the country, are severely treated by their commanders, and kept in the most absolute subjection. They are continually murmuring at the hardness of their situation, their short allowance, and cruel treatment, and it is my firm belief, that if they had an opportunity of leaving the Island many of them would do it. Several have requested me to take them to America. I asked why they wished to leave the land of liberty; one of them replied, that he began to see that the motto of the government, "Liberty or Death," meant *liberty* for the *great* men, and *death* for the *poor*. There was a great deal of truth in his observation, for it is very certain there is not a government on earth, the subjects of which are more servilely treated.

Some days since, a mutiny was detected at the arsenal by the commanding officer. There was a company of artillerists, about eighty

in number, who had a long time tamely submitted to their hard treatment, and who refused to do so any longer. They remonstrated with their officers—"Have we not," said they "fought for our liberty, and been victorious, and are we still to be slaves?" Their question was answered significantly. They were cast into a dungeon, for the purpose of learning the sweets even of that liberty of which they complained.

It would be natural to suppose that Touissaint L'Ouverture, the former commander in chief of the blacks, who effected so much for their advantage in the revolution, and who so powerfully assisted them in the cause of liberty, would be remembered with gratitude and love. This is not the case; his name is seldom mentioned, but in terms of reproach. Christophe said to a friend of mine in conversation, that Touissant was a *fool*. The fact is, that every man appears to be jealous of another's fame, and endeavours to detract from his reputation, thinking thereby to add to his own. For my part, I am fully persuaded that the spirit of freedom which originally actuated the *negro slaves* of St. Domingo, to throw off the yoke of bondage, is now completely and effectually extinct, among the *grandeess of Hayti*. It has given place to a spirit of insolence, of oppression, and self-importance. Every one is seeking for power, and the happiness of the inferior classes of the people never occupies a moment of their attention. They are like the rest of mankind, as soon as they have gained their ends by the agency of *the people*, they forget past favours, and behold with contempt the insignificant, credulous fools who raised them into power.

The *grandeess* of Hayti, I mean those who are admitted in the *first circle*, and who participate in the *style* of high life, are, the officers of the army as low down as a *commandant* or major, (a captain being seldom, a subaltern never admitted into company, unless he be an *aid-de-camp*) the officers of the civil departments, the priests, judges, lawyers, physicians, and a few citizens of different denominations. The great body of the people of the second class are, however, noticed, and are often invited to the tables of the *great*.

Some of these gentry are nabobs of the first order, and live in a most sumptuous and extravagant manner. They have spacious houses splendidly furnished, servants and equipages, and a guard of soldiers at their doors, to prevent informal visits, and to convey a high and mighty idea of their importance. Their tables are furnished with delicate and expensive meats, fruits, and pastry, served up in the most elegant manner, and accompanied with the choicest liquors, while they themselves appear in all the grandeur of nobility.

You must know that the governor general is at this time in a distant part of the island, but his lady is now on a visit at the Cape, and no-

thing is to be seen but festivity and rejoicing. Entertainments are going on with great lustre, and her ladyship has enough to do, to receive the visits, and swallow the fulsome flattery, which is constantly lavished upon her by some of the French white inhabitants.

Not long since I had the honour of being invited to a party given by this lady, and as a particular description, I knew, would be amusing to you, I took the pains to observe every thing with attention. The day before the appointed time, which was Sunday, the twelfth instant, invitations, printed on fine wove paper, with gilt borders, of which the following is a copy, were distributed.

“ Cap, le 11 Février, 1804.

“ Femme Dessalines

“ Invite Monsieur ——— au dîner et au bal qu'elle donne demain, à sept heures précises du soir; Elle espère, qu'il lui procurera la douce et agréable satisfaction d'y assister.

d'ordre

P. A. Charrier.”

In consequence of this entertainment, it was, at the same time ordered, that the performances at the theatre (which is always open on Sunday) should commence earlier than usual, that the guests might have an opportunity of being doubly gratified, by assembly there, and proceeding thence in a body to the house of festivity. The theatre opened at half past five, and was attended by a very large and *respectable* audience, including the greatest part of the *gentry*, but the performances did not commence until the *entree* of the governor's lady and suite.

The theatre, though small, is very neatly ornamented within, and the players, who are whites and mulattoes, appear to have some talents for comedy; but as for the delicacy of the performances, little can be said in favour of it. At the conclusion, we moved on in procession, and at about eight o'clock found ourselves before the gates of the government house. It is a spacious and handsome building, situate a short distance from the street, having a lawn with a gravel walk in front, and was, before the revolution, occupied as a nunnery. The avenue from the gate to the entrance of the house was brilliantly illuminated with at least a thousand lamps. We passed through the hall of the house into a large saloon erected in the garden purposely for this occasion. It was about thirty feet broad, and three hundred long, covered and entirely lined with canvas. It was elegantly ornamented on the inside with flowers, branches of trees, *three hundred* small lamps of coloured glass arranged around the room, four large chandeliers sus-

pended over the table, twelve great looking-glasses, and a marble statue at each end of the room, in a recess. The table contained all the meats, vegetables, poultry, fruit, pastry, confectionary, and liquors, that could possibly be procured. Among these were beef, mutton, turkeys, ducks, chickens, wild fowl, turtle, oysters, pine-apples, alligator pears, apples, oranges, puddings, jellies, preserves, cakes, and claret, Madeira, and Champaign wines.

There were *two hundred and fifty* guests at the table, besides many who could not procure seats. The company consisted of the general of division Christophe, who occupied the centre, with Lady Dessalines, our hostess, on his right hand, and Madame Christophe on his left, six or eight black and mulatto generals, as many colonels and others of high rank, with all the officers of any distinction, civil and military, then in the Cape, the captain and officers of a British man of war, about thirty American merchants and captains, a great number of the white French inhabitants of the most respectable class, male and female, a few black and coloured *professional gentlemen*, and citizens, and a great croud of mulatto and black damsels. The table was surrounded by about a *hundred* domestics and waiters, and a guard of soldiers to keep off the rabble, who had rushed in like a torrent to see this beautiful exhibition, and a grand band of music performed fine pieces during the whole of the repast. Except the *meschianza* given, during the American war, in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, I doubt if any *fete* ever given in the United States equalled this in luxury, variety, or splendor.

General Christophe was dressed in a scarlet coat, embroidered, I may say covered, with gold lace, for the cloth was scarcely visible, with two golden epaulets, a large military hat with gold lace border, boots with gold borders and tassels, an embroidered vest, and pantaloons, of yellow nankeen, beautifully worked in front. The other officers were dressed in a manner suited to their rank, some, however, very little inferior to Christophe.

Lady Dessalines wore a plain dress; her *hair* was ornamented with artificial flowers, beads, and combs; her arms with golden bracelets; her ears with superb rings and bobs; and her finger with a ring containing a small gold watch set in diamonds, valued at several thousand dollars. The other ladies of distinction, and maids of honour, were also encumbered with trinkets and beads, but none of them so extravagantly as the governor's lady.

At the conclusion of the feast several toasts were given by Christophe, and drank with loud expressions of applause; among these were, "The Governor General of Hayti," (who was absent) His Bri-

tannic Majesty," and "The President of the United States." The greatest harmony prevailed, and upon this occasion, the time-serving Frenchmen, who were present, had a glorious opportunity of displaying their gallant attention to the distinguished *fair ones*. After this the company retired into various parts of the house and garden, to keep out of the way, until the tables should be removed, and preparations made for the ball; when this was arranged, the music struck up, and the whole room was in motion. As I declined dancing, I amused myself by lounging about the room as a silent spectator. Their chief dances were cotillions; most of them danced well, and some of them elegantly; but the checkered appearance of the floor, was to me a novel, and, I must confess, an unpleasant sight. In one place would be seen, a handsome gentlemanly Frenchman *dancing to* an ugly, vulgar-looking negro wench, and in another, a delicate young lady, fair as a lily, and the picture of virtue and innocence, *going right and left* with a savage looking negro, bearing the very front of an assassin. I pitied the poor wretches who were obliged to submit to such degradation for the purpose of preserving their lives; and when I reflected, that, perhaps, at a future day, they might be butchered by these same partners, the very blood chilled in my veins.

It would be reasonable to suppose, that, upon an occasion of this kind, where there was such a large and crowded assemblage of *gentry*, perspiring with the fatigue of dancing, and in a hot climate, that the atmosphere of the room would be impregnated with a certain *something* not too pleasant in its operation upon the olfactory nerves. Upon this subject, I beg leave to remark, that the very general use of musk and other scents in this place, so absolutely predominates, that an odour of any other kind, stands no sort of chance. In fine, a ball-room in Hayti, contains as pure and sweet air as one in any other country, except as it relates to the practice of perfuming.

About one o'clock of the following morning, being a little fatigued, I concluded upon going home, but was surprised to find the gates closed, in consequence of orders given to the sentries to let no one pass. This appeared to me like overdoing the business, and reminded me of some of our Pennsylvania farmers, who think it is not a visit unless you stay with them all night. I however made the best of my *durance*, and without much ceremony, retired to a distant part of the ball-room, reclined upon a bench, and took a nap. I awoke a little after day-light, and found the *ladies and gentlemen* still dancing. All around me on the floor and benches, were to be seen *sleeping beauties* of all colours, but white, who, it seems, had been seized with the same infection as myself, while some of my countrymen, by way of amusement, were

"tickling their noses as they lay asleep." At sunrise, a *supper*, to me a *breakfast*, was set before us, being the remains of our dinner, with some onion soup, upon which we regaled for a few minutes. The last ceremony was now to be performed, and hereupon a difference of opinion arose among some of the Americans, whether they should say *good night* or *good morning* to our kind hostess. Her ladyship was seated upon an elegant sofa, with her maids of honour around her. Her countenance proclaimed the joy and satisfaction she experienced upon an occasion where so much harmony and friendship prevailed, and where every distinction of colour appeared to be laid aside, where the black and the white, the yellow and the brown were spontaneously intermingled, as belonging to the same family of which she was the head. Her eyes sparkled with lustre, and her sable lips were prepared with a gentle pout, to receive the salutations of all those, who would prefer them to her shining cheek. The principal part of the French visitors *embraced* the noble lady, as did also the coloured gentry, but the Americans and Englishmen contented themselves with a respectful bow, and thus we took our leave.

R.

EPISTOLARY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following very curious letter has, we believe, never before been published. It is addressed by Dr. Franklin to Dr. Samuel Johnson, the first President of King's (now Columbia) College, New-York, the venerable father of the Episcopal Church of Connecticut, and the apostle of sound learning and elegant literature in New-England. It appears to have been written at the time of the first establishment of the College of Philadelphia, an offer of the presidency of which institution had been offered to Dr. Johnson. This offer he declined on account of a similar and more advantageous offer from New-York.

A very well written life of Dr. Johnson by Dr. Chandler was published some years ago, containing, besides many very curious anecdotes of the history and early literature of our country, a very interesting series of correspondence between Dr. Johnson and Archbishop Secker, and Bishops Lowth, Berkely, and Gibson, and several other very distinguished dignitaries of the Church of England.

Philadelphia, August 23, 1750.

DEAR SIR,

WE received your favour of the 16th instant. Mr. Peters will hardly have time to write to you per this post, and I must be short. Mr. Francis spent the last evening with me, and we were all glad to hear that you seriously meditate a visit after the middle of next month, and that you will inform us by a line when to expect you. We drank your health and Mrs. Johnson's, remembering your kind entertainment of us at Stratford.

I think with you, that nothing is of more importance for the public weal, than to form and train up youth in wisdom and virtue. Wise and good men are, in my opinion, the *strength* of a state: much more so than riches or arms, which, under the management of Ignorance and Wickedness, often draw on destruction, instead of providing for the safety of a people. And though the culture bestowed on *many* should be successful only with a *few*, yet the influence of those few and the service in their power, may be very great. Even a single woman that was wise, by her wisdom saved a city.

I think also, that general virtue is more probably to be expected and obtained from the *education* of youth, than from the *exhortation* of adult persons; bad habits and vices of the mind, being, like diseases of the body, more easily prevented than cured.

I think moreover, that talents for the education of youth are the gift of God; and that he on whom they are bestowed, whenever a way is opened for the use of them, is as strongly *called* as if he heard a voice from heaven: nothing more surely pointing out *duty* in a public service, than *ability* and *opportunity* of performing it.

I have not yet discoursed with Dr. Jenney concerning your removal hither. You have reason, I own, to doubt, whether your coming on the foot I proposed would not be disagreeable to him; though I think it ought not: for should his *particular interest* be somewhat affected by it, that ought not to stand in competition with the *general good*; especially as it cannot be *much* affected, he being old, and rich, and without children. I will however learn his sentiments before the next post. But whatever influence they might have on your determinations about removing, they need have none on your intention of visiting; and if you favour us with the visit, it is not necessary that you should previously write to him to learn his dispositions about your removal; since you will see him, and when we are all together, those things may be better settled in conversation than by letters at a distance. Your tenderness of the church's peace is truly laudable; but, methinks, to

build a new church in a growing place is not properly *dividing* but *multiply*ing; and will really be a means of increasing the number of those who worship God in that way. Many who cannot now be accommodated in the church, go to other places, or stay at home; and if we had another church, many who go to other places, or stay at home, would go to church. I suppose the interest of the church has been far from suffering in Boston by the building of two churches there in my memory. I had for several years nailed against the wall of my house a pigeon box that would hold six pair; and though they bred as fast as my neighbours' pigeons, I never had more than six pair, the old and strong driving out the young and weak, and obliging them to seek new habitations. At length I put up an additional box with apartments for entertaining twelve pair more; and it was soon filled with inhabitants, by the overflowing of my first box, and of others in the neighbourhood. This I take to be a parallel case with the building a new church here.

Your years I think are not so many as to be an objection of any weight, especially considering the vigour of your constitution. For the small-pox, if it should spread here, you might inoculate with great probability of safety; and I think that distemper generally more favourable here than farther northward. Your objection about the politeness of Philadelphia, and your imagined rusticity, is mere compliment; and your diffidence of yourself absolutely groundless.

My humble respects, if you please, to your brethren at the commencement. I hope they will advise you to what is most for the good of the whole, and then I think they will advise you to remove hither.

Please to tender my best respects and service to Mrs. Johnson and your son.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

NATURAL HISTORY.

At a meeting of the *Wernerian Natural History Society*, on Saturday the 19th of November, 1808, Mr. P. Neill read some observations on the *great Sea Snake of the Northern Ocean*. He enumerated and read extracts from the different authors who had mentioned it, Ramus, Egede, and Pontoppidan. He remarked that it was placed by

the latter author between the *mermaid* and the *kraken*, in a chapter which treats on sea-monsters; and that, standing in such suspicious company, it had been rejected by naturalists in general as a fabulous creature. He stated, however, that within a few weeks, a vast marine animal, shaped like a snake, and not described in the works of systematic naturalists, had been cast ashore in Orkney. This curious animal, it appears, was stranded in Rothesholm bay, in the island of Stronsa. Malcolm Laing, Esq. M. P. being in Orkney at the time, communicated the circumstance to his brother Gilbert Laing, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh, on whose property the animal had been stranded. Through this authentic channel Mr. Neill received his information. The creature was dead when it came on shore, and the tail seemed to have been injured and broken by dashing among the rocks. The body measured fifty-five feet in length, and the circumference of the thickest part was equal to the girth of an Orkney poney. The head was not larger than that of a seal, and was furnished with two blowholes. From the back a number of filaments resembling in texture the substance called Indian sea-grass, hung down like a mane. On each side of the body were three large fins, shaped like paws, and jointed. Before measures could be taken for securing this rare animal for the inspection of naturalists, a violent tempest unfortunately occurred, and beat the carcass to pieces. Some fragments, however, have been collected by Mr. Malcolm Laing, and are to be deposited in the museum of the University of Edinburgh. Mr. Neill concluded with remarking that no doubt could be entertained that this was the kind of animal which had served as the prototype of all the wonderful sea-snakes, whose appearance is on record; and that although the unfortunate destruction of the specimen by the storm may probably render it impossible to form a correct generic character on Linnean principles, yet a place (if it should be an appendix) could no longer be refused to the *Serpens Marinus Magnus* of the Bishop of Bergen.

An Attempt to ascertain the time when the Potato (Solanum tuberosum) was first introduced into the United Kingdom. By the Right Hon. Sir JOSEPH BANKS, Bart. K. B. P. R. S. &c.

THE notes on the introduction of the potato, which it is hoped will not be found uninteresting, were chiefly collected by my worthy and learned friend

Mr. Dryander, some of them from authorities not easily accessible. Could we trace the origin of any one of our cultivated plants, it may, and probably will, lead to the discovery of others.

The potato now in use (*Solanum tuberosum*) was brought to England by the colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, under the authority of his patent, granted by Queen Elizabeth, "for discovering and planting new countries, not possessed by christians," which passed the great seal in 1584. Some of Sir Walter's ships sailed in the same year; others, on board one of which was Thomas Herriot, afterwards known as a mathematician, in 1585; the whole however returned, and probably brought with them the potato, on the 27th July, 1586.

This Mr. Thomas Herriot, who was probably sent out to examine the country, and report to his employers the nature and produce of its soil, wrote an account of it, which is printed in De Bry's collection of *Voyages*, Vol. I. In this account, under the article of roots, p. 17, he describes a plant called openawk: "These roots," says he, "are round, some as large as a walnut, others much larger: they grow in damp soil, many hanging together, as if fixed on ropes; they are good food, either boiled or roasted."

Gerard, in his *Herbal*, published 1597, gives a figure of the potato, under the name of potato of Virginia; and tells us that he received the roots from Virginia, otherwise called Norembega.

The manuscript minutes of the Royal Society, December 13, 1693, tell us, that Sir Robert Southwell then president, informed the fellows, at a meeting, that his grandfather brought potatoes into Ireland, who first had them from Sir Walter Raleigh.

This evidence proves, not unsatisfactorily, that the potato was first brought into England, either in the year 1586, or very soon after, and sent thence to Ireland, without delay by Sir Robert Southwell's ancestor, where it was cherished and cultivated for food before the good people of England knew its value; for Gerard, who had this plant in his garden in 1597, recommends the roots to be eaten as a delicate dish, not as common food.

It appears, however, that it first came into Europe, at an earlier period, and by a different channel; for Clusius, who at that time resided at Vienna, first received the potato in 1598, from the governor of Mons, in Hainault, who had procured it the year before from one of the attendants of the pope's legate, under the name of taratoufli; and learned from him, that in Italy, where it was then in use, no one certainly knew whether it originally came from Spain, or from America.

Peter Cieca, in his *Chronicle*, printed in 1553, tells us, chap. xl, p. 49, that the inhabitants of Quito, and its vicinity, have, beside maize, a tuberous root, which they eat, and call papas. This Clusius guesses to be the plant he received from Flanders; and this conjecture has been confirmed by the accounts of travellers, who have since that period visited the country.

From these details we may fairly infer, that potatoes were first brought into Europe from the mountainous parts of South America, in the neighbour-

hood of Quito ; and, as the Spaniards were the sole possessors of that country, there is little doubt of their having been first carried into Spain, but as it would take some time to introduce them into use in that country, and afterward to make the Italians so well acquainted with them as to give them a name, there is every reason to believe they had been several years in Europe, before they were sent to Clusius.

The name of the root, in South America, is *papas*, and in Virginia, it was called *openawk* ; the name of potato was therefore evidently applied to it on account of its similarity in appearance to the *battata*, or sweet potato ; and our potato appears to have been distinguished from that root, by the appellative of potato of Virginia, till the year 1640, if not longer †.

Some authors have asserted, that potatoes were first discovered by Sir Francis Drake, in the South Seas ; and others, that they were introduced into England, by Sir John Hawkins ; but in both instances the plant alluded to is clearly the sweet potato, which was used in England as a delicacy, long before the introduction of our potatoes ; it was imported in considerable quantities from Spain, and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigour. The kissing comfits of Falstaff ‡, and other confections of similar imaginary qualities, with which our ancestors were duped, were principally made of these, and of *eringo* roots.

The potatoes themselves were sold by itinerant dealers, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, and purchased when scarce at no inconsiderable cost, by those who had faith in their alleged properties. The allusions to this opinion are very frequent in the plays of that age.

THE NATURALIST No. III.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE inhabitants of the United States, like the joint heirs of an immense, undescribed property, are not yet acquainted with half the value of their inheritance ; the incalculable riches of their country. Its mineral treasures are but little known ; its botanical ones are far from

* *Taratoufli* signifies also truffles.

† Gerard's *Herbal*, by Johnson, p. 729.

‡ "Let it rain potatoes, and hail kissing comfits." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, Scene 5.

• Parkinson's *Paradisus Terrestris*, p. 518. Gerard's *Herbal*, 1697, p. 780.

being fully explored. Vegetable productions of equal, perhaps superior value with that of the celebrated cotton or tobacco plants, may yet lurk in the obscure recesses of our forests, or even of our fields, waiting only the kindly hand of the cultivator, and the aid of the ingenious and enterprising manufacturer, to usher them into notice and general usefulness. Considering it the duty of every citizen, at all times, more particularly at the present extraordinary crisis, to contribute his mite to promote our national independence, I shall make no apology for introducing, in this place, some account of a plant which grows in great abundance in many parts of the country, as well as in the neighbourhood of this city; and of pointing out some of the useful purposes to which it may be applied.

Those who amuse themselves with a ramble, or promenade, along the charming banks of the Schuylkill and Delaware, may have observed a plant, rising in a single stem to the height of three or four feet, whose smooth oval leaves, when broken, exude a white milky juice in considerable quantities; it bears bunches of blossoms of a dingy purple colour, which are succeeded by pods, containing numerous seeds, and a white glistening silky substance usually called wild cotton, or Virginia silk. This plant belongs to a genus called by botanists *Asclepias*, from *Æsculapius* the god of medicine; and is the *Asclepias syriaca* of Linnæus, or Syrian Swallow-Wort. The root is perennial, and will last from ten to twenty years. In the month of April it throws out, like asparagus and hops, a great number of shoots; the principal stem is about as thick as a man's finger, straight, round, and smooth, and beset with oval leaves of considerable size, covered on the upper side with dark green, and on the lower side with whitish down. The plant begins to flower about the beginning of June, and continues till the beginning of August; there are often from twelve to sixteen flowers on one stem, each of which forms a bunch, containing from thirty to forty single flowers. Each single flower adheres to the bunch by a long thin stalk, and has a sweetish odour. Each bunch of flowers is succeeded by three, four, and sometimes ten long, and rough pods, which inclose several round, yellowish-brown, flat, and thin seeds, wrapped up in a beautiful white shining kind of silk. The seeds are winged, a form which nature has given with great variety to many others, in order that they may conveyed with more ease, and to a greater distance, by the wind.

The silk, which covers the seeds in the pods, is the principal part of use. The pods gradually acquire maturity from August to the beginning of October; during which period those who cultivate the plant must watch with great care for the period of their bursting, in order to collect the silk, lest it should be carried away by the wind, or spoil-

ed by the rain. The pods, when collected, should be spread out on a net, or rack, to the height of about a foot, in an airy place, to dry.

The silk, which is of a shining white colour, from an inch to an inch and a half in length, and exceedingly elastic, is then taken out, and being freed from the seeds, is then hung up in thin bags in the sun, that it may become perfectly dry; and at the same time it is often softened with the hand, or by being beat. This vegetable silk may now be used, without any farther preparation, instead of feathers and horse hair, for beads, cushions, coverlets to beds, bolsters and mattresses. From eight to nine pounds of it, which occupy the space of from five to six cubic feet, will be sufficient for a bed, coverlet, and two pillows; such beds, therefore, are exceedingly convenient for travelling. It is not advisable, however, to use the silk in common for beds, instead of feathers, as it is too soft and warm. It requires a little preparation for quilts and counterpanes, and is lighter and warmer than those of common silk. For spinning, however, notwithstanding its fineness, which approaches near to that of common silk, it is not fit, when taken alone, as it is almost too short, and, therefore, must be used with an addition of flax, wool, or common silk; but particularly of cotton. One third of this silk, with two thirds of cotton, forms a very good mixture for gloves, stockings, and caps. Other mixtures may be used for different kinds of stuffs; but it has been observed, that the cloth is much stronger when the vegetable silk is employed for the woof, rather than for the warp. Many colours have been applied to such cloth with great success; but as each substance requires a peculiar mode of treatment, more experiments on this subject are necessary; a mixture of one third vegetable silk, and two thirds of rabbits' down, forms hats exceedingly light and soft to the touch; which have a great resemblance to beaver hats, and are much cheaper.

As soon as the pods have been collected, the stems which contain a fibrous part capable of being spun, must be cut before they become dry, or suffer from the night frost. They must then be immersed for some days, in water, like flax or hemp, and then dried, by being spread out on the grass. Care, however, must be taken by experiments, to ascertain the proper length of time, as too much, or too little, would be prejudicial. In the last case, the flaxy part is brittle; and in the former, it loses its strength. After it has been watered it is beaten and heckled. A mixture of the threads spun from the flax of these stems with the vegetable silk and cotton, produces a kind of cloth very proper for furniture. It has been, however, employed chiefly, with and without an addition of rags, for making all kinds of writing and packing papers, which sometimes is similar to the Chinese paper, and sometimes exceeds in strength the usual paper made from rags.

VOL. II.

Q

•

Both the inner white skin, and the external green husk of the capsules, which contain the seeds, might be employed for manufacturing the finer sorts of this silk paper; and, that as little as possible of this plant should remain useless, Nature has provided in the sweet juice of its flowers, excellent nourishment for bees. According to a late German writer, this plant, in the above respect, the lime tree excepted, is superior to all other vegetable productions.

The great utility of this plant has been known in Europe little more than forty years. A manufactory of articles from it has been established at Paris since 1760; and it has long been employed at Lausanne with advantage for making candle-wick; but no one has shown more zeal in regard to the cultivation and preparation of this article than Mr. Schneider of Leignitz, who has recommended it in two different pamphlets. In regard of the application of it to paper-making, Mr. Schmid of Lunenburg has made a variety of experiments, and it is much to be wished that others would imitate his example.

This plant is propagated two ways, either by the seed, or by slips. In the month of March, after the land has been well dug, the seeds are sown thin, and singly, in furrows of the depth of an inch, and covered with earth, which is thrown over them to the depth of half an inch; they are secured also from the night frost by moss, or a little light dung. In from four to six weeks the young plants begin to appear. The first year they produce flowers; but do not come to full maturity till the third. In the third year they are transplanted. But this method is more laborious and ought not to be recommended, but in particular cases; such as when the roots have degenerated, or when they are transplanted to different climates. The object will be sooner accomplished by slips from the roots. As the plant throws out around it long roots with new eyes, these must be lopped off from the stock, either in Autumn, when the milky juice in the plant has dried up, or in the Spring, before it again flows; and are to be cut into pieces of from four to six inches in length; but care must be taken that they have a sufficient number of eyes. A fresh incision must be made in the root before and behind, and they are then to be planted in the ground to the depth of four or five inches, in an oblique position, with the eyes, or buds, upright. Those planted in Autumn will produce seeds the next Summer; and those planted in Spring will bear the second Summer.

The ground, before it is planted, must be dug up to a good depth, and well dunged. It must also be well weeded, and kept exceedingly clean. After the crop has been collected, the stems must be cut close to the ground, and the plants which have died, must be replaced by young ones. Towards Winter they must be covered with

a little dung, which ought to be spread in the Spring. A sufficient space, also, must be left between the plants. They ought to be planted in rows, and at the distance of one foot and a half, or rather two feet, from each other. Of the stems that shoot up, only the best (perhaps about one half) should be left standing, the rest, as soon as the flowers appear, should be cut and placed in sand or earth, to dry up the milky juice that flows from them. Even of the prime plants it will be proper to suffer only four or five of the lowest branches of flowers to come to maturity. By following these cautions the silk obtained will be of superior quality. The increase is very great. In the year 1785 Mr. Schneider began with six plants; and in 1793 had a plantation which contained 30,000. The first crop produced 8, the second 355, and the third 600 pounds of silk. If the leaves, after the crop has been collected, be thrown together in heaps to rot, they form an excellent manure for future use. In regard to the preparation of silk, little need be said. It may easily be conceived, that it will be of advantage to separate that which is long from the shorter part, in order that the former may be employed in spinning. The shorter kinds may be used for beds, and for hat making.

The experiments that have been already made with this plant gave the following results:

From the interior white rind of the capsule, mixed with one third of rags, a writing paper was obtained pretty white, of a good quality; and similar to the silk paper of the Chinese.

From the external part of the capsules a greenish coloured paper; which, when sized, was stronger than paper made of rags: it was almost as close in its texture as parchment; and even when unsized did not suffer the ink to penetrate through it. This kind was exceedingly proper for wrapping paper.

From the stems, a paper was obtained so like in every thing to paper made of rags, that the difference could scarcely be distinguished.

Such are some of the qualities of this excellent plant. As the present month is the proper season for collecting it, and as sufficient quantities of it for *fair experiment*, can easily be procured for the bare expense of gathering it; why may not this be done in the different manufactures of cloth, hat, and paper making? If unsuccessful, the experiments would be little loss. If, on the contrary, they were crowned with success, as there is every reason for believing, the gain, in a national point of view, would be of great importance.

W.

THE SCRIBBLER, NO. VI.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE writers of periodical essays frequently confess themselves very much at a loss for a subject. This is a little surprising to those who consider the essential and unlimited variety of human thought, and even those who prescribe to themselves a task of this kind, while they are often sensible of this difficulty, cannot but wonder that it should ever prove to be such. Even when they narrow their view, from the consideration of subjects in general, to that of subjects proper for them to discuss, the variety is still inexhaustible.

To a hasty view, indeed, it appears far otherwise, and to some it would seem impossible to write five hundred distinct essays on popular subjects. This impossibility exists not to those who think more deeply, and any one may be convinced that it is not impossible by reading the *Spectator*, in which variety is certainly sufficiently sustained, though it consists of more than six hundred essays.

Among these, a score or two might, perhaps, be selected, in which the writer is mightily puzzled for a theme, and, to fill up the due number of pages, is compelled to resort to very awkward shifts. Sometimes he ekes out his paper by a trite and prolix quotation from some well known poet ; sometimes he inserts the fragment of a sermon ; and sometimes a scrap from some popular writer of history or metaphysics : and winds up all by saying, in plain terms, that the quotation was made to fill up a blank, and that, having now drawn out his essay to the due length, he will lay down the pen.

Such meagre effusions, however, compose a very small part of that noted work, and prove, not that the arsenal is empty, but that he, appointed to the search, is struck with a temporary blindness. He has been taken, perhaps unaware : his mind is ruffled by some domestic incident. His head is disturbed by his last night's supper, or he is placed at a distance from books ; perhaps the topic he had previously intended for this paper eludes his recollection at present, and since he cannot find what he wants, he stumbles on in some degree at hazard, and seizes without choice, or deliberation what first comes to hand.

In all these emergencies, there is one resource, which some people, especially in writing letters, employ with great dexterity. Instead of turning their eyes inward, they look around them, and begin with describing their actual situation at the moment of writing. There is no scene too trite or too humble for description. The merit of the painting, whether the pen or the pencil be the implement, seems to rest wholly on the artist. Where his ingenuity is great, the praise and admiration is greater, as the scene is more trite or more familiar. A

part of this effect, arises perhaps from the novelty, not of the scene itself, but of the written description of such a scene. Our eyes may be daily conversant with the object, but we never, before, saw it in a book. It has occurred numberless times to the memory, but has never been portrayed in words, and the portrait may thus be qualified to captivate merely from its novelty.

Nothing can be more common or more vile than a pigsty embosomed in a grove of nettles, facing a duck-pond, bridged over by an old board plashing as you step along it. I should assuredly turn my eyes away from such a scene, should it present itself in all the vividness of nature : Yet, I remember, I was very much pleased with a landscape of this kind in a celebrated poet.

Every boy is familiar with the odd effect which an evening sun produces on his shadow as he walks opposite an upright surface ; the monstrous size, the uncouth proportions, and the whimsical changes which take place, as the surface changes from vertical to horizontal, engages the wondering attention of every child, but the man has seen it so often that he is weary of wondering. It solicits his eye in vain. And yet, I remember, the description of this very incongruity forms an exquisite passage in the *Task* of Cowper.

There is nothing in popular stories, which is commonly read with more interest, than the adventures which the hero meets with in a stage-coach, though this is but a dull scene in real life, and one which we rather labour to avoid or are impatient to terminate, than hasten to enjoy. A German fabulist has given interest and novelty to the sound of a coffee-mill ; though I, for my part, have heard it, twice a day, for years together. Campbell in his last poem, mentions, as circumstances of desolation in a cottage whose tenants had been murdered by savages :—

The hand is gone that cropt its flowers ;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours ;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers.

Why am I affected most by the unheard tolling of the clock ? For many years I have scarcely passed an hour without hearing a clock that stands upon the first landing on my stair-case. For that very reason, perhaps, I am pleased with the image in the poem ; and I am much less struck with the uncropped flowers and the cold hearth, because they occur less frequently.

Doubtless however, much depends on the talents of the painter or describer. Common objects he frequently groups in an uncommon manner. Though he pictures an ordinary scene, he selects and holds forth those lineaments and features which the eye or ear is apt to over-

look. It is like viewing the morning star through a telescope, by which we are enabled to see, what we never saw before, as often and as intensely as we have gazed at it. The world that we look at through the poet's optics is so much our world that we recognize it easily again, but is still in many respects a world different from ours. We have often heard *the minute drops from off the eves*, after a shower, and frequently seen a rustic girl busy in piling *the tanned hay-cock in the meadow*, but those objects seen through Milton's eyes, have a grace, and novelty, which the parting shower and the hay-field never perhaps possessed in the eyes of the actual observer.

But let me return from this digression, if it be one, and resume the difficulties of people who must write, when they have nothing to say. From these difficulties a scribbler is entirely exempt, because he is not studious either of method, consistency, or instructiveness in what he writes. He strips not the feather from his quill, but suffers it to move lawless, and volatile along. The ready instrument of every thought that is not too quick for its agile movements, it covers pages, while the plodding votaries of good sense are scarcely able to finish lines. But rare and happy is that scribbler whose most hasty effusions are marked by novelty and elegance: in whose wildest rhapsodies there exists a latent order, which indicates a mind so habitually clear in its conceptions, so thoroughly disciplined in writing that it cannot, in its most heedless moments, be forgetful of propriety, and cannot blunder though it labours to avoid correctness.

CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

YOUR correspondent Inquirer, in the last number of The Port Folio, speaking of Brydone's Tour through Sicily and Malta, says he has "heard it confidently asserted by a literary character, that it is an absolute fabrication." This assertion is totally without foundation. Patrick Brydone, Esq. of Lennel House, in Berwickshire, is well known to be the author of the work alluded to; and that he visited the countries he describes there can be no doubt. Mr. B. was accompanied in

his tour by his ward, colonel Fullarton,* who is frequently mentioned under the initial letter of his name.

I believe Mr. Brydone is still alive. The poet Burns, in his tour through the southern part of Scotland, in the summer of 1787, visited him at Lennel House, carrying a letter from Mr. Henry M'Kenzie, the celebrated author of *The Man of Feeling*, &c. but his biographer has given us no particulars respecting his visit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

July 27, 1809.

P. R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NEW-YORK, August 1809.

DEAR SIR,

I can certainly have no objection to the use you propose to make of the anecdotes you refer to if you can think them of sufficient importance to merit public notice : you have stated them in substance, but have not in all respects retained the *manner* or *point* with which they were originally expressed by Dr. Beattie. In my first interview with him in the spring of 1793, after receiving me with great hospitality, for which he was always distinguished, but for which I was also indebted to the friendship of Dr. Gregory,† by whom I was introduced

* This gentleman forms one of the groupe seen on the mantle of Coila, in Burns's poem of *The Vision*.

Brydone's brave ward, I well could spy
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye ;
Who called on Fame low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot name on high
And hero shone.

The Vision, Duan I.

† The present professor of the theory and practice of physic in the University of Edinburgh.

to his acquaintance, he spoke of Scotland and the prejudices which Dr. Johnson's character of it was calculated to excite.

In reply to a remark I made upon the illiberality and incorrectness of the Tour to the Hebrides, Dr. Beattie observed, "Sir, Dr. Johnson travelled through this country both deaf and blind." He then made some remarks on the government of the United States and the administration of Gen. Washington, observing, that "he entertained so exalted an opinion of his talents and virtues; such was the veneration he felt for that distinguished character, that excepting to cross the Atlantic he would go to the world's end for the pleasure of an interview with him."

The day following, such was the pleasure he experienced in giving pleasure to others, he requested me to accompany him in his favourite walk to the sea coast on the East side of Aberdeen. There, among other objects of his notice, he directed my attention to some very uncommon vitrifications, and to a plant, the "*arundo arenaria*" of Linneus, which grows spontaneously on the sea shores of Great Britain, and which by its jointed and creeping root retains its situation, and thereby prevents the sands from being washed away, and by the same wonderful provision any further inroads of the sea are prevented.

In his Minstrel you perceive he has unconsciously drawn his own character :

" Meanwhile whate'er of beautiful or new
Sublime, or dreadful in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance or search was offer'd to his view
He scanned with curious and romantic eye."

On our return, speaking of Mareschal College and of his duties there as the Professor of Moral Philosophy, he remarked that his labours had become irksome, and the more so as they were now in some degree new to him; for he had had an interval of ease in which he had been relieved by the assistance of his son who was then no more. Although about two years had elapsed since the death of young Beattie, I perceived this to be a theme very near his heart, and though painful yet grateful to his feelings; for he seemed unwilling to change the subject. Thus with all the acquirements of the head he still retained the more delightful qualities of the heart. In the language of his Hermit,

" He thought like a sage while he felt as a man."

I am dear sir, yours sincerely,

DAVID HOSACK.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GEOGRAPHY.

PERHAPS there is no science, which blends more intimately the pleasing with the useful, than that which makes us acquainted with the figure and the laws of motion of the globe, which we inhabit ; together with the relative position, and natural and artificial boundaries of the continents, countries, islands, seas, rivers, mountains, &c. with which its surface is diversified. It is a study, which at once amuses the imagination, exercises the memory, and strengthens the judgment ; and is of primary importance in the education of youth, before the latter faculty is so far unfolded as to render the pupil competent to more severe studies.

Mr. Locke, in his treatise entitled, "Some thoughts concerning Education," observes "Geography, I think, should be begun with ; for the learning of the figure of the globe, the situation and boundaries of the four parts of the world, and those of particular kingdoms and countries being only an exercise of the eyes and memory, a child with pleasure will learn and retain them ; and this is so certain, that I now live in the house with a child, whom his mother has so well instructed in this way, in geography, that he knew the limits of the four parts of the world, could readily point, being asked, to any country on the globe, or any county in the map of England, knew all the rivers, promontaries, straits, and bays in the world, and could find the longitude and latitude of any place before he was six years old. These things that he will thus learn by sight, and have by rote, are not all, I confess, that he is to learn upon the globes. But yet they are a good step and preparation for it, and will make the remainder much easier, when his judgment has grown ripe enough for it ; besides that it gets so much time now, and by the pleasure of knowing things, leads him insensibly to the gaining of languages."

This science is not only of importance to be taught to children, but adults will derive great advantages from its cultivation. Scarce a page in history can be read, and its import understood without the assistance of maps. They are indispensably necessary in order to enable us to comprehend the causes and calculate on the consequences of the wonderful events, which are now developing on the grand theatre of Europe. Editors of newspapers, and of other political and scientific periodical publications, whose duty it is to convey to the American public correct information on the abovementioned subjects will find themselves lost in a wilderness of conjecture without the assistance of accurate maps, to be referred to whenever they hazard an opinion upon art-

cles of important intelligence. Without a competent knowledge of the topography of the kingdoms, and republics, which have come within the vortex of the powers, which have convulsed the eastern hemisphere, and shaken the civilized world to its centre, the best written accounts of the efforts of the contending nations will be involved in obscurity, and afford the reader but little instruction.

Of such consequence was this science esteemed by the literati and politicians of France, that soon after the revolution they founded topographical schools, in which the knowledge of geography was carried to a pitch of almost incredible accuracy. Aided by the labours and intelligence of the pupils of these schools, the French are enabled to explore every part of the habitable globe for the purpose of business, pleasure or conquest, without the necessity of recurring to guides, or the casual and precarious information, which may be gleaned from the inhabitants of the countries they visit. It is hoped that Americans will not suffer themselves to be surpassed by any nation in a science of such utility and importance.

Impressed with these sentiments, we are happy in announcing to the public that Messrs. Kimber and Conrad, and Johnson and Warner have now in the hands of the best engravers in this city, Arrowsmith's Maps of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. These will be executed in a style equal to the London engravings, and on the same scale, and it is believed that the prices will be considerably lower than they can be imported for. They have likewise engaged to have made under their directions, Geographical Globes. First, those of twelve inches diameter, and afterwards the other sizes as the scales may require.

THE SENTENTIOUS, OR SERIOUS WORLD.

SOME men love to speak in parables, and some men dearly love to listen to them. The Lacedemonian, the Englishman, the Spaniard, the Chinese, all have indulged occasionally in the pithy style. Americans are not without this passion, and while many of Dr. Franklin's experiments and neat imitations of ADDISON are nearly forgotten, most of his *old saws* are still remembered. One leading argument in favour of *your* apothegm is, that it is short, epigrammatical, and

easily remembered. We will, therefore, occasionally, string together Proverbs, terse remarks, and wise sayings, which, though they may not possess the poignancy of Solomon, may have something like a smack of Sancho Panza! A shrewd Physician in England, who appears to be a very successful prescriber for moral maladies, has furnished us with the following *Formula*, which he very aptly calls *concentrated wisdom*. EDITOR.

Leave your purse and watch at home, when you go to the Playhouse, or an auction room.

Early rising will add many years to your life.

Dine *late*; it makes the day longer, and saves a supper.

Take your Tradesman's receipt, though you pay ready money.

Never pay a Tradesman's bill till you have cast it up.

Paint the steps of your door and staircase, a *stone* colour: it will save scouring and soap.

Much may be done in a short time: your barber bestows 150 strokes daily on your beard.

Pay all your bills at Christmas.

Be not a collector of books without determining to read them.

If you mean to buy a house, which you intend to alter and improve, be sure to double the Tradesman's estimate.

When you take a journey in winter, put on two shirts; you will find them much warmer than an additional waistcoat.

A little spittle takes out grease spots from woolen cloth.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and Poverty soon overtakes her.

It is a merciless act to confine in a jail an unfortunate and industrious man. Ask yourself if it be not revenge?

Whatever your miseries may be, there are others more miserable than yourself.

Never write a letter when in a passion.

If you keep a drunken servant, insure your house against fire, and yourself against the censures of your neighbours.

Allow a man to have wit, and he will allow you to have judgment.

When Religion is made a science there is nothing more intricate; when made a duty there is nothing more easy.

Do not brave the opinion of the world. You may as well say that you care not for the light of the sun, because you can find a candle.

In the morning, think on what you are to do in the day, and at night think on what you have done.

If you incline to corpulency, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

If you have lost your love, and think that there is not such another in the world, consider that there is as good fish in the sea as ever was taken out of it.

To brood over a misfortune is the way to make it longer.

A reserved temper checks conviviality, and if you cannot laugh, you had better stay at home.

A real gentleman or lady is known at first sight.

A civil man, with Dr. Johnson's learning, would make an envied book-seller.

A modern fine Lady in winter lives all the morning in Lapland, and spends her evenings on the banks of the Ganges.

If you be an author, keep a lamp and a slate and pencil by your bedside to note a good thought, that it may not fly away before you rise.

Whatever your situation in life may be, lay down your plan of conduct for the day. The half hours will then glide smoothly on, without crossing or jostling each other.

We are all indebted for much of our consequence to the tailor, the shoemaker, the hosier, the jeweller, the milliner, the mantua maker, and the hair dresser.

Unless your pretensions be very good, avoid being the principal speaker in a large company.

Envy is like a sore eye that cannot bear a bright object.

Anger may continue with you for an hour, but it ought not to remain with you for a night.

He who accustoms himself to buy superfluities, may ere long be obliged to sell his necessities.

He who is always his own counsellor will often have a fool for his client.

He who goes to bed in anger has the devil for his bed-fellow.

The same thing has often two different names.

A successful insurrection is called a revolution; an unsuccessful one is named a rebellion.

A quack robs with one hand and kills with the other.

If a young woman is worth having for a wife, some man that is worth having for a husband will find her out.

It is a proof of good breeding to be able to converse well.

The anatomical examination of the eye is a certain cure for atheism.

If you have a good law cause refer it; if a bad one, try it.

A man who is officious to serve you at first sight, should be regarded with caution.

Reading in bed is a strange mixture of indolence and activity.

A beau is like a cinnamon tree, whose bark is of more value than the trunk.

A mild tempered woman is the balsam that heals all human sorrows; but a perverse woman is a perpetual blister.

If you mean to be happy when old, be temperate when you are young.

If your wife be a sensible woman, make her your private secretary.

Try to be regular, and it will soon become a second nature.

Choose a wife as you choose a knife. Look to her temper.

There is something bewitching in hair-powder ; it always makes a man look like a gentleman.

Keep company with learned men, and you will have less occasion for much reading.

Marrying a man you dislike, in hopes of loving him afterwards, is like going to sea in a storm in hopes of fair weather.

When you mean to write a book, first exhaust your own genius, then see what others have said on the subject.

If you drive a pair of horses, do not envy the man who drives six. He lives at six times the expense you do, and has six times the number of plagues that you have.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DURING the present year, the first three numbers of "*The American Law Journal, and Miscellaneous Repertory*," have appeared. The plan of this work is, in some degree, adopted from a Law Journal which has been published for some time past in London. The chief objects of the editor, as far as they have been developed in the progress of his labours, appear to be, to collect a variety of information respecting the general laws which have been passed, and the decisions which have been made in the different states. To the trader, whose mercantile transactions extend to most of the states, and who is to be governed by different rules of action, from those with which he is familiar ; and to the lawyer, who is consulted on them, it should seem, that such a Repertory as the present, is a collection which deserves encouragement. The laws of the different states, but more particularly of the commercial states, ought to form a part of the library of every professional gentleman, whose business is extensive. But it is exceedingly difficult to procure them, the volumes are expensive, and they are crammed with petty acts for restraining swine from running at large, or some such laws, which are only important within the particular district where they are intended to have effect. But selecting from this mass of tedious prolixity, brief digests of those acts which are interesting to every one, either as articles of liberal curiosity, or of useful information, the editor, to adopt the language of his prospectus, may "produce a work, which will comprise the rudiments of a complete system of American jurisdiction."

In addition to articles of this description, others of a lighter nature are occasionally introduced, which the general reader need not shun

with indifference. In the department of Biography, a subject which is at all times pleasing, we may expect to find "the wonders of their age," who have adorned the seat of justice, the

— lean attorney, that his cheese
Nc'er par'd, nor verses took for fees,

or the statesman, who "directs the storm" of empires.

We understand that it is intended to annex to each volume, an appendix, containing the most important public documents, which may be published during the year. This, if executed with industry, and a scrupulous regard to impartiality, will be an important addition, which will stamp the work with permanent value.

The known industry and talents of Mr. Hall, cannot fail to render his Journal a valuable acquisition to the best libraries. The works of men of genius are so few in this country, that those we have ought not to suffer for the want of patronage. We beg leave warmly to recommend *The Miscellaneous Repertory*, to the perusal of all classes of citizens. Its collections are well adapted to every palate, as imparting both amusement and instruction.

Messrs. C. & A. CONRAD & Co. booksellers, of this city, have published An Abridgment of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix containing Exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation, designed for the younger class of learners, by Lindley Murray. From the *eighteenth* edition, corrected by the author. With Additions and Elucidations by James Abercrombie, D. D. Director of the Philadelphia Academy. Printed for the use of that Institution. The *second* edition improved.

Independently of the bias of our friendship for the Editor of this new American edition, we are deliberately of opinion that he has made useful *additions* to the work, and that Mr. Murray himself will be by no means dissatisfied with the conduct of Dr. Abercrombie in this behalf. Indeed it is ascertained that the celebrated Grammarian is decidedly and avowedly grateful for the zeal which the friends of Science on this side of the Atlantic have displayed to augment the value and popularity of his writings.

The introduction of this edition into the schools of America will facilitate the progress of the pupil, abridge the toil of the preceptor, and add to the reputation which Dr. A. has so honourably acquired by his persevering efforts to instruct the rising generation.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CHARACTER OF POLONIUS VINDICATED.

“ Follow that Lord, and, look you mock him not.

Hamlet.

BISHOP WARBURTON, with all that rashness of expression, so common in the writings of a prelate, whose dogmatism sometimes sturdily supports sophistry, as well as nobly defends the powers of reason and truth, talks somewhere of the *foolish Polonius*. As we have a totally different impression of the character of this nobleman, and as he is generally degraded into a zany on all the theatres, we have ever frequented, we are solicitous, this evening, to vindicate the meaning of SHAKSPEARE, and to rescue an injured courtier from the blunders of the closet, and from the buffoonery of the stage.

Hamlet, in his valedictory civilities to the company of players, prior to their representation of the murder of Gonzago, says to one of them,

Follow that Lord, and, look you *mock him not*.

This line, which we have adopted for our motto, contains excellent advice, and we wish the commentators and the comedians had followed it scrupulously. They would then have never defaced the pages of a matchless poet, nor defamed the character of an accomplished statesman. They would never have described him as a weak, or personated him as a pedantic courtier. We could easily forgive such *underlings* as Rymer and Dennis for the grossest misapprehension, and the utter destitution of taste; but that the Colossal Warburton should tread so loosely on the firm ground of Shakspeare, is a problem in the history of the human mind.

In the second scene of Hamlet, Laertes, a *very noble youth*, is represented as standing in the hall of state in the guise of a petitioner. The ingenuousness of his countenance, the dignity of his deportment, the gracefulness of his manners or the validity of his pretensions make such an impression upon the *Majesty of Denmark* that he addresses the juvenile courtier in the most gracious tones of courteous complacency;

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit; what is't Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,

And loose your voice. What would'st thou beg, Laertes,

That shalt not be my offer, not thy asking?

THE HEAD IS NOT MORE NATIVE TO THE HEART,
THE HAND MORE INSTRUMENTAL TO THE MOUTH,
THAN IS THE THRONE OF DENMARK TO THY FATHER.

In this memorable passage, in the *very first* allusion to his *Lord Chamberlain*, the king, after premising to Laertes that he could prefer no reasonable request to his Prince, but what would meet with the most cheerful compliance, nay, that even the *wishes* of Laertes should be anticipated, adds, in three of the most forcible lines to be found in any poet, a most vivid description of a decided partiality for his parent. Now, can it for an instant be imagined by any brain of firmer texture than that of a piddling commentator, or a skipping scaramouch of the stage, that the King of Denmark, who appears to be by no means deficient in talents, or in the discernment of character, should lavish such encomium and repose such confidence on *Polonius* a fool, a dotard and a mountebank? On the contrary, in the triple character of a sage, a scholar, and a statesman, he so justly merits all the respect and attachment of his master that their alliance is expressed by the strongest similitudes, that can be supplied by the imagination of man.

Laertes now apprises his sovereign that after having paid him his respects during the ceremonial of the coronation, he is solicitous to return to France, where, as appears from the context, he is acquiring a knowledge of the polite and fashionable exercises. The king here makes a very pointed interrogatory,

Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Now this very pregnant line may be paraphrased very advantageously for our argument. It imports you little, Laertes, that your own merit and my kindness afford you the amplest passport for foreign travel; unless that wise and good man, your experienced and prudent father, give *his* sanction to your tour, you may not, you must not, you shall not go.

Polonius himself is now introduced to our fixed attention, and he is introduced with all the poet's art in the character of a cool, sagacious and deliberate sire, as loving a darling son much, but loving prudence and discretion more.

He hath, my lord, *wrung* from me my *slow leave*
By laboursome petition, and, at last,
Upon his will I sealed my *hard* consent, &c.

As if the *Lord Chamberlain* had said : I have consented, in consequence of the eager desire of Laertes to finish his education, to permit him to leave the kingdom, but I am fully sensible of all the perils, to which he is exposed in a dissipated metropolis, and it cost me many a painful struggle, before his arguments could vanquish my anxiety.

In the next scene, Laertes appears making preparations for his voyage, which are for a moment, delayed, by his parting exhortation to a beloved sister to beware of the perils of Love, and the machinations of man. Polonius now enters and taunts his son for his seeming sluggishness in lingering ashore, while the *favouring gale* and the clamorous crew are equally loud in calling him to the ship.

Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame,
The wind sets in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for.

Then with all the benignity and affection of a parent, he lays his hand on the head of Laertes, and gives him his benediction ;

There my blessing with you
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give *thy thoughts no tongue,*
Nor any *unproportioned thought his act.*
Be thou *familiar, but by no means vulgar.*
THE FRIENDS THOU HAST, AND THEIR ADOPTION TRY'D,
GRAPPLE THEM TO THY HEART WITH HOOKS OF STEEL ;
But do not *dull thy palm* with entertainment
Of each *new-batch'd, unsledg'd comrade.* Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man *thine ear,* but *few thy voice :*
Take each *man's censure,* but *reserve thy judgment.*
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not *express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :*
For the *apparel oft proclaims the man.*
Neither a *borrower, nor a lender be :*
For loan oft *loses both itself and friend ;*
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To *thine ownself be true ;*
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

The writer of this article cannot be suspected of making any indecent comparisons, or of impugning the wisdom and elegance of the Bible, but, we know not whether this passage is exceeded by any chapter in

the Proverbs of Solomon, or the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach. The notions of Polonius are of more sterling weight and lustre, than the *Golden* verses of Pythagoras, and are surpassed only by the Sermon on the Mount.

During the debates in the House of Commons in the year 1770, BURKE observed of the famous forty-fifth number of the North Briton, written by the patriot Wilkes, that it was a spiritless though a virulent performance, a mere mixture of vinegar and water, at once sour and vapid. The expression of this sentiment is perhaps not more happy than the correctness of the criticism. It is amazing that any of Wilkes' writings should ever have been popular, in the best sense of the word. They are certainly, for the most part, tame and inelegant productions. This is the more wonderful, when we reflect that Mr. Wilkes was confessedly a man of wit and genius, an elegant classical scholar, and very advantageously distinguished for the fluency and felicity of his colloquial powers. In this respect, he seems to have some resemblance to Charles Fox, who certainly could *talk* well, though, in our opinion, he was never very famous for writing well. In the hands of John Wilkes and Charles Fox, the *pen* appears to move sullenly over the page. But theirs was the *voluble tongue* to declaim and to delight. One spoke in the Senate, and men thought Demosthenes was resuscitated from the dead; another talked with his jovial friends, and it seemed they were listening to Aristippus, to Alcibiades, or to Petronius Arbiter. But when Wilkes and Fox retired to their closets they produced nothing but the awkward memorials of their own imbecility.

In the Plays of Shakspeare, in almost every instance, where the poet's genius and peculiar powers of invention lead him to the use of what the *vulgar* call *strange and out of the way expressions*, those ingenious and pains taking gentlemen, the commentators, with all the sapience of the wise men of Gotham, are continually favouring us with their dainty emendations. In compliance with this precious custom, in the initial scene of Othello, we find a host of these note makers and paragraph weavers holding up their smouldering and smoky flambeaus to illuminate a passage which is as clear as the sun. The supplanted Iago is describing contemptuously the effeminate person and indolent habits of the handsome and hated Cassio. After sneering at him as a scholar, an orator, and a Florentine, we are told that he is

A fellow, almost damned in a *fair wife*.

Even the sagacious Johnson most unaccountably appears to be baffled on this occasion ; and, in a tone of despondency, tells us that this is one of the passages, which must for the present be resigned to corruption and obscurity ; and that he has nothing that he can, with any approach to confidence, propose. The Oxford Editor, Sir Thomas Hanmer, in his wonted dashing and cut and thrust way, proposes to read, almost damned in a *fair phiz*, an interpolation of so impudent and audacious a character, that the commentator ought to be *almost damned* for his presumption in thus mangling the Tragedy. Another *pestilent knave* assures us that the line ought to run thus, a fellow almost damned in a *fair life* ; and then, after *suitable reflections* upon the *inconveniences of an unsullied reputation*, he gravely quotes, as from some Bible, that *memorable passage*,

Cursed is he of whom all men speak well.

As at this epoch in the story of the play, Cassio is not suspected, either by Roderigo or Othello, of being in love with *another man's wife*, and as it is equally clear that he has no wife of his own, his attachment to Bianca, a common courtesan, being altogether of a different character, it is not, we must confess, *passing strange* that the beetle headed commentators should flounder a little in the ocean of absurdity. But that JOHNSON should be embarrassed by our author's original manner of expressing himself is wonderful, when we reflect that the Doctor was pretty constantly in the habit of tracing the remote allusions of Shakspeare and faithfully translating his obscurer idiom into all the plainness of modern speech.

We are convinced that Shakspeare gave the line as it stands, as much as if we had been at his desk, when it was written. There is no room for any alteration ; nor can we discern any doubt, or any obscurity. The phrase is picturesque, characteristical, and *germane to the matter*. It is purely Shakspearean. A vindictive soldier, irritated and injured, at once calumnious, suspicious, and malignant, is engaged in portraying, in lampblack colours, the exaggerated features of a fortunate rival. So slender are his claims, to military preferment, says Iago, that his knowledge of the art of war is confined merely to a *closet* acquaintance of tactics. He has read much and can talk plausibly, but is neither endowed with the gallantry of a soldier, nor skilled in any of the results of experience. Moreover, from the beauty of his person, the volubility of his tongue, and the speciousness of his manners, he is qualified to shine at toilets, to dazzle the fancy and to entrap the affections of some credulous female, and to be *effectually ruined by some matrimonial engagement*, which will more completely than ever disqualify him for that martial eminence to which, by the partiality and injustice of O-

thello, he has been thus causelessly advanced to my prejudice and his own disgrace. He will soon be *damned in a fair wife*; and in consequence of that enchanting power, which a beautiful bride exercises over a doting husband he will incontinently prefer the couch to the camp; and instead of mounting fiery barbs

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in his lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of her lute.

Therefore you have a new proof, Roderigo, both from my description of the past and my well-grounded anticipation of the future, how totally unfit this upstart Cassio is for the place of second in command to Othello; a place which from my valour and long services, and by all the titles of seniority and preferment ought surely to have been mine.

DR. JOHNSON'S remarks *affixed* to each play of Shakspeare are read and remembered; but many of his foot-notes are lost amid the rubbish of succeeding commentators. The following, expressed in most beautiful language, is very ingenious and happy. The father of Juliet is making preparations for a splendid supper and masquerade to which all the beauties of Verona are invited by their munificent entertainer, who thus warns Paris of the pleasure he is about to enjoy in the society of these lovely ladies:

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, &c.

To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man* shall feel as much in an assembly of beauties, as *young men* feel in the month of April, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment. I read

Such comfort as do lusty *yeoman* feel.

You shall feel from the sight and conversation of those ladies such hopes of happiness and such pleasure as the *furmer* receives from the Spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with rapture.

A comment of such a character is almost as splendid as the text itself. The *word*, which the learned Doctor has substituted, is preferable to the phrase of Shakspeare; but, in all the copies to which we have access, the poet's reading remains undisturbed.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara,
In the Autumn of 1803.

With a plate representing an interesting scene on the shores of the Susquehanna,

By the Author of American Ornithology.

(Continued from page 77.)

ONCE more the dawn arous'd us to the road,
Our fare discharg'd, we left this lone abode,
And down, through deepening swamps, pursued our way,
Where pine and hemlocks quite shut out the day;
Majestic solitudes! all dead and deep!
The green moss matted o'er each mouldering heap;
On every side with watchful looks we spy,
Each rustling leaf attracts our eager eye;
Sudden the whirring tribe before us rise!
The woods resound—the fluttering partridge* dies;
Light floating feathers hover on the gale,
And the blue smoke rolls slowly through the vale.
Again, slow stealing o'er the shaded road,
Trailing their broad barr'd tails, two pheasants† strode,
The levell'd tube its fiery thunders pour'd,
And deep around the hollow forest roar'd;
Low in the dust the mangled victims lie,
And conscious triumph fills each traveller's eye.
Now thickening rains begin to cloud the air,
Our guns we muffle up—our only care;
Darker and heavier now the tempest lower'd,
And on the rattling leaves incessant pour'd;
The groaning trees in hollow murmurs wav'd;
And wild around the rising tempest rav'd.
Below dark, dropping pines we onward tread,
Where Bear Creek grumbles down his gloomy bed,

* This is the *tetrao virginianus* of Linnæus. In the States of New-England it is called the quail.

† The bird here called a pheasant is the ruffed grouse (*tetrao umbellus*) of European naturalists. In New-England it is called the partridge.

Through darksome gulfs, where bats forever skim,
The haunts of howling wolves and panthers grim.
At length two hovels through the pines appear,
And from the pelting storm we shelter here.
Two lank, lean dogs pace o'er the loosened floor ;
A pouch and rifle hung behind the door ;
Shrill through the logs the whistling tempest beats,
And the rough woodsman welcomes us to seats.
Before the blazing pile we smoking stand,
Our musquets glittering in the hunter's hand ;
Now pois'd, now levell'd to his curious eye ;
Then in the chimney corner set to dry.
Our clear, green powder-flasks were next admired ;
Our powder tasted, handled, rubbed, and fir'd ;
Touch'd by the spark, lo ! sudden blazes soar,
And leave the paper spotless as before.
From foaming Brandywine's rough shores it came,
To sportsmen dear its merits and its name ;
Dupont's ‡ best Eagle, matchless for its power,
Strong, swift, and fatal as the bird it bore.
Like Jove's dread thunderbolts it with us went,
To pour destruction wheresoever sent.
These, as they glisten'd careless by our side,
With many a wishful look the woodsman ey'd.
Thus Bears on beech-nuts, hungry steeds on maize,
Or cats on mice, or hawks on squirrels gaze.
His proffer'd skins of all the forest train,
His looks, and empty horn, implored in vain ;
Till to a family's wants we freely gave
What cold, hard-hearted Prudence bade us save.
And now, this treasure on our host bestow'd
His sun-burn'd visage at the present glow'd ;
New-moulded bullets quickly he prepar'd ;
Survey'd the glistening grain with fix'd regard,
Then charg'd his rifle with the precious store,
And threw the horn his brawny shoulders o'er,
Secured his punk, his matches, flint, and steel,
The dogs in transport barking at his heel ;
Then, in his blanket, bade his wife good-bye,
For three long nights in dreary woods to lie.

‡ A celebrated manufacturer of gun-powder, on the Brandywine, whose packages are usually impressed with the figure of an eagle.

Our morsel ended, through the pouring rain,
O'er barren mountains we proceed again ;
And now Wiomi opened on our view,
And, far beyond, the Alleghany blue,
Immensely stretch'd ; upon the plain below
The painted roofs with gaudy colours glow,
And Susquehanna's glittering stream is seen
Winding in stately pomp through valleys green.

Hail, charming river ! pure transparent flood !
Unstain'd by noxious swamps or choaking mud ;
Thundering through broken rocks in whirling foam ;
Or pleas'd o'er beds of glittering sand to roam ;
Green be thy banks, sweet forest-wandering stream !
Still may thy waves with finny treasures teem ;
The silvery shad and salmon crowd thy shores,
Thy tall woods echoing to the sounding oars ;
On thy swoln bosom floating piles appear,
Fill'd with the harvests of our rich frontier :
Thy pine-brown'd cliffs, thy deep romantic vales,
Where wolves now wander, and the panther wail³,
Where, at long intervals, the hut forlorn
Peeps from the verdure of embowering corn,
In future times (nor distant far the day)
Shall glow with crowded towns and villas gay ;
Unnumber'd keels thy deepen'd course divide ;
And airy arches pompously bestride ;
The domes of Science and Religion rise,
And millions swarm where now a forest lies.

Now up green banks, through level fields of grass,
With heavy hearts the fatal spot we pass
Where Indian rage prevailed, by murder fir'd,
And warriors brave by savage hands expir'd ;
Where bloody Butler's iron-hearted crew
Doom'd to the flames the weak submitting few ;
While screams of horror pierc'd the midnight wood,
And the dire axe drank deep of human blood.*

* The massacre here alluded to, took place after the battle of 3d July 1778, which was fought near this spot. The small body of American troops were commanded by that brave, humane, and intelligent officer, colonel Butler ; the tories and savages were headed by another colonel Butler, of a very different description. Were I disposed to harrow up the feelings of the reader, I

Obscur'd with mud, and drench'd with soaking rain,
 Through pools of splashing mire we drove amain ;
 Night darkening round us ; when, in lucky hour,
 Led by its light we reach'd a cottage door :
 There welcom'd in we bless'd our happy lot,
 And all the drudgery of the day forgot.
 A noble fire its blazing front display'd,
 Clean shelves of pewter dazzling round array'd,
 Where rows of ruddy apples, rang'd with care,
 With grateful fragrance fill'd the balmy air ;
 Our bard (chief orator in times like these),
 Though frank, yet diffident, and fond to please,
 In broken German jok'd with all around,
 Told who we were, from whence, and whither bound ;
 The cottage group a ready opening made,
 And " welcome friends," the little Dutchman said.
 Well pleas'd our guns and knapsacks we resign'd,
 Th' adjoining pump, or running stream to find,
 There wash'd our boots, and, entering, took our seat,
 Stript to the trowsers in the glowing heat.
 The mindful matron spread her table near,
 Smoking with meat, and fill'd with plenteous cheer ;
 And supper o'er, brought forth, and handed round,
 A massy bowl with mellow apples crown'd ;
 For all our wants a mother's care express'd,
 And press'd us oft, and pick'd us out the best,
 But Duncan smil'd, and slyly seem'd to seek
 More tempting fruit in Susan's glowing cheek,
 Where such sweet innocence and meekness lay
 As fairly stole our pilot's heart away.
 He tried each art the evening to prolong,
 And cheer'd the passing moments with a song,
 So sadly tender, with such feeling rais'd,
 That all, but Susan, with profusion prais'd ;
 She from his glance oft turned her glistening eye,
 And paid in tears and many a stifled sigh.
 Thus pass'd the evening charmingly away,
 Each pleas'd and pleasing, innocent and gay,
 Till early bed-time summon'd us to part,
 And Susan's glances spoke her captive heart.

might here enlarge on the particulars of this horrid affair; but I choose to decline it. Those who wish to see a detail of the whole, are referred to the Philadelphia Universal Magazine for March 20, 1797, p. 390.

Swift flew the night, in soundest sleep enjoyed,
 By dawn we start, and find all hands employed,
 The wheel, the cards, by fire-light buzzing go;
 The careful mother kneads her massy dough;
 Even little Mary at her needles sits,
 And, while she nurses pussy, nicely knits.
 Our generous friends their courtesy bestow'd,
 Refus'd all price and pointed out the road;
 With kindest wishes bade us all farewell;
 What Susan felt, the rising tear could tell.

Blest Hospitality! the poor man's pride,
 The stranger's guardian, comforter, and guide,
 Whose cheering voice and sympathetic eye,
 Even Angels honour as they hover nigh;
 Confined (in mercy to our wandering race)
 To no one country, people, age, or place;
 But for the homeless and the exil'd lives,
 And smiles the sweeter still the more she gives;
 O if on earth one spot I e'er can claim,
 One humble dwelling, even without a name,
 Do thou, blest Spirit! be my partner there,
 With sons of wo our little all to share;
 Beside our fire the pilgrim's looks to see,
 That swim in moisture as he thinks on thee;
 To hear his tales of wild woods wandering through;
 His ardent blessings as he bids adieu;
 Then let the selfish hug their gold divine,
 Ten thousand dearer pleasures shall be mine.

The morning fogs that o'er the country lay,
 Dispersing, promised a delightful day,
 Clear, warm, serene; the sun's resplendent beams,
 Plays on the rocks, and from the river gleams,
 The cheerful robins* chattering round us fly,
 And crested wood-cocks† hammer from on high.
 Poor Duncan's sober looks, and glistening eye,
 His broken sentences, and half-fetch'd sigh,
 His frequent backward gaze, and anxious mien,
 While Susan's sheltered cottage could be seen,

* *Turdus migratorius*.

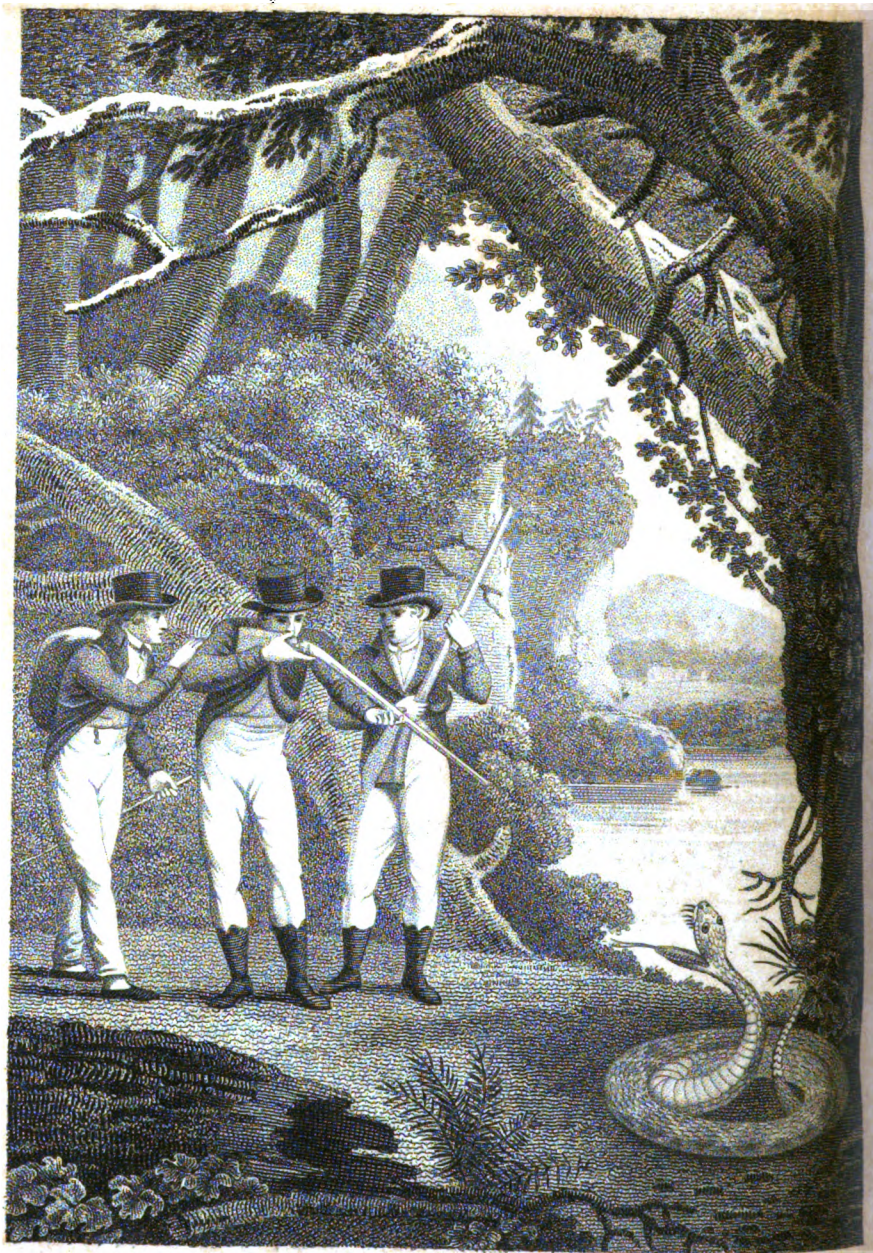
† *Picus pileatus*, the great scarlet-crested, black woodpecker; called also in some of the Southern States the log cock.

Betray'd the thoughts that hover'd through his breast,
 The fruitful source of many a rallying jest ;
 At length his song the echoing forest hail'd,
 And laughing Comus over Love prevailed.

By Susquehanna's shores we journey on,
 Hemmed in by mountains over mountains thrown,
 Whose vast declivities rich scenes display
 Of green pines mix'd with yellow foliage gay ;
 Each gradual winding opening to the sight
 New towering heaps of more majestic height,
 Grey with projecting rocks ; along whose steeps
 The sailing eagle† many a circle sweeps.
 Few huts appear'd ; the wretched few we spied
 Seem'd caves where Sloth and Poverty reside ;
 The ragged owners happier far to hear
 Men, boys, and dogs arouse the bounding deer ;
 In fluttering rags, with scarce a hat or shoe,
 Down the rough steep the roaring chase pursue.
 To *tree* the bear ; the midnight wolf to watch ;
 Minx, otters, possums, or racoons to catch ;
 The bloody panther boldly to destroy,
 Their highest glory and their greatest joy.
 While round each hut the richest soil is seen,
 Bleak squalid wretchedness is found within,
 Filth, want, and ignorance from sire to son,
 The sad attendants of the dog and gun ;
 As sage Experience long ago has said,
 A good *amusement*, but a wretched *trade*.

'Twas now deep noon, the winding pathway led,
 Beneath tall maples near the river's bed,
 Where moss-grown logs in mouldering ruins lay,
 And spice and dogwood fring'd the narrow way ;
 The scarlet berries clustering hung around,
 And mix'd with yellow leaves bestrew'd the ground ;
 There glistening lay, extended o'er the path,
 With steadfast, piercing eye, and gathering wrath,
 A large grim rattle-snake, of monstrous size,
 Three times three feet his length enormous lies ;
 His pointed scales in regular rows engraved ;
 His yellow sides with wreathes of dusky waved ;

† *Falco leucoccephalus*, the white-headed or bald eagle.



Scene on the Susquehanna.

See the Foresters a poem.

Fix'd to the spot, with staring eyes, we stood !
 He, slowly moving, sought th' adjoining wood ;
 Conscious of deadly power, he seemed to say,
 " Pass on ; in peace let each pursue his way ;"
 But when th' uplifted musquet met his view,
 Sudden in sounding coils his form he threw !
 Fierce from the centre rose his flatten'd head,
 With quivering tongue and eyes of fiery red,
 And jaws extended vast, where threatening lay
 The fangs of death in horrible array ;
 While pois'd above, invisible to view,
 His whizzing tail in swift vibration flew.
 Back sprung our bard ! and, aiming to let fly,
 Glanc'd o'er the deadly tube his vengeful eye ;
 And now destruction seem'd at once decreed ;
 But Duncan's pleading check'd the barbarous deed ;
 " O spare the brave !" our generous pilot cried,
 " Let Mercy, sir ! let Justice now decide ;
 " This noble foe, so terrible to sight,
 " Though armed with death, yet ne'er provokes the fight ;
 " Stern, yet magnanimous, he forms his den
 " Far from the noisy, dangerous haunts of men.
 " Th' unconscious foot that presses him he spares,
 " And what was harmless meant forgiving bears ;
 " But dare his life.—Behold, he rises brave,
 " To guard that being bounteous Nature gave.
 " We are th' aggressors here ; the Hero he ;
 " Honour the brave defence of ONE to THREE !"
 He spoke. Three cheers the voice of MERCY hail'd ;
 And heav'n's most glorious attribute prevail'd.

(To be continued.)

THE NAIAD'S COMPLAINT—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

As slow I ascended the heights of the Schuylkill,
 What time eve's bright star flings his beams from the west,
 Each leaflet was still, and the hour it was tranquil,
 For day's woodland minstrels had gone to their rest.
 On the skirts of the east rose the moon in her glory,
 Her magical radiance was soon spread around,
 The moss-mantled rocks and green hillocks grew hoary,
 And dewdrops of silver bespangled the ground.

On a proud swelling cliff that o'erhangs the white billows,
Which rise, in the night-storm, on Schuylkill's fierce flood,
Her bosom half bare, and her head bound with willows,
A nymph of the waters in pensive mood.
While she gazed on the stream, as it hied toward the ocean;
She followed each light passing surge with a sigh,
Her bosom it heaved with grief's wildest commotion,
And the big tear of sorrow impearled her moist eye.

"Ah! why," she exclaimed, in an accent so moving,
"Why fated the ocean to feed from my urn!
Where squadrons piratic are lawlessly roving,
Their business to capture, to ravage, to burn!
Where War's giant arm, with his pike, sword, and thunder,
Wastes life's crimson gore till he gluts every wave,
Then sternly exults in his pillage and plunder,
And laughs at the groans of the great and the brave.

Where Columbia's bold sons, as with canvas proud swelling,
They sweep through each climate, and traverse each coast,
From where Summer eternal emblazons his dwelling,
To where Winter frowns fierce from his mansion of frost,
Though their brows with the peace-bearing olive are shaded,
Still, still are they doomed to feel Discord's dire scourge,
Their forms in the damp, vaulted dungeon all faded,
Or their bodies whelmed lifeless beneath the green surge.

O! that henceforth my urn might withhold her small treasure,
And contribute no more to swell Ocean's full flood,
Where war is grown pastime, destruction a pleasure,
Till the deep's sateless monsters are sicken'd with blood.
Rise! rise! flickering Phœbus, with aspect indignant,
Thy fieriest beams shed abroad o'er yon plain!
Join thy rays, thirsty Sirius, thou orb so malignant!
And drink up my waves ere they reach the wide main."

Thus said, with a quick bursting glory surrounded,
As mild and as bright as the moon's silver beam,
From the cliff's lofty summit she fearlessly bounded,
And sunk from my sight in the soft flowing stream.

C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES written by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson, upon hearing that Herschel had called the planet he had discovered *Georgium Sidus*, in honour of the present King of Great-Britain.

WHETHER the optic's piercing eye,
Has introduced to view,
A distant planet in the sky,
Bright, wonderful, and new ?

Or, whether we are nearer thrown
To the great fount of light,
And from that source, each mist be flown,
That wrapt that star in night ?

A star *is* seen, which Britons hail,
With royal George's name,
That if his earthly glories fail,
The skies may blaze his fame.

But soon in our own land, some youth,
Whom genius shall inspire,
With skill in astronomic truth,
Shall proudly thus inquire :

" What mortal great, of this poor earth,
Gave this new star his name ?
Another GEORGE* of greater worth,
Does this high honour claim."

Not so—to Britain's royal George
The planet we resign,
We hail OUR GEORGE, a new-born Sun,
Whose beams make planets shine.

Græme Park, January 6, 1787.

* George Washington.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES written upon a Drop of Rain which descended as the author was entering the under aisle of the chapel consecrated to the dead.

SOFT was the drop, and seemed to flow
From heaven—as if an angel's eye,
Gazing upon this form of wo,
Had melted to its murmured sigh.

Cold was the tear, and cold it fell,
Where neither hope nor life shall warm,
Since sepulchred *his* graces dwell
Who gave to life and hope their charm.

REGION OF TEARS! thy echoing aisle
No strains but grief has ever known,
Fearful, it freezes Nature's smile;
And looks on misery alone.

Why does *the desperate mourner* call
On thee, in many an accent wild?
Deaf is thy cold and clammy wall,
Dead as the feelings of her child.

Yet the sweet seraph Peace is here,
Lost to the world, she dwells with thee,
And gives from heaven an angel's tear,
To shed its pitying dew on me.

Spirit of him my soul adored,
Say, was that drop of mercy thine,
Beloved in life, in death deplored,
When shall thy bosom's rest be mine?

S. M.

CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Answer to the queries in our last relative to the cowpen-finch of
North America.*

TO ALEXANDER WILSON.

SIR,

ON perusing The Port Folio of the last month, I discovered your advertisement respecting information wanted of the cow-bird, or, as Catesby has been pleased to beautify the name, cowpen-finch. Having been educated in one of the most fertile counties on the eastern shore of Maryland, and being particularly attached to the studies of nature, when leisure moments occurred, I have more particularly indulged myself in the beautiful, but difficult study of Ornithology; when this was my disposition, it could not be supposed that this peculiar bird could have escaped my observation; when especially my neighbourhood afforded thousands of them. The bird in question is about the size of the Baltimore bird. The female is of a mixture of pale *black* and *brown*, with a pale reflection of drab lines from the head down her neck and breast. The male is much darker in colour—of a beautiful variegation of black and violet, tinged with a beautiful gloss. I have marked this bird as very singularly dependent on others of a less and harmless kind for the raising of their young. Yes, sir, my search and inquiries have been in vain in search of their nests, but instead thereof, I have always found eggs deposited in the nests of the innocent sparrow, the yellow bird, the goldfinch, and I have also found them in hollow posts, in the nests of blue birds. The eggs are about the size of the blue bird's; but more of a globular form, very much speckled with the colour of the English mocking-bird's.

It has been my particular observation, that if the cow-bird deposited her egg (she never lays but one in a nest) before the sparrow had at least one of her own, the latter has invariably forsook the nest. This is worthy your notice; but when the sparrow has laid part of hers, she seems to act opposite to the partridge, careless of the intrusion of any other bird in increasing the number of eggs. It has never come to my knowledge of the young cow-bird casting the young of other birds from their nests. If there are cases of the real young of those birds being expelled from the nests of their own parents, the causes have been as follow, which have come under my own observation: The cow-bird's egg is generally larger than the eggs of the birds whose nests it is in, which causes its obtaining the centre of the nest, and from this position it debars the bird from sitting so close to her own, by which cause

they are the last hatched, and from the cow-bird being hatched first, it again obtains the centre and best situation in the nest ; hence, from being hatched first, and from their more than proportionate growth, they are always more able to maintain their position, and if the cavity is not sufficiently large, the poor weak sparrow is often thrust entirely out.

I have always noticed that those birds that have adopted the cow-bird as their young, have taken, in every respect, as much care for its safety, and have exhibited the same symptoms of affection and interestedness as for their own young.

I could give you a much fuller and further account of the singularities of this remarkable bird, which have come under *my own* observation, had I my note book at hand, but at this moment neither time nor convenience will permit me to refer to it. I may, when leisure permits, make a further communication on this bird, as I know no man to whom I would more freely give every information respecting the object of his desires, and no one who is deserving greater honours for diffusing the knowledge and beauties of this part of animated nature ; but more particularly for dressing and adorning these beauties of our own happy land.

I am Sir,

With every consideration of respect,

Yours sincerely,

Baltimore, Aug. 12.

MYRTILLO.

THE writer of the above will please to accept my thankful acknowledgments. I regret, however, that he did not substitute his *real* signature, that I might know to whom I am indebted for the favour. The facts he has stated are interesting ; for, in the history of the feathered tribes, as in every other department of history, facts are the most essential materials wanted. We can have theory enough from the mere *closet naturalist* ; but to procure the former, we must submit to the drudgery of ransacking, examining, and exploring, with unwearied perseverance, the great stores of living nature, for ourselves.

The remark of Myrtillo, that the cow-bird is "dependent on others of a *less* and *harmless* kind," exactly corresponds with my own observations. The birds in whose nests I have found her eggs, being, without exception, of this character. Among these known foster parents may be enumerated, the Maryland yellowthroat, the red-eyed fly-catcher, the golden crowned thrush, the yellowbird, and the bluebird : all birds of a mild and affectionate disposition, qualities very requisite in a nurse. That these will, however, forsake their newly formed nest,

should the cow-bird be the first to lay in it, I have myself had no less than three instances of, this season. Were I disposed, like some others, to theorize on this particular, I might say that this remarkable circumstance is a deviation from the design of Nature, or rather, that the design of Nature in this case seems to be defeated by it. Perhaps, however, the proprietor of the nest may have more honourable motives. She may say, or be supposed to say, to the intruder, "I built this for myself and for my own progeny; you have thought proper to take possession; you are welcome; take it; hatch your own eggs, and rear your own young as I and others do, and as all ought to do." Such might be the fanciful reveries of a Buffon: we will content ourselves for the present with humble facts.

The most interesting point relative to this affair is still undetermined, viz. What becomes of the young of the foster parents hatched in the same nest with the cow-bird? Have they ever been found together? Or have they been known to remain tenants in common until ready to fly? In all the cases that have come under my own notice the cow-bird was *alone* in the nest; or was fed and attended by the proprietors, unaccompanied by any other young ones.

About two months ago I took from the nest of the Maryland yellowthroat (American Ornithology, vol. I, pl. 6, fig. 1) which was built at the root of a briar bush among the leaves, a young cow-bird nearly fit to fly. It filled and occupied the whole nest. I examined the space around, and watched the motions of the old ones with great care, for a considerable time, to discover whether there were any other young, or what had become of them; but without success. This cow-bird I carried home with me, and entrusted it to the care of a redbird (*loxia cardinalis*) who fed and reared it with the greatest tenderness. It is now changing its brown coat for one of glossy black; and repays the attention of its *second* stepfather, with an occasional attempt at singing.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Philadelphia, 17th August, 1809.

REVIEW OF GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

CAMPBELL, who is, perhaps, on the whole, the best poet of our age, at least among living ones, has lately republished some of his fugitive pieces, together with an original poem, of which Pennsylvania is made the scene.

VOL. II.

U

It was a somewhat perilous undertaking to lay the scene in a country to which the writer was a stranger, and of which he was indebted for all his information to hasty and inaccurate travellers. This disadvantage, indeed, exists only to a Pennsylvanian or American reader. The poet's countrymen being as ignorant as himself, will be blind to several defects and incongruities, which are visible enough to our eyes. The following review of this poem is taken from a late number of the *Edinburg Review*, and is written with the usual spirit and sagacity by which that publication is remarkably distinguished.

Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvania Tale; and other Poems. By Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," &c.

WE rejoice once more to see a polished and pathetic poem, in the old style of English pathos and poetry. This is of the pitch of the *Castle of Indolence*, and the finer parts of *Spencer*; with more feeling in many places, than the first, and more condensation and diligent finishing than the latter. If the true tone of nature be not everywhere maintained, it gives place, at least, to art only, and not to affectation—and, least of all, to affectation of singularity or rudeness.

Beautiful as the greater part of this volume is, the public taste, we are afraid, has of late been too much accustomed to beauties of a more obtrusive and glaring kind, to be fully sensible of its merit. Without supposing that this taste has been in any great degree vitiated, or even imposed upon, by the babyism or antiquarianism which have lately been versified for its improvement, we may be allowed to suspect, that it has been somewhat dazzled by the splendor, and bustle, and variety of the most popular of our recent poems; and that the more modest colouring of truth and nature may, at this moment, seem somewhat cold and feeble. We have endeavoured, on former occasions, to do justice to the force and originality of some of these brilliant productions, as well as to the genius (fitted for much higher things) of their authors—and have little doubt of being soon called upon for a renewed tribute of applause. But we cannot help saying, in the meantime, that the work before us belongs to a class which comes nearer to our conception of pure and perfect poetry. Such productions do not, indeed, strike so strong a blow as the vehement effusions of our modern *Trouveurs*; but they are calculated, we think, to please more deeply, and to call out more permanently, those trains of emotion, in which the delight of poetry will probably be found to consist. They may not be so loudly nor so universally applauded; but their fame will probably endure longer, and they will be oftener recalled to mingle with the reveries of solitary leisure, or the consolations of real sorrow.

There is a sort of poetry, no doubt, as there is a sort of flowers, which can bear the broad sun and the ruffling winds of the world,—which thrive under the hands and eyes of indiscriminating multitudes, and please as much in hot and crowded saloons, as in their own sheltered repositories; but the finer and the purer sorts blossom only in the shade, and never give out their sweets but to those who seek them amid the quiet and seclusion of the scenes which gave them birth. There are torrents and cascades which attract the admiration of tittering parties, and of which even the busy must turn aside to catch a transient glance; but 'the haunted stream' steals through a still and solitary landscape;

and its beauties are never revealed, but to him who strays, in calm contemplation, by its course, and follows its wanderings with undistracted and unimpatient admiration. There is a reason, too, for all this, which may be made more plain than by metaphors.

The highest delight which poetry produces, does not arise from the mere passive perception of the images or sentiments which it presents to the mind, but from the excitement which is given to its own eternal activity, and the character which is impressed on the train of its spontaneous conceptions. Even the dullest reader generally sees more than is directly presented to him by the poet; but a lover of poetry always sees infinitely more; and is often indebted to his author for little more than an impulse, or the key-note of a melody, which his fancy makes out for itself. Thus, the effect of poetry depends more on the *fruitfulness* of the impressions to which it gives rise, than on their own individual force or novelty; and the writers who possess the greatest powers of fascination, are not those who present us with the greatest number of lively images or lofty sentiments, but who most successfully impart their own impulse to the current of our thoughts and feelings, and give the colour of their brighter conceptions to those which they excite in us. Now, upon a little consideration, it will probably appear, that the dazzling, and the busy and marvellous scenes which constitute the whole charm of some poems, are not so well calculated to produce this effect, as those more intelligible delineations which are borrowed from ordinary life, and coloured from familiar affections. The object is, to awaken in our minds a train of kindred emotions, and to excite our imaginations to work out for themselves a tissue of pleasing or impressive conceptions. But it seems obvious, that this is more likely to be accomplished by surrounding us gradually with those objects, and involving us in those situations with which we have long been accustomed to associate the feelings of the poet,—than by startling us with some tale of wonder, or attempting to engage our affections for personages, of whose character and condition we are little able to form any conception. These, indeed, are more sure than the other to produce a momentary sensation, by the novelty and exaggeration with which they are commonly attended; but their power is spent at the first impulse; they do not strike root and germinate in the mind, like the seeds of its native feelings; nor propagate throughout the imagination that long series of delightful movements, which is only excited when the song of the poet is the echo of our familiar feelings.

It appears to us, therefore, that by far the most powerful and enchanting poetry is that which depends for its effect upon the just representation of common feelings and common situations, and not on the strangeness of its incidents, or the novelty or exotic splendor of its scenes and characters. The difficulty is, no doubt, to give the requisite force, elegance, and dignity, to these ordinary subjects, and to win a way for them to the heart, by that true and concise expression of natural emotion, which is among the rarest gifts of inspiration. To accomplish this, the poet must do much; and the reader something. The one must practise enchantment, and the other submit to it. The one must purify his conceptions from all that is low or artificial, and the other must lend himself gently to the impression, and refrain from disturbing it by any movement of worldly vanity, derision, or hardheartedness. In an advanced state of society, the expression of simple emotion is so obstructed by ceremony, or so distorted by affectation; that though the sentiment itself be still familiar to the greater part of mankind, the

verbal representation of it is a task of the utmost difficulty. One set of writers, accordingly, finding the whole language of men and women too sophisticated for this purpose, have been obliged to go to the nursery for a more suitable phraseology ; another has adopted the style of courtly Arcadians ; and a third, that of mere Bedlamites. So much more difficult is it to express natural feelings, than to narrate battles, or describe prodigies !

But even when the poet has done his part, there are many causes which may obstruct his immediate popularity. In the first place, it requires a certain degree of sensibility to perceive his merit. There are thousands of people who can admire a florid description, or be amused with a wonderful story, to whom a pathetic poem is quite unintelligible. In the second place, it requires a certain degree of leisure and tranquillity. A picturesque stanza may be well enough relished while the reader is getting his hair combed ; but a scene of tenderness or emotion will not do for the corner of a crowded drawingroom. Finally, it requires a certain degree of courage to proclaim the merits of such a writer. Those who feel the most deeply, are most given to disguise their feelings ; and derision is never so agonizing as when it pounces on the wanderings of misguided sensibility. Considering the habits of the age in which we live, therefore, and the fashion, which, though not immutable, has for some time run steadily in an opposite direction, we should not be much surprised if a poem, whose chief merit consisted in its pathos, and in the softness and exquisite tenderness of its representations of domestic life and romantic seclusion, should meet with less encouragement than it deserves. If the volume before us were the work of an unknown writer, indeed, we should feel no little apprehension about its success ; but Mr. Campbell's name has power, we are persuaded, to insure a very partial and a very general attention to whatever it accompanies, and, we would fain hope, influence enough to reclaim the public taste to a juster standard of excellence. The success of his former work, indeed, goes far to remove our anxiety for the fortune of this. It contained, perhaps, more brilliant and bold passages than are to be found in the poem before us ; but it was inferior, we think, in softness and beauty ; and, being necessarily of a more desultory and didactic character, had far less pathos and interest than this very simple tale. Those who admired the Pleasures of Hope for the passage about Brama and Kosciusko, may, perhaps, be somewhat disappointed with the gentler tone of Gertrude ; but those who loved that charming work for its pictures of infancy and of maternal and conjugal love, may read on here with the assurance of a still higher gratification.

The story is of very little consequence in a poem of this description ; and it is here, as we have just hinted, extremely short and simple. Albert, an English gentleman of high character and accomplishment, had emigrated to Pennsylvania about the year 1740, and occupied himself, after his wife's death, in doing good to his neighbours, and in educating his infant child, Gertrude. He had fixed himself in the pleasant township of Wyoming, on the banks of the Susquehanna ; a situation which, at that time, might have passed for an earthly paradise, with very little aid from poetical embellishment. The beauty and fertility of the country,—the simple and unlabourious plenty which reigned among the scattered inhabitants,—but, above all, the singular purity and innocence of their manners, and the tranquil and unenvious equa-

lity in which they passed their days, form altogether a scene, on which the eye of philanthropy is never wearied with gazing, and to which, perhaps, no parallel can be found in the annals of the fallen world. The heart turns with delight from the feverish scenes of European history, to the sweet repose of this true Atlantis; but sinks to reflect, that though its reality may still be attested by surviving witnesses, no such spot is *now* left, on the whole face of the earth, as a refuge from corruption and misery!

The poem opens with a fine description of this enchanting retirement. One calm summer morn, a friendly Indian arrives in his canoe, bringing with him a fair boy, who, with his mother, were the sole survivors of an English garrison which had been stormed by a hostile tribe. The dying mother had commended her boy to the care of her wild deliverers; and their chief, in obedience to her solemn bequest, now delivers him into the hands of the most respected of the adjoining settlers. Albert recognizes the unhappy orphan as the son of a beloved friend; and rears young Henry Waldegrave as the happy playmate of Gertrude, and sharer with her in the joys of their romantic solitude, and the lessons of their venerable instructor. When he is scarcely entered upon manhood, Henry is sent for by his friends in England, and roams over Europe in search of improvement for eight or nine years,—while the quiet hours are sliding over the father and daughter in the unbroken tranquillity of their Pennsylvanian retreat. At last, Henry, whose heart had found no resting place in all the world besides, returns in all the mature graces of manhood, and marries his beloved Gertrude. Then there is bliss beyond all that is blissful on earth,—and more feelingly described than mere genius can ever hope to describe anything. But the war of emancipation begins; and the dream of love and enjoyment is broken by alarms and dismal forebodings. While they are sitting one evening enjoying those tranquil delights, now more endeared by the fears which gather around them, an aged Indian rushes into their habitation, and, after disclosing himself for Henry's ancient guide and preserver, informs them, that a hostile tribe, which had exterminated his whole family, is on its march towards their devoted dwellings. With considerable difficulty they effect their escape to a fort at some distance in the woods; and at sunrise, Gertrude, and her father and husband, look from its battlements over the scene of desolation which the murderous Indian had spread over the pleasant groves and gardens of Wyoming. While they are standing wrapt in this sad contemplation, an Indian marksman fires a mortal shot from his ambush at Albert; and as Gertrude clasps him in agony to her heart, another discharge lays her bleeding at his side. She then takes farewell of her husband in a speech more sweetly pathetic than anything ever written in rhyme. Henry prostrates himself on her grave in convulsed and speechless agony; and his Indian deliverer, throwing his mantle over him, watches by him awhile in gloomy silence; and at last addresses him in a sort of wild and energetic descant, exciting him, by his example, to be revenged and to die. The poem closes with this vehement and impassioned exhortation.

Before proceeding to lay any part of the poem itself before our readers, we should try to give them some idea of that delightful harmony of colouring and of expression, which serves to unite every part of it for the production of one effect, and to make the description, narrative and reflections, conspire to breathe over the whole a certain air of pure and tender enchantment, which is not once dispelled, through the

whole length of the poem, by the intrusion of any discordant impression. All that we can now do, however, is, to tell them that this was its effect upon our feelings ; and to give them their chance of partaking in it, by a pretty copious selection of extracts.

The descriptive stanzas in the beginning, which set out with an invocation to Wyoming, though in some places a little obscure and over-laboured, are, to our taste, very soft and beautiful.

On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming,
Although the wildflower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore !

It was beneath thy skies that but to prune
His autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe,
Perchance, along thy river calm at noon
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
Their timbrel, in the dance of forests brown
When lovely maidens prankt in flowret new ;
And aye, those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men,
While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer archt his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard but in transatlantic story rung, &c.

The account of the German, Spanish, Scottish, and English settlers, and of the patriarchal harmony in which they were all united, is likewise given with great spirit and brevity ; as well as the portrait of the venerable Albert, their own elected judge and adviser. A sudden transition is then made to Gertrude.

Young innocent ! on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smil'd,
Or blest his noonday walk—She was his only child.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—
What though these shades had seen her birth, &c.

After mentioning that she was left the only child of her mother, the author goes on in these sweet verses.

A lov'd bequest! and I may half impart—
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
Uprose that living flow'r beneath his eye,
Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew from pleasing day to day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,
Or how sweet fairy-love he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind);
All uncompanion'd else her years had gone
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer shone.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bow'r, &c.

This is the guide and preserver of young Henry Waldegrave; who is somewhat fantastically described as appearing

Led by his dusky guide, like Morning brought by Night.

The Indian tells his story with great animation—the storming and blowing up of the English fort—and the tardy arrival of his friendly and avenging warriors. They found all the soldiers slaughtered.

And from the tree we with her child unbound
A lonely mother of the christian land—
Her lord—the captain of the British band—
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay;
Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand;
Upon her child she sobb'd, and swoon'd away;
Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the christians pray.

Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm, and sweet sagamité;
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore;
And take, she said, this token far away
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he behold's the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

Albert recognizes the child of his murdered friend with great emotion; which the Indian witnesses with characteristic and picturesque composure.

Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy;

As monumental bronze unchanged his look ;
 A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook :
 Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
 The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
 Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
 A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.—

This warrior, however, is not without high feelings and tender affections.

He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe :
 And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
 Or laced his moccasins, in act to go,
 A song of parting to the boy he sung,
 Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue.

Sleep, wearied one ! and in the dreaming land
 Shouldst thou the spirit of thy mother greet,
 Oh ! say, tomorrow, that the white man's hand
 Hath pluckt the thorns of sorrow from thy feet ;
 While I in lonely wilderness shall meet
 Thy little foot prints—or by traces know
 The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
 To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
 And pour'd the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain roe.

Adieu ! sweet scion of the rising sun !

The second part opens with a fine description of Albert's sequestered dwelling. It reminds us of that enchanted landscape in which Thomson has embosomed his Castle of Indolence. We can make room only for the first stanza.

A valley from the river shore withdrawn
 Was Albert's home two quiet woods between,
 Whose lofty verdure overlookt his lawn ;
 And waters to their resting place serene
 Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene :
 A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves.
 So sweet a spot of earth, you might, I ween,
 Have guess'd some congregation of the elves
 To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

The effect of this seclusion on Gertrude is beautifully represented.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
 On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
 Inspir'd those eyes affectionate and glad,
 That seem'd to love whate'er they lookt upon ;
 Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
 Or if a shade more pleasing them o'er-cast,
 As if for heavenly musing meant alone ;
 Yet so becomingly the expression past,
 That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

Nor, guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
 With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
 And fields that were a luxury to roam,

Lost on the soul that lookt from such a face !
 Enthusiast of the woods ! when years apace
 Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
 The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
 To hills with high magnolia overgrown ;
 And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

The morning scenery, too, is touched with a delicate and masterly hand.

While yet the wild deer trode in spangling dew,
 While boatman caroll'd to the fresh-blown air,
 And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
 And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

The reader is left rather too much in the dark as to Henry's departure for Europe ;—nor, indeed, are we apprised of his absence, till we come to the scene of his unexpected return. Gertrude was used to spend the hot part of the day in reading in a lonely rocky recess in those safe woods; which is described with Mr. Campbell's usual felicity.

— Rocks sublime

To human art a sportive semblance wore ;
 And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
 Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed by time.

But high, in amphitheatre above,
 His arms the everlasting aloes threw ;
 Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the grove
 As if with instinct living spirit grew,
 Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue ;
 And now suspended was the pleasing din,
 Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
 Like the first note of organ heard within
 Cathedral aisles—ere yet its symphony begin.

In this retreat, which is represented as so solitary, that, except her own,

— Scarce an ear had heard

The stock-dove plaining through its gloom profound,
 Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,
 Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round.

—a stranger of lofty port and gentle manners surprises her, and is conducted to her father. They enter into conversation on the subject of his travels.

And much they lov'd his fervid strain—
 While he each fair variety retrac'd
 Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main :
 Now happy Switzer's hills, romantic Spain,
 Gay lillied fields of France, or, more refin'd,
 The soft Ausonia's monumental reign ;
 Nor less each rural image he design'd,
 Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws ;
 Of Nature's savage glories he would speak ;
 The loneliness of earth that overawes ;

Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
 The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
 Nor voice nor living motion marks around ;
 But storks that to the boundless forest shriek ;
 Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,
 That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

Albert, at last, bethinks him of inquiring after his stray ward young Henry, and entertains his guest with a short summary of his history.

His face the wand'rer hid ; but could not hide
 A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell ;
 " And speak, mysterious stranger !" (Gertrude cried)
 " It is !—it is !—I knew—I knew him well !
 "'Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell !"
 A burst of joy the father's lips declare ;
 But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell :
 At once his open arms embrac'd the pair ;
 Was never group more blest, in this wide world of care.

'The burst of their joy and artless love is represented with all the fine colours of truth and poetry ; but we cannot now make room for it. The second part ends with this stanza.

Then would that home admit them—happier far
 Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon ;
 While, here and there, a solitary star
 Flush'd in the dark'ning firmament of June ;
 And silence brought the soul felt hour, full soon,
 Ineffable—which I may not portray ;
 For never did the Hymenean moon
 A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
 In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

The last part sets out with a soft but spirited sketch of their short-lived felicity.

Three little moons, how short, amid the grove,
 And pastoral savannas they consume !
 While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
 Delights in fancifully wild costume,
 Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume ;
 And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare ;
 But not to chase the deer in forest gloom ;
 'Tis but the breath of heav'n—the bless'd air,
 And interchange of hearts, unknown, unseen to share.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
 Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing ;
 Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
 To death those gentle throats that wake the spring ;
 Or writhing from the brook its victim bring ?
 No ! nor let fear one little warbler rouse ;
 But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
 Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
 That shade even now her love, and witness'd first her vows.

The transition to the melancholy part of the story is introduced with great tenderness and dignity.

But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth !
 The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below !
 And must I change my song ? and must I show,
 Sweet Wyoming ! the day, when thou wert doom'd,
 Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low !
 When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
 Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloom'd.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
 When transatlantic liberty arose,
 Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heaven,
 But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes :
 Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes,
 Her birth star was the light of burning plains ;
 Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
 From kindred hearts, the blood of British veins,
 And Famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

Gertrude's alarm and dejection at the prospect of hostilities are well described.

"O, meet not thou," she cries, "thy kindred foe!
 "But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand," &c.

—as well as the arguments and generous sentiments by which her husband labours to reconcile her to a necessary evil. The nocturnal irruption of the old Indian is given with great spirit :—age and misery had so changed his appearance, that he was not at first recognized by any of the party.

And hast thou then forgot, he cried forlorn,
 And eyed the group with half indignant air,
 Oh ! hast thou, christian chief, forgot the morn
 When I with thee the cup of peace did share ?
 Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
 That now is white as Appalachia's snow ;
 But if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
 And age hath bow'd me, and the torturing foe,
 Bring me my boy, and he will his deliverer know !

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
 Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew :
 Bless thee, my guide !—but, backward as he came,
 The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
 And grasp'd his arm, and lookt and lookt him through.
 'Twas strange ; nor could the group a smile control ;
 The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view :
 At last delight o'er all his features stole,
 It is, my own, he cried, and claspt him to his soul.

Yes ! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
 The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
 When spite of woods, and floods, and ambusht men,
 I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
 Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack ;
 Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I fear'd,
 For I was strong as mountain cataract :
 And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd
 Upon the last hill-top, when whitemen's huts appear'd ?

After warning them of the approach of their terrible foe, the conflagration is seen, and the whoops and scattering shot of the enemy heard at a distance. The motley militia of the neighbourhood flock to the defence of Albert: the effect of their shouts and music on the old Indian is fine and striking.

Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle song,
And beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts.

Nor is the contrast of this savage enthusiasm with the venerable composure of Albert, less beautifully represented.

Calm, opposite, the christian father rose ;
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws ;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncover'd crowd to silence sways ;
While, though the battle flash is faster driven,
Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to heaven,
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

They then speed their night march to the distant fort, whose wedged ravelins and redoubts

Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green,

and look back from its lofty height on the desolated scenes around them. We will not separate, nor apologise for the length of the fine passage that follows ; which alone, we think might justify all we have said in praise of the poem.

A scene of death ! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms and white pavilions glow ;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow.
There, sad spectatress of her country's wo !
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclos'd, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild alarm !

But short that contemplation, sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu !
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn and banners flew.
Ah ! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near ? yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,
Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush'd foeman's eye, his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert, falls ! the dear old father bleeds !

And tranc'd in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd ;
Yet while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops ? Oh God ! the life-blood is her own ;

And falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown.
Weep not, O Love ! she cries, to see me bleed :
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone ;
Heaven's peace commiserate ; for scarce I heed
These wounds ;—yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed

Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;
And, when this heart has ceas'd to beat—oh (think, . . .)
And let it mitigate thy wo's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust !

Go, Henry, go not back when I depart ;
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heav'n ; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last ?
No, I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge ; but shall there then be none
In future times, no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me !
Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love ! to die beholding thee !

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips ! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die ! and still his hand .
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah heart ! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.

The funeral is hurried over with pathetic brevity ; and the desolated and all-enduring Indian brought in again with peculiar beauty.

Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd :
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-lov'd shroud,
While woman's softer soul in wo dissolv'd aloud.
Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth.
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth. Him watch'd in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide ; but words had none to sooth
The grief that knew not consolation's name :
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,

He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

After some time spent in this mute and awful pause, this stern and heart-struck comforter breaks out into the following touching and energetic address, with which the poem closes, with great spirit and abruptness.

'And I could weep;' the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus began:
'But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son!
Or bow this head in wo;
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

'But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep;
Nor will the christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!—

'To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?—
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers!
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!—
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!—
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff;
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!

But hark, the tramp!— to-morrow thou
In glory's fire shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now

My father's awful ghost appears;
 Amidst the clouds that round us roll,
 He bids my soul for battle thirst—
 He bids me dry the last—the first—
 The only tears that ever burst—
 From Outalissi's soul;—
 Because I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of an Indian chief'

It is needless, after these extracts, to enlarge upon the beauties of this poem. They consist chiefly in the feeling and tenderness of the whole delineation, and the taste and delicacy with which all the subordinate parts are made to contribute to the general effect. Before dismissing it, however, we must say a little of its faults, which are sufficiently obvious and undeniable. In the first place, the narrative is extremely obscure and imperfect; and has greater blanks in it than could be tolerated even in lyric poetry. We hear absolutely nothing of Henry, from the day the Indian first brings him from the back country, till he returns from Europe fifteen years thereafter. It is likewise a great oversight in Mr. Campbell to separate his lovers, when only *twelve* years of age: a period at which it is utterly inconceivable that any permanent attachment could have been formed. The greatest fault, however, of the work, is the occasional constraint and obscurity of the diction, proceeding apparently from too laborious an effort at emphasis or condensation. The metal seems in several places to have been so much overworked, as to have lost not only its ductility, but its lustre; and, while there are passages which can scarcely be at all understood after the most careful consideration, there are others which have an air so elaborate and artificial, as to destroy all appearance of nature in the sentiment. Our readers may have remarked something of this sort in the first extracts with which we presented them; but there are specimens still more exceptionable. In order to inform us that Albert had lost his wife, Mr. Campbell is pleased to say, that

— Fate had reft his mutual heart;

and in order to tell us something else—though what, we are utterly unable to conjecture—he concludes a stanza on the delights of mutual love, with these three lines,

Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!
 Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
 Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

The whole twenty-second stanza of the first part is extremely incorrect;—the three concluding lines are almost unintelligible.

But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?
 And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,
 In woes, that ev'n the tribe of deserts was thy friend!

If Mr. Campbell had duly considered the primary necessity of perspicuity,—especially in compositions which aim only at pleasing,—we are persuaded that he would never have left these and some other passages in so very questionable a state. There is still a good deal for him to do, indeed, in a new edition: and working—as he must work—in the true spirit and pattern of what is before him, we hope he will yet be induced to make considerable additions to a work, which will please

those most who are most worthy to be pleased, and always seem most beautiful to those who give it the greatest share of their attention.

Of the smaller pieces which fill up the volume, we have scarce left ourselves room to say anything. The greater part of them have been printed before; and there are probably few readers of English poetry who are not already familiar with the *Lochiel* and the *Hohinlinden*—the one by far the most spirited and poetical denunciation of war since the days of *Cassandra*; the other the only representation of a modern battle, which possesses either interest or sublimity. The song to 'The Mariners of England,' is also very generally known. It is a splendid instance of the most magnificent diction adapted to a familiar and even trivial metre. Nothing can be finer than the first and the last stanzas.

Ye mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle, and the breeze !
Your glorious standard lanch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep, &c.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceas'd to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

'The battle of the Baltic,' though we think it has been printed before, is much less known. Though written in a strange, and we think an unfortunate metre, it has great force and grandeur, both of conception and expression—that sort of force and grandeur which results from the simple and concise expression of great events and natural emotions, altogether unassisted by any splendor or amplification of expression. The characteristic merit, indeed, both of this piece and of *Hohinlinden*, is, that, by the forcible delineation of one or two great circumstances, they give a clear and most energetic representation of events as complicated as they are impressive,—and thus impress the mind of the reader with all the terror and sublimity of the subject, while they rescue him from the fatigue and perplexity of its details. Nothing, in our judgment, can be more impressive than the following very short and simple description of the British fleet bearing up to close action.

As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

The description of the battle itself (though it begins with a tremendous line) is in the same spirit of homely sublimity; and worth a thousand stanzas of thunder, shrieks, shouts, tridents, and heroes.

"Hearts of oak," our captains cried ! when each gun

From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :
Then cease, and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

There are two little ballad pieces, published for the first time, in this collection, which have both very considerable merit, and afford a favourable specimen of Mr. Campbell's powers in this new line of exertion. The longest is the most beautiful ; but we give our readers the shortest, because we can give it entire.

O heard you yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;
And her sire, and the people, are called to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourn'd not aloud :
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around :
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar ;
Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn :
" Why speak ye no word ? " said Glenara the stern.

" And tell me, I charge you ! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ? "
So spake the rude chieftain : no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

" I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud,
" And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem ;
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! "

O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen ;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn :

" I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief ;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ;
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! "

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

We close this volume, on the whole, with feelings of regret for its shortness, and of admiration for the genius of its author. There are but two noble sorts of poetry,—the pathetic and the sublime; and we think he has given very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both. There is something, too, we will venture to add, in the style of many of his conceptions, which irresistibly impresses us with conviction, that he can do much greater things than he has hitherto accomplished; and leads us to regard him, even yet, as a poet of still greater promise than performance. It seems to us, as if the natural force and boldness of his ideas were habitually checked by a certain fastidious timidity, and an anxiety about the minor graces of correct and chastened composition. Certain it is, at least, that his greatest and most lofty flights have been made in those smaller pieces, about which, it is natural to think, he must have felt least solicitude; and that he has succeeded most splendidly where he must have been most free from the fear of failure. We wish any praises or exhortations of ours had the power to give him confidence in his own great talents; and hope earnestly, that he will now meet with such encouragement, as may set him above all restraints that proceed from apprehension, and induce him to give free scope to that genius, of which we are persuaded that the world has hitherto seen rather the grace than the richness.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE enthusiasm, with which the pure mind of a zealous FRIEND is fired, is worthy of the goodness of his heart, the liberality of his views, and the magnitude of his cause. Well may he exclaim, in a burst of *legitimate* passion and *honest* pride,

Thou, if there be a Thou in this great town,
 Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
 He, who with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd,
 With Zeal and equal Indignation fir'd,
 Who at ENORMOUS VILLAINY TURNS PALE,
 And STEERS AGAINST IT WITH A FULL-BLOWN SAIL;
 Like Aristophanes, let him but smile
 On this my honest work, though plain the style;
 And if two lines, or three, in all my strain,
 Appear less drossy, read those lines again.
 May they perform their author's just intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
 But from the reading of my book, and me,
 Be far, ye foes to virtuous Poverty,

Who *Fortune's* fault upon the poor can throw,
Point to the faded coat, and sullied shoe,
Lay Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The *dim, weak eyesight*, WHEN THE MIND IS CLEAR.

To Dr. HOSACK, of New-York, we tender our acknowledgments for his anecdotal letter. We shall be glad to hear from this gentleman, on topics either literary, or scientific, as often as the cares of his salutary and benevolent profession will give him leave. We have enjoyed numerous opportunities of remarking, that he, who has had the enviable privilege of an intimacy with the scholars of Edinburg, that *hot-bed of literature*, leaves that glorious society, with a mind deeply tinged with the colours of genius at once bright and lasting.

It is not only hoped, but believed, that every man of correct Judgment and delicate Taste will approve of our plan to avail ourselves, *occasionally*, of the wisdom *that is without*.

Although from the number of our communications the Editor would find little difficulty in filling all his pages with original matter; yet this, however easy to him, would, in many cases, be little to the advantage of his readers. It has appeared more eligible to insert only such as possessed superior merit in point of subject, or manner, and, instead of refuse, or ordinary composition, to introduce *interesting extracts* from *rare* or *valuable* books, not accessible to the generality of our readers; and particularly translations from authors in foreign languages, which have not appeared in an English dress. From connexions, which have been recently established, it is hoped we shall be able greatly to enlarge our command of foreign works for this latter purpose. Almost all of the *ephemeral* productions of the English press are our closet companions, and a large proportion of literary and philosophical productions, *upon a larger scale*, is by no means inaccessible to our curiosity. In the multitude of these pages, whether light or serious, a diligent reader will discover numerous passages either brilliant, or solid, which, from their rarity, originality, use, or beauty, deserve a faithful transcription into this miscellany. A shallow or imperfect essay, merely because the rickety bantling was born *on this side of the Atlantic*, shall never supersede the hardy and graceful offspring of LEARNING, IMPREGNATED BY GENIUS. Domestic talents, and domestic industry, shall always be fondly fostered; but we shall always keep wide open the doors of communication, for the admission of wisdom from every part of the world.

Of the various and elegant essays we have received with gratitude and inserted with alacrity since the establishment of this magazine,

few have arrested our attention more strongly than a very subtle speculation with which we were recently favoured, on the character of Hamlet. We are fully of the author's opinion, which he has supported with the solidity of argument and decorated with the ornaments of style. There is a passage in one of the letters of an eminent critic and polite scholar, so pertinent to our correspondent's theory and so coincident with our own sentiments, that we will copy it as a just tribute to the poet, the player, the common feelings of our nature, and the rights of good sense.

It is in vain to indulge one's self in unavailing complaints, otherwise I could rail by the hour at dame Fortune for placing me beyond the reach of GARRICK, that arch magician, as Horace would have called him. I well remember, and I think can never forget, how he once affected me in Macbeth, and *made me almost throw myself over the front seat of the two shilling gallery.* I wish I had another opportunity of risking my neck and nerves in the same cause. To fall by the hands of Garrick and Shakspeare, would enoble my memory to all generations. To be serious, if all actors were like this one, I do not think it would be possible for a person of sensibility to outlive the representation of Hamlet, Lear, or Macbeth: which, by the bye, seems to suggest a reason for that mixture of comedy and tragedy of which our great poet was so fond, and which the *Frenchified* critics think such an intolerable outrage both against nature and decency. Against nature it is no outrage at all: the inferior officers of a court know little of what passes among kings and statesmen; and may be very merry when their superiors are very sad, and if so, the porter's soliloquy in Macbeth may be a very just imitation of nature. I can never accuse of indecency the man, who by the introduction of a little unexpected merriment, saves me from a disordered head, or a broken heart. If Shakspeare knew his own powers, he must have seen the necessity of tempering his tragic rage by a mixture of comic ridicule; otherwise there was some danger of his running into greater extremes than deer stealing, by sporting with the lives of all the people of taste in these realms. Other playwrights must conduct their approaches to the human heart, with the utmost circumspection, a single false step may make them lose a great deal of ground; but Shakspeare made his way to it at once, and could make his audience burst their sides this moment and break their hearts the next. I have often seen Hamlet performed by the *underlings of the theatre*, but *none of these seemed to understand what they were about.* Hamlet's character, though *perfectly natural*, is *so very uncommon*, that few, even of our critics, can enter into it. Sorrow, indignation, revenge, and *consciousness of his own irresolution*, tear his heart; the peculiarity of his circumstances often obliges him to counterfeit madness, and the storm of passions within him often *drives him to the verge of real madness.* This produces a situation so interesting, and a conduct so complicated, as none but Shakspeare could have the courage to describe, or even invent, and none but Garrick will ever be able to exhibit.

The irregularities of the muse of M. are remarkably characteristic, but our friend need not be surprised at this wildness, for without it the Wit were nothing.

Need I to thee, dear C—n, tell?
He loves the license all too well,
In sound, now lowly, and now strong,
To raise THE DESULTORY SONG.

The versatility of B. is like that of Sir Sidney Smith,

Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The sword, the bridle, or the oar.

The character of a British officer reminds us of a pictureque passage in Marmion:

Although with men of high degree
The *proudest of the proud* was he,
Yet, train'd to camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey
Boistrous as March, yet *fresh as May*,
With *open hand and brow as free*,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy,
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As virtuous in a lady's bower;
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

It affords the Editor the most signal satisfaction to have an opportunity of applying, with a few variations, the following spirited passage from the works of SIR WILLIAM JONES, when speaking of the early efforts of a literary society in *Asia*. What he said, with so much pertinence in the *East*, will, we ardently hope, be fully realized in the *West*.

When I consider, with pain, that, in this fluctuating, imperfect, and limited condition of life, such inquiries and improvements can only be made by the UNITED EFFORTS OF MANY, who are not easily brought, without some pressing inducement, or strong impulse, to CONVERGE IN A COMMON POINT, I console myself with the hope, founded on opinions, which it may have the appearance of flattery to mention, that if such a union can be effected, it must be in the capital of my country, among gentlemen and scholars with whom I have the pleasure of being intimately acquainted.

This hope has been already realized. The individuals alluded to, have with admirable alacrity and spirit, laid the foundations of a society for purposes the

most liberal. I may, perhaps, confidently foretell that an institution, so likely to afford entertainment and convey knowledge to mankind, will advance to maturity by *slow, yet certain degrees*; as the Royal Society, which, at first, was only a meeting of a *few literary friends at Oxford*, rose gradually to that **SPLENDID ZENITH**, at which a *Halley* was their Secretary and a *Newton* their President.

“A Medical Student,” who proposes to discuss in an inaugural dissertation the properties of Opium, has done us the honour to task our memory for an appropriate motto from some classical writer, which should indicate the tranquilizing power of the blest *nepenthe* of the Turks. We at first thought of the *dulce lenimen laborum* of HORACE; but, on reflection, that very terse and beautiful phrase did not appear sufficiently comprehensive; the Faculty of remembrance then instantly flew to VIRGIL’S

Omnis curæ casusque levamen;

as we are persuaded that this is a just eulogium of the virtues of the poppy, we offer it to our docile correspondent, and let the critics amend if they can.

We are not ignorant of the remarkable *ingenuousness*, not only of countenance but of character, to which our correspondent alludes. Dryden has described such a youth incomparably well:

— Nature too has nobly done her part,
Infus’d into his soul a noble grace,
And blush’d a modest blood into his face.

“Mira” is a perfect jilt, and the creature is aptly described, by one well acquainted with such an arrant coquet:

Her comet eyes she darts on every grace,
And takes a liking to each stripling’s face.

The talents of Z. are too imperfect to accomplish the work he has designed. His poetry is something like prose, and his prose is engaged in a very criminal alliance with poetry. His composition is not only careless, but his manner is rude.

Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown.

To our great mortification and discontent, the *myriad* of bad poets is continually advancing, and they threaten to overrun all the territories of good sense. Against these vandals we are obliged to set in array

all the light troops of ridicule. A friend at our elbow reminds us of the self-sufficiency of these wittings in the following couplet:

Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring,
You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

After carefully sorting and inspecting our files of literary and scientific papers, we find a great proportion of them which is of a very meritorious character. The *instant* insertion of many essays, even of this description, we are often reluctantly compelled to postpone. We would, however, by way of balm and consolation to the impatience of the irritable poet, and the anxious author, suggest, that *mere postponement* is one thing, and absolute rejection another. In *the fulness of time*, certain of our correspondents will perceive that we have not wantonly, or injuriously neglected them. Men should reflect that we have many claims to adjust, many departments to fill, many tastes to please, and many criticisms to deprecate. We may not, blamelessly overload any one title in *The Port Folio* with superfluous matter, however wise, or elegant, however sublime, or beautiful. Besides, such is too frequently the indolence of men of letters in America, that they delay the transmission of a communication to the *last moment*, and then, most unreasonably, expect that, in perfect mockery of all the rules of business, and to the utter confusion of the printer, the darling essay should appear immediately!

Thus far, with all possible gentleness, have we made our valid apology to others. *Sed paulo majora canamus*. We must now speak in somewhat of a higher mood of our own rights and duty.

An Editor of a Journal, of a plan so liberal and comprehensive as *The Port Folio*, is placed in an exceedingly critical, delicate, and responsible situation. If, with the pliability of the yielding *CASSIO*, he has not the fortitude often to say *no*, if not sturdily, at least resolutely, he may possibly for a season, please very young boys, or very old women, but we would not give a pin's fee for the reputation of his labours in the opinion of any *man* of common sense, or critical discernment. An Editor of a periodical work, which aspires to any consideration in the republic of letters, is commonly elected to his place, by the good opinion of his fellow-citizens, who have some confidence in his experience, judgment, and general powers. Inducted into his office, he must be the *sole executive*, and though he must never be a *despot*, yet the general good requires him not only to act with energy, but with a lofty sense of the vastness of his trust. The casting vote is often his, and he must often determine, and pretty absolutely too, *in the last resort*. Without this sort of power, and this right of judgment, any man, however endowed, is but the outside, the outline, the shadow, the mockery

of an Editor. In short, though an individual, thus circumstanced, should never absurdly and arrogantly use the language of the classical boaster, *Stat, pro ratione voluntas*, yet the *Sic volo, sic jubeo* of Juvenal, must be his general motto.

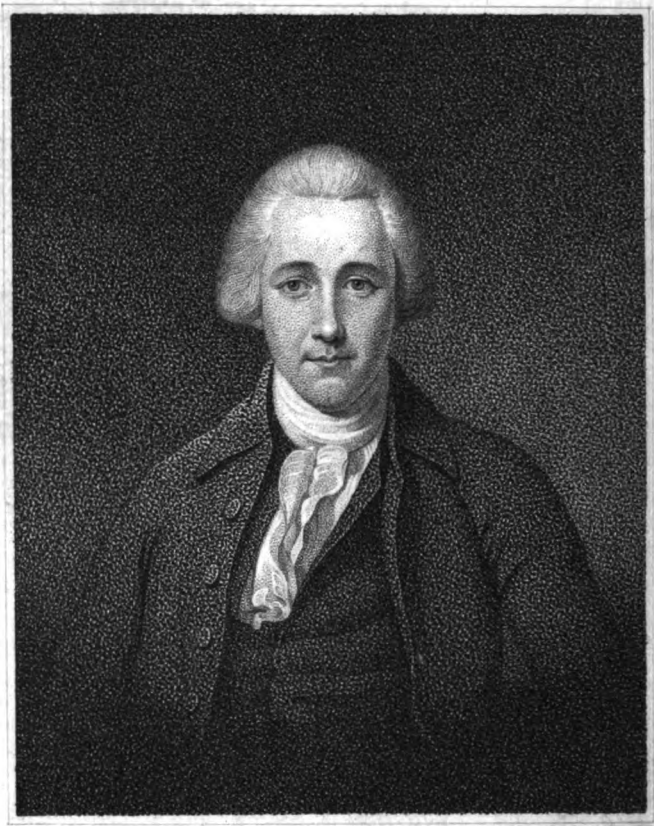
Many beautiful pieces of poetry will presently sparkle like so many gems in the eyes of many a literary virtuoso. The exhibition of these rarities is merely delayed, not forgotten.

Our patrons must not reproach us too sharply for the paucity of original pieces in this miscellany, nor acrimoniously revile the *Club* for lack of Genius, or lack of Learning. It must be constantly remembered that in America, the legitimate family of literature is extremely small; and we may, with a few variations, apply to our own country, what SIR WILLIAM JONES once said of another:

A mere man of letters, retired from the world, and allotting his whole time to philosophical and literary pursuits, is a character almost wholly unknown in the United States of America, where every individual is a man of business, and constantly occupied either in the affairs of government, in the administration of justice, in some departments of revenue or commerce, or in one of the liberal professions; very few hours, therefore, in the day or night, can be reserved for any study, THAT HAS NO IMMEDIATE CONNEXION WITH BUSINESS AND GAIN, even by those, who are most habituated to mental application. All employments, however, in all countries, afford some intervals of leisure; and there is an active spirit in some minds, which no climate or situation in life can wholly repress, which justifies the ancient notion that a change of toil is a species of repose, and which seems to consider nothing done or learned, while any thing remains unperformed, or unknown.

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum.

PRINTED FOR BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, NO. 4, SOUTH THIRD-
STREET, BY SMITH AND MAXWELL.



Edwin sc.

WILLIAM BRADFORD ESQ.^r

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty may be indulg'd.

Vol. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1809.

No. 3.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WILLIAM BRADFORD, an American lawyer of eminence, was born in Philadelphia, September 14th, 1755, and was placed early under the particular care of a very respectable and worthy clergyman a few miles from this city, from whom he received the rudiments of an education which was afterwards improved to the greatest advantage, and under the tuition of this excellent preceptor he remained, with little interruption, until he was fit to enter college. It was at this time that his father had formed a plan of keeping him at home, and of bringing him up in the insurance office which he then conducted, but so strong was the love of learning implanted in the young mind of his son, that neither persuasion, nor offers of pecuniary advantage, could prevail with him to abandon the hopes of a liberal education, and he voluntarily offered to resign every expectation of the former from his father to obtain the advantages of the latter, by a regular course of studies. Accordingly in the Spring of 1769, he was sent to Princeton, and entered the college of Nassau Hall, then under the direction of the late learned and pious Dr. John Witherspoon, where he continued with great benefit to himself till the fall of 1772, when he received the honours of the college by a degree of bachelor of arts, and in 1775 that of A. M. During his residence at this seminary he was greatly beloved by his fellow students, while he confirmed the expectations of his friends and the faculty of the college by giving repeated evidence of genius and taste, and at the public commencement had one of the highest honours of the class conferred upon him.

He continued at Princeton till the year following, during which time an opportunity was afforded him of attending Dr. Witherspoon's excellent lectures on theology; and, from this useful teacher he receiv-

VOL. II.

2.

ved much information and general knowledge; after which he returned to the scenes of his youth, and spent several months under the instruction of his first reverend preceptor, who strove to prepare him for future usefulness by his piety, experience, and knowledge of the world.

Thus fitted for active life, after consulting his own inclinations, and the advice of his friends, he fixed on the study of the law, which he commenced under the late honourable Edward Shippen, esq. then one of the council of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, and late chief justice of this state, where he prosecuted his studies with his usual diligence and unwearied application.

In the Spring of 1776 he was called upon, by the peculiar circumstances of the times, to exert himself in defence of the dearest rights of human nature, and to join the standard of his country, in opposition to the oppressive exactions of Britain. When the militia were called out to form the flying camp, he was chosen major of brigade to general Roberdeau, and on the expiration of his term accepted a company in colonel Hampton's regular troops, where he was soon promoted to the station of deputy muster master general, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, in which office he continued about two years, till his want of health, being of a delicate constitution, obliged him to resign his commission and return home. He now recommenced the study of the law, and in 1749 was admitted to the bar of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, where his rising character soon introduced him into an unusual share of business; and, in August 1780, only one year after he was licensed, by the recommendations of the bar, and the particular attention of his late excellency Joseph Reed, esq. then president of the state, he was appointed attorney general of the state of Pennsylvania.

In 1784 he married the daughter of Elias Boudinot of New-Jersey, counsellor at law, with whom he lived till his death in the exercise of every domestic virtue that could adorn human nature. On the reformation of the courts of justice under the new constitution of Pennsylvania, he was solicited to accept the honourable office of one of the judges of the supreme court, which, with much hesitation, he accepted, and was commissioned by his excellency governor Mifflin, August 22, 1791.

His indefatigable industry, unshaken integrity, and correct judgment, enabled him to give general satisfaction in this office, as well to the suitors as at the bar. Here he had determined to spend a considerable part of his life; but, on the attorney general of the United States being promoted to the office of secretary of state, Mr. Bradford was urged, by various public considerations, to yield to the pressure of the occasion, and accept of that office. He accordingly resigned his judge's commission and was appointed attorney general of the United States on the 26th day of January 1794. This office he held till his death,

when he was found at his post, in the midst of great usefulness, possessing, in a high degree, the confidence of the country.

Mr. Bradford's temper was mild and amiable; his manners were genteel, unassuming, modest, and conciliating. As a public speaker, his eloquence was soft, persuasive, nervous, and convincing. He understood mankind well, and knew how to place his arguments and his reasonings in the most striking point of light. His language was pure, sententious, and pleasing; and he so managed most of his forensic disputes, as scarcely ever to displease his opponents; while he gave the utmost satisfaction to his clients. His close application to the law, and the litigation of the bar, did not prevent him altogether from indulging now and then his fondness for poetry; his taste and talents for which were above the common standard, and several pieces of his composition have been published. In 1793 he published "An Inquiry how far the punishment of death is necessary in Pennsylvania." This was written at the request of his excellency governor Mifflin, and intended for the use of the legislature, in the nature of a report; they having the subject at large under their consideration. This performance justly gained him great credit, and its happy effects are manifested wherever it has been read with attention, especially in the reformation of the penal codes of several states in the Union, where the interests of humanity have, at last, prevailed over ancient and inveterate prejudices.

Mr. Bradford possessed great firmness of opinion, yet was as remarkable for his modesty and caution in delivering his sentiments. With an excellent judgment, and a quick and retentive memory, he enjoyed great equanimity of temper, was serious and steady in his general conduct, and richly endowed with genius. Of amiable deportment, and pleasing as well as instructing in conversation, he had the happy art of conciliating the affection and respect of all who knew him. He was a patriot on principle. He loved his country with the sincerest affection, and preferred her interests to every other consideration; and in a particular manner respected the general liberties of mankind at large, in all his actions. His charities were secret, but general; and none in distress were ever known to leave him with discontent. His friendships were few, but very sincere; and those who aided him in his first setting out in life, were never forgotten by him; and what added to all his other virtues, and gave a polish to all his actions, was his firm belief in the Christian system, produced by a thorough examination, and full conviction of its divine original, by the incomparable rules of which he regulated his whole conduct, and founded all his hopes of future bliss.*

* In a conversation with a friend, during a remission of his fever, a few evenings before he died, he expressed his belief in the doctrines of the gospel in very strong terms.

His death was occasioned by a severe attack of the bilious fever. He died on the 23d day of August, 1795, in the 40th year of his age, and was, according to his express desire, buried by the side of his parents in the burial ground belonging to the second Presbyterian church in Philadelphia.

A CHARGE, &c.

(Concluded from page 97.)

THE next branch of character which I shall recommend to you, is that of the Gentleman. Correctness of external deportment and urbanity of manners always conciliate respect, and command admiration. Though the acquisition of knowledge will render a man useful and valuable in society, yet it is the polish of politeness, and the captivating influence of good breeding, that charms the imagination and rules the heart.

“Knowledge,” says one of the most erudite scholars and finished gentlemen of the present age, “knowledge gives weight, but accomplishments only give lustre; and there are many more people who see, than who weigh.” And though the cultivation of the graces must, in no respect, supersede that of the sciences, yet are the former essentially necessary in the formation of a correct and well-informed character.

Nor are the qualifications requisite to justify the appellation of Gentleman confined to personal appearance and address: they apply with equal force to the faculties of the mind and the affections of the heart. Urbanity implies more than a polished exterior. A true gentleman, at the same time that he observes all the “small, sweet courtesies of life,” and excites admiration by the ease and elegance of his manners, must charm by the liberality of his sentiments, the mildness of his expressions, and the benevolence of his wishes. His modesty of demeanour will be equally opposed to arrogance and presumption, as to impertinent rudeness and awkward bashfulness. At the same time that his ease and selfcommand will lead him to accommodate himself to the company he may be in, his affability and good humour will induce his associates to admire, and compel them to esteem him.

To produce this polish, and acquire this eclat, much observation, care, and exertion are to be used. He who aspires to the character of a real gentleman must expand his mind and enlarge his views, by con-

templating the principles, habits, and manners of different nations; and must give dignity to his form, by acquiring all the fashionable ornaments of a polite education, and making himself acquainted with all the bodily exercises which invigorate the system, and gives ease and gracefulness to the carriage.

The first accomplishment which is considered as essentially necessary in the formation of a gentleman, and which is generally taught at an early period of life, is the art of Dancing. This elegant and exhilarating exercise, at the same time that it imparts health and vivacity, gives an unrestrained and graceful air in the motion of the limbs, an ease and dignity in the attitude of the body, and an impressive refinement of manner, which can be exhibited only by those who have learned

“In the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,

“Easy with care, and spritely though serene.”—*Jenyns*.

Skill in the art of Fencing, or the adroit management of the small sword, is a branch of polite education, which every gentleman should wish to acquire, not only as a means of defence against insult or injury, but also on account of that general ease of movement and gracefulness of carriage, which its exercise is peculiarly calculated to communicate. Let the actual use, however, of his dangerous weapon be altogether confined to the repelling of personal assault; but never, under *any provocation*, deliberately exercised in the savage, the impious, the murderous practice of duelling.

Horsemanship, or as it is now more correctly and technically denominated, the science of Equitation, is another useful and polite accomplishment, equally conducive to health, and, by the exercise of the muscles and limbs, to an elegant and dignified deportment of the body.

As the gentleman should evince his good sense and good breeding, by performing every thing he undertakes, however trivial, in the best manner possible, so common, so universal an exercise as that of riding should certainly not be performed in a careless or unskilful way, but according to the strictest rules of art. The polish of instruction and the judgment acquired by assiduous, previous attention, will be as evident in the mounting and management of a horse, as in the entrance of a room, or the subsequent behaviour in a polite and wellbred company. The late establishment of a riding school in this city, under the direction of a skilful and experienced master of the art, offers to you the acquisition of this useful and elegant accomplishment, in a very superior style:

Drawing, whether by copy or original design, is not only a useful, but highly ornamental qualification; a source not only of individual amusement, but often of pleasure and real benefit to others, and equally an accomplishment to the gentleman, and a means of emolument to the artist.

The ability to represent with accuracy upon paper a fine building, a lovely landscape, or even a beautiful flower, is certainly no mean attainment, and well deserves your attention as a necessary item in a liberal education.

An acquaintance with the theory of Musick, and the application of its principles to some instrument, which combines gracefulness of attitude in the performer, with agreeableness of sound, constitutes another qualification in the character of a gentleman; who should acquire and exercise the art only so far as to constitute him an amateur, possessed of sufficient taste and judgment to distinguish between a correct and expressive, and a false and feeble style of composition and of execution. The same degree of attention should be given to the principles of all of what are called the Polite Arts. To these acquirements the true gentleman will always add the most undeviating observance of pure and polished Diction in the communication of his sentiments, sedulously avoiding the introduction of quaint and proverbial sayings, of profane or indecent expressions, or of any other species of vulgarity; evincing, by the elegance of his language, the cultivation and refinement of his mind.

A similar degree of propriety will always prevail, with respect to Dress; a correct and polished character being as clearly marked thereby, as in the acquisition of accomplishments, or the communication of thought. In the habiliments of a gentleman, the extravagance of fashion, the frippery of ornament, and the vulgarity of negligence are equally avoided. A plain yet elegant attire, composed of the best materials, not only displays true taste, but sound understanding; as, on the contrary, a studious attention to personal decoration is infallibly indicative of a weak and a frivolous mind, while the opposite extreme of slovenliness as forcibly portrays a debased and corrupted one. These are the leading and essential characteristics of the real Gentleman. The minor, though not less necessary accomplishments, which tend to form that character, and enable a man

— “ With pleasing dignity to shine,
 “ At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 “ Of polish’d life !”

must be acquired by an habitual intercourse with polite, wellbred, and well-informed characters, particularly with virtuous, amiable, and ac-

accomplished Females, those sweeteners of human existence, those inspirers of gentleness, modesty, and elegant politeness, who constitute the most polished portion of the great Creator's works, being endowed with faculties peculiarly calculated to exalt, to refine, and embellish society, the mildness of whose manners soothes and softens the natural asperity of our sex; the purity of whose sentiments gives stability to virtue, and the delicacy of whose sensibility heightens, at the same time that it improves, the innocent pleasures which exhilarate, prolong, and tranquilize human life:

— “ For beauty is their own,
 “ The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 “ And elegance and taste.”—*Thomson's Summer.*

But though the knowledge of a Johnson, the acuteness and eloquence of a Burke, and the polish and precision of a Chesterfield, were united in harmonious and brilliant assemblage to charm, to astonish, and to meliorate mankind, they would in the “balance of the Sanctuary,” that infallible and inevitable criterion of true merit, appear as “trifles light as air,” in relation to that final and awful scrutiny, which every individual of the human race must experience, and on which his happiness or misery in the world of spirits will depend; the former qualifications, meritorious as they are with respect to our intercourse in this world, will be held in no estimation by our Almighty Judge, unless accompanied and sanctified by the power of true religion: for, to adopt the expressive language of St. Paul, “though we could speak with the tongues of men and of angels,” and have not been purified by religion, by penitence, and prayer, we are “as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.” “And though we have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have all faith” and power, “so that we could remove mountains,” and have not vital active piety, ruling in the heart, elevating the affections, and directing the passions, “we are nothing” in the sight of a holy and omniscient God; but “shall certainly come in to condemnation,” for having confined our time and talents to the pursuit of worldly principles and objects, and thereby forgotten and neglected our great spiritual interests.

Be assured, therefore, my young friends, that though the Scholar may dignify the human character by his literary acquisitions, and the Gentleman adorn it by his various accomplishments, yet, that

“ A Christian is the highest style of man.”—*Young.*

The union of these, constituting the highest possible perfection to which humanity is capable of arriving. By Religion, I mean the union of piety and morality; that Christianity which is inspired by the Holy Spirit,

and brings forth the fruits of the Spirit in an amiable, useful, and devout life ; leading us to discharge not only the duties to our neighbour and ourselves, the personal, relative, and social duties, but the sublime and infinitely important duties which we owe to God also. Let then the solemn and unquestionable truth be ever active in your minds, that there can be no profession, however useful and dignified ; no station, however elevated and advantageous, or depressed and obscure, from the sceptered monarch, who sits upon a throne, to the forlorn and miserable mendicant, who sighs upon a dunghill, to whom a preparation for eternity, awful, boundless, inevitable eternity ! is not " the one thing needful."

You are rational and consequently accountable beings, placed in the vast scale of creation " but a little lower than the angels," and endowed with faculties and information capable of elevating you to their blissful state: your time of trial is mercifully limited to a few swiftly fleeting years. To forego, therefore, by negligence, or forfeit, by profligacy, so bright, so glorious, so inestimable an inheritance, would not only indicate a total obscuration of reason, an extinction of self-love, but unquestionably merit, for the rejection of so invaluable a privilege the severest and most exemplary punishment. And such, we have the assurance of an infinitely just, though merciful Creator, will be inflicted, when the period of probation shall be closed.

On the sacred page of the last divine revelation of the will of God to man, it is emphatically inscribed, " He who knoweth his Lord's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes"—" Not every one who saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he who doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." To that divine revelation contained in the New Testament I refer you, for an ample delineation of the duties, the virtues, the temporal advantages, and the eternal rewards attached to the Christian character. " Search the Scriptures, for they are the words of eternal life." You will find them an inexhaustible source of spiritual consolation ; you will, moreover, be taught by them, that the duties incumbent upon a disciple of Jesus Christ, though of indispensable obligation, are mild in their requisitions, and salutary in their operation ; that " his yoke is easy, and his burden light." These duties may be resolved into two general heads, viz. the moral obligations which relate to our intercourse with our fellow men ; and those which we owe to God in the cultivation and exercise of devout affections. By the discharge of the former, your happiness and comfort and that of others in this world will be promoted ; by the latter your sentiments will be expanded, your passions restrained, your hearts purified, and your desires elevated above the transitory ob-

jects of sense, to a refined, sublime, and animating intercourse with your great Creator.

The two great temporal advantages which result from this divine system are, 1st, the consolation which it administers to the mind writhing under the pressure of adversity and affliction; and, 2dly, the exhilaration which it communicates to the enjoyment of prosperity.

Under the various ills which await the feeble race of man,

“ Labour and penury, the racks of pain,

“ Disease, and Sorrow’s weeping train,”—*Gray.*

the world has little comfort to bestow; but Christianity soothes his sorrows and mitigates his misfortunes; by teaching him that this world is, as the Mosaic law was to the Jews, “ a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ,” that great physician of souls, the invigorating balm of whose blessed gospel heals the wounds which have been inflicted by sorrow or by sin. It discloses to him the grand design of Providence to effect the purification of his spiritual nature, by the agency of disappointment, misfortune, and disease; thereby convincing him of the instability of all earthly objects, and their insufficiency to procure permanent happiness; and thence directing his views and desires to the pursuit of those objects and the practice of those precepts which assuredly terminate in perfect and eternal felicity, when his period of probation shall be closed, the fetters of mortality unloosed, and “ the spirit shall return to God who gave it,” to answer for “ the deeds done in the body.”

As Christianity communicates consolation to the afflicted, so it heightens the enjoyment of the prosperous. The consciousness of duties discharged, the animating hope of reward for the due employment of the talents intrusted, the exercise of every faculty, and the direction of every action with reference to a future state of being;—in short, the rendering of human life a uniform preparation for eternity, gives a zest to the possession of earthly blessings, which the sordid, the selfish, and the worldly-minded man is incapable of feeling. Pursue, therefore, as the chief good, the objects, the interests, and the dictates of Christianity: cherish and improve the principles you have been here taught by your respective Catechisms: be ever on your guard against the unbridled operations of your passions, justly denominated, when unrestrained, “ the vultures of the human mind.” Directed by the light of sound reason to proper objects, and regulated by the obligations of true religion, the passions are wisely and mercifully intended to be the sources of happiness and consolation during our pilgrimage through this world; but, blindly followed in the enjoyment of sensual gratifications, they are armed with scorpion stings, and, like the fabled syrens of old, allure with flattering smiles and then devour. Happy is that man

VOL. II.

A a

“ Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure,
 “ And every passion aptly harmoniz’d,
 “ Amid a jarring world with vice inflam’d.”—*Thomson.*

Consider the high degree of merit which will result from so early a devotion of yourselves to the service of your great Creator and bountiful Benefactor. Consider also, that our degree of happiness in the world to come, will unquestionably depend upon the degree and duration of our faithful services here.

To promote this habitual regard for religion, carefully and regularly attend to those external observances which have a powerful tendency to cherish it; particularly the weekly celebration of Public Worship, and the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise.

Thus as you grow in age will you grow in grace, and consequently in favour both with God and man.

With respect to your general deportment, I earnestly recommend that mildness of address, that suavity of manners, and that uniform courtesy of conduct, which, as with magic influence, arrests the attention and wins the esteem of all. “ Hail,” said a celebrated sentimentalist, “ hail! ye small sweet courtesies of life; for smooth do ye make the road of it!” Be therefore gentle; be affable; be unassuming; respectful to your superiors, condescending to your inferiors; affectionate, attentive, and polite to all. Let your intercourse with society be distinguished by ease and elegance of demeanor; by the strictest observance of punctuality in every engagement even of the most trivial nature; by the minutest and most inviolable regard to truth in every assertion, every representation. Avoid idleness as the bane of virtue, the destruction of character and the palsy of the mind. Avoid also, with the most scrupulous and determined resolution, the society of those who either think or speak irreverently of religion, or who indulge themselves in any practices inconsistent with pure morality; for man is an imitative animal, and wonderfully prone to follow those examples which coincide with the impulse of his passions, or are recommended by the habits of those whom he esteems, or with whom he familiarly associates.

Ever bear in mind the high privilege you enjoy, and the inestimable treasure you possess, in being favoured with the spiritual light of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and permitted to contemplate and obtain its precious promises. On all occasions, boldly avow your attachment to, and confidence in that divine system of faith and morals contained in the Holy Scriptures; nor at any time suffer the scoffs of infidelity, the sneers of the profligate, or the sarcasms of the proud, to pass unnoticed, unproved. Your open profession of Christianity, and undaunted defence of your faith, regardless of ridicule, remonstrance, or reproach, will

give a degree of solidity and dignity to your characters, which will eventually command the admiration and respect of the profane, and the approbation and affection of the pious and the wise. "Distinguished merit," says an eloquent modern writer, "will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach; the vapours which gather round the rising sun, and follow it in its course, seldom fail at the close of it, to form a magnificent theatre for its reception; and to invest, with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the Luminary which they cannot hide."

Cultivate, as much as possible, the company of your superiors in age, in learning, and accomplishments; from an attentive observance of whom you will inevitably acquire knowledge, anticipate experience, liberalize your sentiments, and improve your manners. "Stand," says Solomon, addressing himself to the young man, "stand in the multitude of the elders, and cleave unto him that is wise. Be willing to hear every godly discourse, and let not the parables of understanding escape thee. And, if thou seest a man of understanding, get thee betimes unto him, and let thy foot wear the steps of his door."—Eccl. c. 6.

Beware of indulging loquacity, or a disposition to talk much upon all subjects. The advice was good which was given by one who had experienced the impropriety of inconsiderate communication. "Before you speak, always take out your words and look at them." Were this universally observed, how seldom would the harmony of social intercourse be interrupted! how many quarrels, how much alienation of affection would be thereby avoided!

In fine, regulate your conduct by this sententious maxim of the wisest of men, "Remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss;" the correctness of which is authenticated by the assurance of divine revelation, that every thought, word and action shall be brought into judgment in the last great day of account, and direct the decision of our future state.

Inspired by your past deportment with the hope that these sentiments will be favourably received by you, and permitted to influence your conduct, I now, most affectionately, bid you farewell, and present you with the just reward of your studious and persevering industry, in that public attestation of merit, which this Institution annually bestows upon her diligent and approved pupils.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI.—LETTER V.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, February 24, 1804.

PREVIOUS to the entertainment given by Lady Dessalines, there were several others, at which I was a guest, but none of them quite equalled hers in splendor and taste, though some of them were not far short of it. One of these was a *breakfast*, given by Monsieur L—, a Frenchman, in compliment to the governor's lady, another a *dinner*, given by general Christophe, and a third, a *supper*, by Felix Ferrier, the ordonnateur general. Christophe's table was set under a large saloon of canvas, erected purposely in the street, extending from one side of it to the other, and occupying about two hundred feet in length. There were about *one hundred and fifty* guests, among whom were the two French priests formerly mentioned. After the dinner a large balloon was let off for the amusement of the company, which ascended in a regular manner, and sailed off to such a height as to be lost to our view.

The *breakfast* was served in elegant style at the gentleman's country house, about a mile from town. All the *grand dignitaries* were there. Lady Dessalines rode out in an old-fashioned low chariot, with *three* horses abreast, others rode in gigs and chairs, and some on horseback. As the *grande*es did not find it convenient to come until *three* in the afternoon, we did not sit down to breakfast till that hour. As they approached the table the general's band struck up some delightful music, which in a measure allayed the passions of some of my countrymen, who having been invited at ten o'clock, and unaccustomed to style, had taken nothing to stay their appetites, and who had been for five hours swearing at the sable gentry for keeping them so long fasting. A mulatto lady, wife or mistress to *Reinet*, commandant of the place, a white man, appeared on this occasion, in a complete suit of man's clothes, and several other ladies rode on horseback in the position that men do, but with gowns over their pantaloons. These two odd, and to me, strange appearances, I afterwards found to be very common customs in this country.

Since my last we have experienced a woful change in our situation. The Cape, from being one of the most lively and cheerful places on earth, has become a melancholy spot, where nothing is to be seen but despondency and wretchedness. The governor's lady has left us, and with her, all the parties, balls, and theatrical amusements have vanished. Excuse me if I trouble you with another description similar

to the one in my last. I do it that you may see the refinement of taste among the Haytians, and the degraded state to which some of our species are capable of descending through a principle of adulation, and for the purpose of courting the favours of *the great*.

On the fifteenth of this month a *dinner* was given at the theatre, in honour of Lady Dessalines, who was next day to depart from town, by the merchants of the Cape. All the Americans were invited, and most of them attended. The nobility as usual, were present, as also the general's band of music, and a guard of soldiers. The table was laid in the horse-shoe form, with *one hundred and sixty-eight* covers, and *two hundred and forty* dishes and vessels containing eatables. Under each plate was placed a small paper containing the following words in print :

“ Première Inscription.

Gaudete Cives,

Gaudet in medio virtus.

Deuxième Inscription.

Lorsque la bien aimée en ces lieux reviendra,

L'Allegresse entre nous aussitot paraîtra.

Traduction de la première Inscription.

Citoyens, soyez transportés de joie, livrez vous à l'allegresse ; La vertu veut bien se réjouir parmi nous, et prendre part à nos plaisirs.

SEVIN.”

The paper containing this *classical* bombast was signed by its author, as if he were determined that his learning and talents should not be lost, and after the cloth was removed, printed “Verses addressed to Madame Dessalines,” were distributed among the company. Their author *Sans de Vermont* then stationed himself behind the illustrious lady, and upon silence being commanded, read them aloud, and was highly applauded. This particular testimony of respect and praise, was highly gratifying to the refined feelings of the distinguished *fair one*, who perhaps had never been so handsomely extolled, and who no doubt thought every word of it dictated by sincerity and love. Christophe however was not to be so bamboozled ; he listened attentively to the recitation, and after it was concluded, put on a kind of cunning smile, which as much as said to Sans de Vermont, that all *that* would’nt *save* his head.

After this, a balloon, a species of *high-flying* compliment, was raised from the *place* in front of the theatre, but which unfortunately took fire before it had risen any considerable height. Fire-works and rockets were also displayed, after which the dancing commenced, and

continued with gayety and cheerfulness, until an unlucky accident occurred, which broke up the harmony of the company, and for a time suspended the entertainment. This was nothing more or less than the bench upon which Lady Dessalines and Madame Christophe with several other females of distinction were seated, giving way, which tumbled their ladyships sprawling on the floor. The music and dancing immediately ceased: the whole company was in confusion and uproar; "is she hurt!" resounded from all parts of the room; every countenance was overcast with sorrow and gloom; some ran this way with smelling bottles; some that way with water, whilst others hastened for physicians. White, yellow, brown and black, were equally distressed. In fine, it was one of the most laughable scenes to which I was ever witness, and was concluded by a loud *horse-laugh* from the governor's lady, indicating that she was not materially hurt.

Now the idea that the mere tumble of a stout, strapping negro wench should occasion so much anxiety and alarm in so large an assembly is truly ludicrous, and the contempt one would conceive towards a company who would so basely degrade themselves as to pretend uneasiness on account of it, may be easily imagined. Such will no doubt be *your* reflection, but here ~~we~~ think differently. It was the governor's lady who fell; the wife of a man on whose will depend the lives of thousands.

On the following morning as was expected, Lady Dessalines with her suite took her departure for Gonaives, where her husband then was, after a pleasant visit at the Cape of about two months. As the safety to strangers of travelling between distant parts of the Island, had not yet been ascertained, several Americans took advantage of this opportunity of going to the west, and went in the train of the governor's lady. As this is probably the last I shall see of this *respectable* female, I will give you some account of her.

Lady Dessalines is about the middle height for a woman, but a very thick clumsy person. She is of the very darkest black, and her face is rather handsome. Her disposition is said to be mild and gentle, and she is, take her all in all, a good woman. She has a strong prepossession in favour of white French-men, and has often saved the lives of poor wretches sentenced to death, by falling on her knees before her husband, and imploring his mercy. She is a Creole of Hispaniola, and appears to be of about five-and-thirty years of age. She is fond of riding on horseback, and is generally attended on her excursions by some of her friends, and a guard of dragoons. At home she has a retinue of female attendants in the capacity of *maids of honour*.

A few days after the departure of Madame Dessalines, general Christophe removed from town with his family to his country residence *Grand Près*, about fifteen miles from the Cape. A number of gentlemen, Americans and others, waited upon him to pay their respects

to him on his leaving us, and verses addressed to him, written by the same author, and in the same style of flattery as those addressed to Lady Dessalines, were distributed through the town. I send you copies of both these pieces of poetry, that you may be able to form an exact judgment of the taste of the Haytians, as I am satisfied that no translation I could make, would come up to the *spirit* of the originals.

VERS

Adressés à Madame Dessalines.

Dans ces instans margués par la reconnaissance,
 Qui pour votre mérite anime tous les cœurs,
 J'écoute et recueille en silence,
 Ce que sur vous chaque citoyen pense,
 Et vois, avec plaisir, que parmi tant de fleurs,
 Qu' à vous offrir chacun s'empresse et s'étudie,
 Il n'en est pas que n'ait été cueillie
 Par un pur mouvement de sensibilité,
 De gratitude et de sincérité.

Aux vertus dont en vous éclate l'assemblage,
 De notre part c'est un bien faible hommage ;
 Déjà le Tout-Puissant vous en récompensa :
 Au premier rang il vous plaça
 Pour être parmi nous sa plus vivante image.
 Faire le bien est votre seul plaisir ;
 Et pour votre ame ingénue et sensible,
 Cette manière de jouir
 Est un attrait irrésistible.
 Lorsqu' à des dons si précieux
 L'on trouve encore la beauté réunie,
 Cet ensemble, à la fois, doux et majestueux,
 Attire tous les cœurs et fait taire l'envie.

Pour moi qu'un doux penchant dès long-temps a porté
 A reconnaître et chérir le mérite
 Sous tels dehors qu'il me fut présenté ;
 Dans le transport qui m'occupe et m'agite,
 Je suis complètement heureux ;
 Puisque chacun ici, partageant mon ivresse,
 Se livre avec franchise au désir qui le presse
 De vous faire agréer ses soins respectueux,
 Et de former pour vous les plus sincères vœux.

VERS

Adressés au Général Divisionnaire et Conseiller d'Etat, Henry Christophe,
Commandant la Division du Nord.

Déjà depuis long-temps dans les champs de Bellone,
Votre front s'est couvert de glorieux lauriers :
De l'éclat immortel que la victoire donne,
Votre nom parmi nous s'illustra des premiers.
Vivement entraîné par cet élan sublime,
Qui, vers la liberté, dirige un noble cœur,
Vous avez embrassé sa cause légitime ;
Et tout en combattant, pour elle avec ardeur,
Vous vous êtes montré généreux, magnanime,
Quand les tyrans étaient dans la confusion.
La Renommée au loin depuis long-temps publie,
Ces titres imposans, qui, confondant l'envie,
Commandent le respect et l'admiration.
Mais ceux que vous avez à la reconnaissance,
De tous les citoyens de ce département,
Sont fondés sur le bien que votre main dispense,
Et pour vous n'en sont pas moins beaux, assurément.
En effet, ramener parmi nous l'abondance,
Ranimer dans les cœurs la douce confiance,
C'est s'ériger, je crois, le plus beau monument,
Comme le plus flatteur, comme le plus durable.
Dans ces bienfaits, versés sur nous à chaque instant,
D'une Epouse chérie, autant qu'elle est aimable,
Chacun se plaît à voir le cœur compatissant.
Car de ce sexe aimé qui ne connaît l'empire ?
C'est lui qui dans mes mains a remonté ma lyre,
Estimables Epoux, remplissez vos destins,
Assurez les beaux jours qui sur nous viennent luire,
En laissant le bonheur s'épancher de vos mains.
Enfin, transmettez-nous, par votre descendance,
Les vertus, les attraits, qui brillent à nos yeux.
Dès ce jour, dans nos cœurs ouverts à l'espérance,
Avec les sentimens les plus délicieux,
Nous élevons un Temple à la Reconnaissance.

LITERARY NOTICE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Reports of Cases, adjudged in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
By Horace Binney. Vol. 1. pp. 639. Philadelphia, published by
William P. Farrand, & Co. 1809.

IT affords great satisfaction to observe, that, in spite of the designs of malice and ignorance to destroy the fabric of our law, it still endures, and the jurisprudence of the country is gradually advancing in improvement. A system of attack, devoid of all scruple, has been pursued, and has seriously threatened to demolish the work of wisdom and time. How much is jeopardized by even an attempt to deprive a community of its permanent laws, cannot be stated: it can only be foreseen by the wise, and marked by the apprehensions of the virtuous.

Happily for the country, the work of devastation seems to linger; and our satisfaction at the progress of the enlightened is not wholly marred by the fear, that their labours for the common good are destined to terminate with the common ruin. Experiments are upon trial which sicken even their advocates and inventors; and a promise seems to be given, that the novelties of our projectors will end in a restoration of the blessings of law.

With these impressions, we have given an earnest welcome to the volume of Reports now to be noticed. Were our prospects as gloomy as they have been, we should peruse the work with a mixture of pleasure and chagrin; of pleasure, derived from its solid and instructive contents, and of chagrin from the belief, that the labour bestowed upon them was worse than lost. We are, however, yet blessed with the hope, that respect and authority will be attached to the decisions of our Court, and that faithful records of them will be preserved, to impart knowledge and establish uniformity.

The volume before us is introduced by a polite and courteous preface, calculated favourably to impress the reader. It informs us, that the design of noting the decisions had its origin, not with a view to publication, but principally for self-instruction; and occasions a regret, heightened by the perusal of the work, that the undertaking is not supported by legislative protection. In some of our sister States, the importance of this subject has been so appreciated, as to command, for the encouragement of the work, an endowment from the public purse; and the appointment of a Reporter has been, with propriety, placed with the Judges. We are justified in believing, that in Pennsylvania, no appointment would have insured us better capacity or greater fide-

lity; and we have only to regret, that the public patronage does not appropriate permanently such talents to so important a service.

Mr. Binney's Reports may, perhaps, be properly divided into two parts; the first of which consisting of about one third of the volume, commences with an important decision in the year 1799, and includes a number of valuable cases in the time of the late Chief Justice Shippen; the second including the rest of the volume embraces the decisions of the Court, in regular series, from the accession of the present Chief Justice early in 1806, to the close of the last March Term. The cases are all of them new to the public, excepting eight, of which but little more than the skeletons are published in the fourth volume of Mr. Dallas's Reports.

In attempting to attract attention to this work, by some analysis of its contents, and some exhibition of its characteristics, we are led to the following remarks.

The first duty of a Reporter is fidelity. It is his office and should be his aim, to present a just exhibition of the cause, in all its parts, in clear and intelligible language. The parts of the cause may be considered to be three;—the facts, the argument, and the decision. Our observations upon this work will be made, with a reference to this division of a cause.

The facts or circumstances of a cause, are usually presented by the pleadings, the case stated by counsel or the report of the Judge who has tried the cause. One would suppose, that when the sources of truth are so obvious, no error could arise; and yet from the sloth or ignorance of Reporters, great uncertainty and mistake have been occasioned, by inaccurate statements of the matter before the Judge. The extent and bearing of a decision can only be known by preserving its connexion with the precise matter decided on; because it is the duty and desire of every able and faithful judge, to confine himself as much as possible to the very point before him. The importance of a distinct and correct statement of facts is then apparent. In this branch of the cause, Mr. Binney merits praise as a Reporter. He well settles his case, and his reader is not retarded by obscurity, embarrassed by affected brevity, nor harassed by vexatious particularity. There is enough stated, and not too much. It is evident, that the Reporter has a clear understanding of his own case, and a happy faculty of communicating it with clearness and precision to his reader. In some few instances, where the facts are fully stated by the Reporter, they are again stated by the Court. The accuracy of the Reporter renders the repetition unnecessary, and the statement by the Judge might have been omitted without injustice to the Court or the cause.

The argument is next in order. It is a matter of some difficulty to settle the precise duty of a Reporter, in this part of a cause. It is the error of some to detail the argument too minutely, and of others to pass over it with little or no notice. It appears to us, that expediency and utility point to a middle course, from which the Reporter should be drawn only by the magnitude of the cause, and a display of uncommon learning and ability in the counsel. In every case, permitted to be argued by an enlightened Court, a faithful exhibition of the substance of the argument conduces to the sound understanding of the cause, and is particularly useful to the student and junior practitioner. On some great and important questions, the arguments of distinguished counsel assume the form, and have the semblance of the ancient readings, and are then deserving of faithful preservation. But it cannot be admitted to be right, to consume page after page, with the brief of an advocate travelling the beaten and familiar track of discussion. Mr. Binney has adopted, and generally adhered to, a plan, unquestionably good. He has condensed the argument, so as to present the points, the sum of the reasoning upon them, and the application of the authorities which are cited. He has not copied the briefs, nor set down formally the words of the counsel, but has presented the strength of the argument. In some instances, he has been allured to an extended view of the discussion at the Bar; but his justification is found in the novelty or importance of the cause. From examination, we are enabled to bear testimony to his fidelity, in having carefully referred to the authorities which are quoted, and seen their application. In short, he appears to us to merit the praise of having succeeded in distinguishing this part of his work, by method, condensation, and correctness.

The decision of the Court closes the cause. We observe, with pleasure, that, in all important questions, where the court is united in opinion, the decision is given by the Chief Justice, or in case of his absence, by the judge who presides at the argument. The opinions of the Court are reduced to writing, and are published by the Reporter as they are delivered. This practice is highly to be commended, as it results from it, that the Judge is careful and ambitious in the discharge of his duty, the Reporter is free from mistake and reproach, and the public are furnished with the decision as it is pronounced.

In Pennsylvania, the Supreme Court is now the court of the last resort, and its decisions are consequently the law of the State. We have witnessed with pleasure, that in some of our sister States, particularly in New-York and Massachusetts, a rapid improvement in jurisprudence is making, under the administration of able and learned judges. The volume before us gratifies our affection for our own State,

and kindles a degree of pride in her progress. It is evidently the ambition of our judges, to give system and stability to the law, by diligence of research, and a careful regard to precedent. That refuge of sloth and ignorance, to which the judge betakes himself, who claims to decide upon the particular circumstances and justice of the case before him, and binds every decision to its particular case, is the abhorrence of lawyers and the ruin of a State. This volume furnishes the proof, that our court has the disposition to explore, and the independence to decide.

It is not within the design of this notice, to attempt a criticism upon the opinions of the court. Were we disposed to doubt the correctness of a decision, we should distrust our own judgment, and forbear the expression of our doubts. In some few instances, ingenuity at the Bar and on the Bench may perplex us, but the adjudications, almost, if not wholly, without exception, have our decided assent. We may add, that so far as our information extends, the decisions have been received by professional readers, with favour and approbation.

It gratifies us to observe a prevailing harmony of sentiment on the Bench. A diversity of opinion, too frequently produced by pride of talents, or an attachment to singularity, is calculated to weaken the decisions of a court. A dissentient judge has, therefore, upon him a heavy responsibility, to be discharged only by perfect integrity, and the utmost care and reflexion. This volume sometimes presents to us a divided Court, but it cannot escape the notice of the reader that the present Chief Justice, whose learning and talents are an ornament to the Bench, is found, in every instance, so far as appears, with the majority, which decides the cause.

The opinions of the court are expressed in clear, perspicuous and comprehensive language. In all cases, where the court is united in sentiment, the decision is given by the Chief Justice, and is marked by an adherence to the points, and a freedom from blemishes. On the whole, it affords us great satisfaction to say, that the court is evidently progressing in a science, in which ambition is stimulated by the thought, that progress may always be made by the faithful.

It becomes us to notice the neatness and accuracy of the typographical execution of these Reports, which greatly deserve commendation. The pages are fair to the eye, and undefiled with errors. The praise of general excellence might, with propriety, be passed upon the works of the publishers; but they are receiving a more solid encomium, in the approbation and patronage of the public.

In the close of this notice, we are gratified to express our earnest commendation of the matter and manner of these Reports. They are

distinguished by the ability and fidelity of the Reporter, and are calculated to give fame to the court. The matter is various and important; the volume may be read with interest at home and abroad, and will be welcomed every where as an important addition to the stock of professional learning.

THE NATURALIST, NO. IV.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NIGHT-HAWK AND WHIP-POOR-WILL OF THE UNITED STATES.

ON the question, Are *these* one and the same bird; or are they really two distinct species? there has long been an opposition of sentiment, and many fruitless disputes. Numbers of sensible and observing people whose intelligence and long residence in the country entitle their opinion to respect, positively assert, that the night-hawk and the whip-poor-will are very different birds; and do not even associate together. The naturalists of Europe, however, have generally considered the two names as applicable to one and the same species; and this opinion has also been adopted by two of our most distinguished naturalists, Mr. William Bartram of Kingsessing,* and Professor Barton of Philadelphia.† The writer of this being determined to ascertain the truth, by examining for himself, took the following effectual mode of settling this disputed point, the particulars of which he now submits to those interested in the question.

Thirteen of those birds, usually called night-hawks, which dart about in the air like swallows, and sometimes descend with rapidity from a great height making a hollow sounding noise, like that produced by blowing into the bunghole of an empty hogshead, were shot, at different times and in different places, and accurately examined, both outwardly and by dissection. Nine of these were found to be males,

* *Caprimulgus Americanus*, Night Hawk, or Whip-poor-will, Travels, &c. p. 292.

† *Caprimulgus Virginianus*, Whip-poor-will, or Night Hawk. Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania, p. 3. See also Amer. Phil. Trans. Vol. iv.

and four females. The former all corresponded in the markings and tints of their plumage; the latter also agreed in their marks, differing slightly from the males, though evidently of the same species. Two others were shot as they rose from the nests, or rather from the eggs, which in both cases were two in number, laid on the open ground. These also agreed in the markings of their plumage with the four preceding, and on dissection were found to be females. The eggs were also secured.

A whip-poor-will was shot, in the evening, while in the act of repeating his usual and well-known notes. This bird was found to be a male, differing in many remarkable particulars from all the former. Three others were shot at different times, during the day, in solitary and dark-shaded parts of the woods. Two of these were found to be females, one of which had been sitting on two eggs. The two females resembled each other almost exactly; the male also corresponded in its markings with the one first found; and all four were evidently of one species. The eggs differed greatly from the former, both in colour and marking. The differences between these two birds were as follows.

The sides of the mouth, in both sexes of the whip-poor-will, were beset with ranges of long and very strong bristles, extending more than half an inch beyond the point of the bill; both sexes of the night-hawk were entirely destitute of bristles. The bill of the whip-poor-will was also more than twice the length of that of the night-hawk. The long wing-quills of both sexes of the night-hawk were of a deep brownish black, with a large spot of white nearly in their middle; and when shut, the tips of the wings extended a little beyond the tail. The wing-quills of the whip-poor-will of both sexes were beautifully spotted with light brown, had no spot of white on them, and, when shut, the tips of the wings did not reach to the tip of the tail by at least *two inches*. The tail of the night-hawk was handsomely *forked*, the exterior feathers being the longest, shortening gradually to the middle ones; the tail of the whip-poor-will was *rounded*, the exterior feathers being the shortest, lengthening gradually to the middle ones.

After a careful examination of these and several other remarkable differences, it was impossible to withstand the conviction, that these birds belonged to two distinct species of the same genus, differing both in size, colours, manners, and conformation of parts.

A statement of the principal of these facts having been laid before Mr. Bartram, together with a male and female of each of the above-mentioned species, and also a male of the Great Virginian Bat, or *Chuck will's widow*; after a particular examination, that venerable naturalist was pleased to declare himself fully satisfied; adding, that

he had now no doubts of the night-hawk and whip-poor-will being two very distinct species of *Caprimulgus*.

It is not the intention of the writer of this to enter at present into a description of either the plumage, manners, migration or economy of those birds, the range of country they inhabit, or the superstitious notions entertained of them ; his only object, at present, is the correction of an error, which, from the respectability of those by whom it was unwarily adopted, has been but too extensively disseminated, and received by too many as a truth.

W.

TRAVELS IN FRANCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER LXIX.

My accounts of the deaf and dumb has taken up so much room that I feel it necessary to be more concise for the future. After soliciting your attention so frequently, it would be wrong to abuse your patience, and yet if it were my object to give you an exact idea of Paris, and if I were equal to it, a great deal would remain to be said. My determination, from the first, was only to speak of what I saw, and then only when I imagined that the ideas which occurred to me might be, in some respects, different from what you might meet with in books of travels. The hospitals alone could furnish a subject for more than one letter. The poor nuns, who had devoted themselves by vows to attend at these last retreats of human misery, continued to do so during the revolution, notwithstanding the indignities they were exposed to, and the hardships they were made to undergo : they are the only persons of the sort who wear the habit of their order in public, and if it be a gratification to their honest pride to be so distinguished, they surely deserve it.

Independent of those who take refuge in hospitals, there is in Paris, as there always will be in all great towns, a number of poor not so reduced as to consent to the same wretched resource, and who yet stand in need of some assistance. For their relief there exists in every section a *conseil de bienfaisance*, who call upon the inhabitants for subscriptions, which are, however, entirely voluntary, and there are also small sums granted from time to time for that purpose by the government.

Convents are not known in law, but there is no legal impediment to any assemblage of persons who may choose to call themselves by a

certain name. A pious and wealthy lady has lately purchased the house and garden of the Carmes, where the massacre took place in 1793, and has assembled as many Carmelites as she could hear of; to these several young women and others advanced in life have joined themselves, and the community conforming to the regulations of the order as it once existed, pass their days here under the direction of their benefactress, in a state of voluntary seclusion. If any religious order of men be reestablished it will be that of the Jesuits, who have once or twice nearly attained their end. The emperor, who is not apt to be irresolute, has shown himself so upon this occasion. It is certain that the public education in France has suffered extremely since their order was abolished, and the events of the revolution have manifested that they were in the right, when they predicted a succession of evil consequences from the effects of what was called philosophy. D'Alembert himself, and even Voltaire would acknowledge as much if they were now alive.

I shall say nothing to you of the observatory, where I saw a very large telescope, made after the manner of Herschel's, of which you will find a good account in the Encyclopedia. There is a descent hence into the ancient quarries which extend under a part of the town, and of which the inhabitants are either ignorant or give themselves no trouble about, though different authors, and Mercier in particular, have endeavoured to excite their fears. The idea of an immense cavity under a populous part of the city has something terrible to the imagination, and there have been periods during the revolution when the conduct of this very part of Paris was so atrocious as to have merited that it had served as an instrument in the hands of Providence for their destruction. I might have visited several extensive libraries, but I could never conceive the inducement that led travellers to such places: it is a satisfaction, no doubt, to know that particular books exist, but that is more easily acquired by looking over a catalogue at home than in a public room, where one could hardly find time to examine the contents of a single shelf. I saw, but cannot recollect whereabouts, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, a collection of armour and of various weapons of offence, such as the mischievous ingenuity of man had been able to devise for some centuries past: there were also various models of pontons and flying bridges, and pieces of light artillery and mortars: the armour of Henry IV, and of Francis I, and an armed figure formed from an ancient representation of the celebrated maid of Orleans, and the sword of the great prince of Conde are to be seen here, and command a degree of veneration and respect, which will always accompany those illustrious names. The keepers showed us in the same room

the materials of a second infernal machine, which had been found upon some ingenious Italians ; they wished to make it pass for a contrivance they meant to put in practice against the British fleet, but the government knew better. He showed us also some weapon, which had been taken upon George, and the pistols of Pichegru. It seems singular that these two names should be connected, but George had a mind far above the station in which fortune had placed him, and ought not, as I have before observed, to be confounded with an assassin. He declared upon his trial and in a manner which carried conviction to the mind of every one present, that if assassination had been his object, he might more than once have effected it; being a man of great personal strength he had for some time been employed to cleave wood for the use of the palace, and had worked as a labourer at Malmaison. He might here certainly have surprised the first consul at any time in the garden, and given a cruel interruption to some dream of future greatness, or of deep-laid vengeance : for hatred and vengeance divide that mind at the caprices of which all Europe, England and perhaps Russia excepted, is made to tremble. Upon being asked by the Judge, how he could answer to himself the having shot an officer in the execution of his duty, and when all resistance was useless, "I thought," replied George, "that I might possibly effect my escape, and I felt it perfectly justifiable to repel violence by force. But the poor man, as you say, was doing his duty, and I am sorry enough for him to wish that you had been in his place." Pichegru will be known to future ages as one of the greatest military characters of France, and is remembered with affection by all who were of his intimate acquaintance as a goodhumoured, cheerful man. What the extent of his plan was, can hardly now be ascertained, but it is said to have embraced half the republic in its ramifications. Providence, in permitting it to fail notwithstanding the fairest prospects of success, must have decided what was best, but every one must regret the fate of Pichegru, a great and gallant general, an amiable and kind-hearted man, strangled by a midnight murderer in his bed.

In the course of my acquaintance with a great variety of persons and of frequent conversation with those I have accidentally sat next to, I never found one who did not believe that Pichegru was murdered. You will wonder, perhaps, that such a subject should be canvassed under such a system of police ; but there are moments when the public feeling bursts forth in a way not to be controlled.

"The flesh will quiver where you drive the knife,

"And sighs and tears by nature grow on pain."

VOL. II.

c c

The grand judge is said to have informed the first consul at the time of the duke d'Enghien's death, that if all were to be taken up, who spoke freely of that measure, the prisons of the republic would not contain them.

We visited what Kotzebue calls a great and capital collection of machines and models, where various implements of rural industry, ploughs, windmills, water machines, steam engines, and beehives, all very prettily done in miniature, and ranged along upon the different tables of several large halls, which were once in the occupation of the fathers of the oratory: there are models also of all the various machines of spinning and weaving wool or cotton, and a representation of the process of working up clay into porcelain, or leather into shoes with exact models of the tools used in these and twenty other trades and manufactories. Some collection of the sort, extending to the latest and most valuable inventions for saving labour might be of service, but it is hardly probable that any revolution, which can annihilate all knowledge of the various trades that supply us with the necessaries of life, would respect this collection of Lilliputian machinery, in forming which, the time of several ingenious artists has been egregiously thrown away. It put me in mind of the emperor of China's observation upon the models of various useful machines which made part of the presents carried to him by Lord Macartney's embassy, "I fancy," said the old monarch, "these pretty things were intended as presents for my great grandchildren;" and I should not be surprised if his imperial majesty of France took the hint and converted this great collection of models into a warehouse of toys for the amusement of the younger branches of his family.

We were much pleased with the panorama of Naples, which is the only one we saw. The spectator ascends an elevated seat in the centre of a large circular room, and looks down upon the representation of the city, as he might upon the city itself from the steeple of a church, and no illusion can be more complete. The city of Naples, the beautiful intermixture of land and water in the neighbourhood, crowds in the streets, vessels at anchor, or under sail, the extent of the Mediterranean as far as the sight could reach, and the distant island of Caprea seemed beneath us. It was superior to any thing I had conceived possible, and consoled me for my disappointment at the phantasmagorie, of which I had heard very exaggerated and confused accounts. We all knew, that the apparent magnitude of an object, seen through a lens, increases or decreases as the eye or the object approaches or retires from the lens, and that the effect is the same when the shadow of the object is thrown upon a wall; the shadow becomes a giant or a dwarf, in proportion as you move the original or the lens (if you make use of

one) through which the rays pass. You must have seen proofs of this in the magic lantern, and if you could suppose a person on the opposite side of the sheet frequently made use of on these occasions, the shadows cast on it would appear to that person as the figures in one part of the exhibition of the phantasmagorie do to the spectator. He is placed in entire darkness, the reflection of the object on the curtain between him and the apparatus appears at first like a luminous point, it then becomes an owl, or an insect, or a death's head, and grows rapidly larger, and he, guided or rather misguided by experience, supposes the figure is approaching him, till he is almost tempted to brush it away with his hand. It then diminishes in the same manner. Another branch of the phantasmagorie has something in it more singular. Figures are made to appear in any part of the room, which is rendered as dark as possible, and to disappear the moment after. Sometimes they are likenesses of a universally well-known public character now no longer alive; but more frequently they are representations of Time, or Death, or of a Fury such as the poets describe them, or of some other strange figure calculated to alarm the imagination of the spectator. These being made to move along over the heads of the audience (who are earnestly requested not to stretch out their hands) are probably suspended from long and light poles like fishing-rods. How they are rendered luminous at pleasure I know not, but the whole appeared to me a very childish representation. I was, however, extremely pleased with an optical experiment made by means of a concave mirror, such as I had never before seen performed. The mirror being entirely concealed, a bunch of beautiful flowers appears, the spectator approaches and examines it at his leisure; but finds, when he tries to take it in his hand, that it is an airy vision and no more. An image can thus be formed in the air, and extension and form become objects of sense where there exists neither solidity nor sensible resistance, and we may conceive how with a little air of mystery and a few hard words, a man might give himself the air of a conjuror in a country village.

We will now, as we have been so long speaking of Paris, make an excursion to Versailles, and it will be, unfortunately, almost the only excursion I shall be able to give you an account of, for the weather has been almost continually bad. The road leads through the Bois de Boulogne, which affords the inhabitants of Paris a delightful variety, and particularly in Summer, and of a Sunday's afternoon, when the tradespeople and little shopkeepers of the city, with their families, intermixed with the peasantry of the neighbourhood, may be seen strolling in every part of the wood, and dancing on some lawn, or under a shade, or collected in groups before the doors of a public house. The opulent, who have splendid equipages, and the young men desirous of showing

themselves or their horses and curricles, may be seen taking the air here, and even the emperor sometimes condescends to enliven the scene by his presence. A deer is turned loose upon those occasions the night before, and his majesty, after keeping his attendants for hours in the palace yard, and hundreds of hungry Parisians in momentary expectation of catching a look at him, condescends, for an hour or two, to put on the semblance of amusement, and as he moves to his carriage, or as it hurries him along, he bows, and puts on what he means should be a smile, but it extends only to the distortion of his mouth, and to the showing of his teeth, which are singularly white. At a very short distance from Paris we passed below the hill on which stand the villages of Anteuil and of Passy; the first was to the celebrated Despeaux what Twickenham was to Pope, and Passy commands the attention of every American as having been, for some years, the residence of Dr. Franklin: I had once, though but for a short time, the pleasure of cultivating the acquaintance of Dr. Franklin, and have played at chess with him. He was extremely fond of the game, and entered into all the spirit of it; pleased, no doubt, at being able to give way for a moment, like other people, to the sensations of hope and fear, to feelings which, in the weightier concerns of life, he very carefully concealed the operations of. He was, at the period I allude to, retired from all public cares but the government of Pennsylvania, and was gliding cheerfully and almost gayly into the vale of years. You have heard of his discoveries in electricity and have read his memoirs. It is to be regretted that these last were not brought down to the more interesting periods of his life; to events on which the fate of nations depended, and in the direction of which it was the lot of this distinguished countryman of ours, whose talents had elevated him from the humblest walks of life, to bear a conspicuous part. He might have told us, as he looked back upon the stormy ocean of British and American politics, how far he had been swayed by interest or ambition, how far a sense of injurious treatment and opprobrious language had influenced his conduct, and what was really in his mind and at the bottom of his heart during the whole of our revolutionary contest; a contest which he affected to deplore, and yet certainly promoted, and by arts not always justifiable even in the relaxed morality of a statesman. Considering him exclusively as an author we have, perhaps, rather exaggerated his merit, and have supposed him great because we ourselves were little; but he undoubtedly possessed great good sense, great natural sagacity, and a mode of familiar explanation which enabled him to carry conviction home to the breasts of those to whom he addressed himself. With these powers of the mind he most meritoriously exerted himself to amuse and to inform, and knew how to promote every sentiment of industry and eco-

mony, in classes where those useful virtues are so necessary, and yet so generally neglected, while he seemed chiefly intent on exciting a smile. On subjects of general politics and political economy he certainly entertained some erroneous opinions. His constitution of Pennsylvania was such as he must, upon mature deliberation, have disapproved of; it was of the sort to which men of some talents but of mean ambition are always partial, inasmuch as it renders their assistance at all times necessary, and their supremacy unavoidable; and his ideas on luxury, on commerce, and on agriculture, as the only source of national prosperity, will but serve, perhaps, to mislead some modern statesman, who, without his integrity, his good sense, and his practical experience, may, for our sins, be placed for a time at the head of the nation; such a one, and perhaps he is already in being, may fancy himself a philosopher too, and may be for ascertaining under what circumstances the people of America can exist, and upon how little, and how long; and may be trying experiments upon us as upon animals in an air pump: there is another subject upon which it would have been highly interesting to have learned the opinion of Dr. Franklin. It would have been highly interesting to know what he thought, when arrived at the maturity of reason and experience, of the ultimate effect of the revolution upon the happiness of those, whose fate had been involved in that great event. He could not, I think, but have rejoiced, that the noble stand made by the people of America, had tended to preserve the liberties even of those against whom their exertions were directed, and who certainly have not declined in any one circumstance of national prosperity. I am here a witness, even upon this hostile shore, of the admiration which their fearless perseverance, and their unshaken public spirit can create, for never was their power more irresistible at sea, and never were their triumphs more splendid. On our side, without any great addition to individual happiness, there has certainly been a very great increase of all which bespeaks national prosperity, and we have been saved, perhaps, from that degrading state of ignorance, of gross enjoyment, and lazy luxury, which Barrow and Percival describe in the wealthy planter of Ceylon and southern Africa. The mind of the American has now a scope which it could never, but for the revolution, have attained. Numbers have made laws, have administered justice, have drawn up forms of government, and have concluded treaties, who, but for the revolution, would have been toiling at the humblest avocations of the bar, or of commerce, or, perhaps have been following the plough. General Washington would have been known but as the most industrious, the most silent, and the best drest man of his neighbourhood, and all the active merit of general Greene

would have remained obscured under the modest garb and demeanor of a quaker. It might have been better, perhaps, if while we resolutely adhered to the practice of our ancestors in matters of jurisprudence, those who formed the federal constitution had retained a little more of what Mr. Burke calls the drapery of life; if the first magistrate, being removed by forms and ceremonies somewhat further from society, had retained some honours and distinctions at his disposal; if a degree of permanency had been given to the public esteem by attaching somewhat of an hereditary nature to personal dignity, and an order of men had thus gradually arisen, in whom the pride of ancestry and the example of noble deeds might have opposed a barrier against that all-devouring desire of amassing wealth, by which foreigners pretend to say our nation is characterised, a desire which, however laudable in many instances, is yet certainly very frequently at variance with the laws of honour and propriety: such an order might, upon other occasions, have rendered still more important services: their patronage would have cherished the arts, and promoted the sciences, and like the barons of Runnemede or the nobility and gentry of England in 1688, they might have found the best defence of liberty, in the proper acceptation of a word, which has been so much abused of late years.

The only calamitous effect of our revolution arises, I think, from the fermentation it has occasioned in Europe, and even we of the United States and our descendants may have reason to regret, that the successful termination of it should have proved how easily oaths of allegiance can be dispensed with; how easily the most salutary prejudices, the most deeply rooted principles may be dissolved, and the props of society removed: a charm has been destroyed, which, operating powerfully upon the human mind, was necessary to good government, and adventurers of desperate fortune will find it easier to promote their views by any expedient which avarice and ambition, disguised under all that eloquence has invented in favour of liberty can dictate. Individual states too, who may think themselves aggrieved, and may wish to separate from the general government, will find arguments ready made for the purpose, and will not hesitate to exercise that privilege against the union which was so successfully exercised against Great Britain.

But I am ashamed to have deviated so far from my narration. We passed the river at Sevre where the manufactory is carried on, which produces the beautiful porcelaine, commonly called Seve china. It is equal to all that has been said of it, and after declining, as every other great national establishment did, during the revolution, now flourishes again under the peculiar patronage of the emperor. He makes pre-

sents hence to such of the sovereigns of Europe as he condescends to be civil to, and has two vases that form the principal ornament of his gallery at St. Cloud, which were made here, and which are valued at four thousand pounds sterling each. The clay made use of is brought at a great expense from a distant part of France, and affords an instance of how much the value of the raw material may be increased by the ingenuity of a skilful artist; this is the case, we know, with flax, made into lace, of which I have seen a yard valued at eighty louisdors, and of iron, one penny worth of which, being converted into steel, and made up into watch springs, acquires ultimately a value of thirty thousand pounds sterling.

In the war of the succession to the crown of Spain, the power of France was so broken, that a partisan of the imperial army carried off one of the attendants of the dauphin, supposing him to be the dauphin himself, from the bridge of Sevre.

We arrived at the palace through the town of Versailles, which, from a village, had become a city of eighty thousand inhabitants, but is now reduced to thirty thousand. The proper road, as affording the most magnificent approach, is through a noble avenue of ancient trees. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the palace are the stables, which seem almost preposterously magnificent for the purpose intended: from the stables you pass along to a first and to a second court, at the bottom of which stands the principal building, which appears on this side as Louis XIII left it, but with very handsome appendages in the nature of wings and in a superior style of architecture. It was in this last court, that the mob of Paris, which Mr. Burke has so well described, was for a moment awed into respect by the appearance of the queen in the centre balcony with the dauphin in her arms. Every lover of architecture must regret, that Louis XIV, who was not apt to calculate the value of money, should have been here seized with a fit of economy, and left the old palace, which had served as a hunting seat to his father, just as he found it, rather than pull it down: it is on the garden side that the magnificence of Versailles appears; the palace is here spread out to an extent of eighteen hundred feet, and adorned with all that the art of sculpture could bring to the aid of architecture; in the centre is a portico six hundred feet in length, supported by marble pillars of the handsomest workmanship. The terrace, which extends the full breadth of the palace, projects between five and six hundred feet towards the country: it is, in fact, an artificial hill of no mean extent, being partly raised upon arches and partly consisting of a mass of earth brought here for the purpose. It must have cost a considerable part of the millions lavished upon Versailles: hence at

an elevation of about twenty or thirty feet from the original level, the view wanders over no very extensive prospects, but over objects, which, like St. Cyr, which is seen among the trees at a distance, carry back the mind, and generally with a sigh, to the recollection of former times. The gardens are kept in good order; they have an air of insipid formality, but I can conceive their inspiring a very different sensation, when the ornaments of a brilliant and numerous court were moving along the principal walks, amidst a number of marble fountains, a profusion of water, an endless variety of statues, and various handsome buildings erected for the temporary accommodation of the royal family and their attendants. It was in these that Lewis XIV gave those entertainments which attracted the admiration of all Europe, and of which he had frequently the good sense to make a piece of Moliere's the principal amusement. It was customary with him upon these occasions, to have refreshments of every sort prepared for the court with all the display of plenty that you read of at Comachio's wedding in *Don Quixotte*; but instead of the wall of bread, and the goodly rampart of cheese, and the kettles of poultry which captivated Sancho, there used to be a sort of mountain, the grottoes of which contained every dish that could solicit the appetite, and the seeming facade of a handsome building, that was all cake and confectionary, and pyramids of sweetmeats, and hillocks of sugar plums, and ornamental vases containing liquors of every sort, and a little grove of trees bending with the weight of preserved fruits of various kinds, while a column of water rising from the midst of this to the height of thirty feet, and received, as it fell, in a circular marble basin, gave an additional charm to the beauty and variety of the scene.

One of the favourite amusements of this great king was to see people eat, and those (says St. Simons) who wished to pay their court, were sure to affect a good appetite and great spirits. The great canal, which is now dry, must have added considerably to the prospect, while the vessels of singular forms, in all the gaudiness of flags and streamers, gave to the whole an air of oriental magnificence. It was nearly a mile in length and upwards of two hundred feet broad, and was connected at the upper extremity with a branch which led to Trianon, a favourite place of residence of Louis XV, who vainly supposed that he could banish from it all the constraint and formality of a court. The late queen had improved upon the idea and constructed a little Trianon where she amused herself with a cottage and a mill and with the appendages of a farm, and something like the appearance of rural life, and soothed her imagination with privacy, and happy would it have been for her, had she never returned from such scenes to politics, which she knew nothing of, and to court intrigues, of which she was

made the victim. It was not in the nature of the king to differ from a wife he adored, and her opinion was too frequently founded upon the interest, or, perhaps, mischievous suggestions of some accidental counsellor. Her own experience could be of no avail; she was young, handsome, and a queen, and had never bestowed a moment's attention upon any thing more serious or instructive than a novel; her conversation was gay, unconnected, and trifling, made up frequently of the scandal of the day; any thing relative to business made her look grave, and from gravity to ennui the transition was rapid and apparent: she was, with all this, unfortunately fond of power, and thought herself capable of governing a kingdom. The baron de Besonval, from whose memoirs I have extracted the above character of this unfortunate queen, concludes by saying, that it was her fate to go wrong with the best intentions, and to displease by those very qualities which might, in private life, have secured the love and admiration of all around her: too familiar at times in some private circle, and thinking only of being amiable, when she should have inspired a very different sentiment, and again compelled on some public occasion, to reassume the dignity of her station, she lost, by a change of behaviour, which was inevitable, the regard of those whom she had made her equals, and was accused, without reason, of being frivolous and inconstant.

The expensive water works, which supplied the different fountains, have been very properly neglected, but the garden is, in other respects, well attended to, and the orangerie is in great perfection; the trees are sheltered in vaults under the terrace in winter, but are brought out in summer, and must add considerably to the beauty of the view. Some of them are as old as the time of Francis I.

After walking about for some time, we entered the palace by the great marble staircase and passed through a suite of rooms, which were formerly appropriated to the guards on duty, into the great gallery, which is one of the finest in the world. I well remember the sensation which I experienced on entering it many years ago, when numbers were waiting with an eagerness, which had more of affection than of curiosity to see the royal family and particularly the queen, who was then, as Mr. Burke describes her, just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she was beginning to move in—a sad change has taken place; the pomp of royalty is fled, and all is solitary and silent; it reminded me of Mr. Gibbon's description of the palace of Constantinople, when Sultan Mahomet entered it after taking the city by storm; melancholy reflection on the vicissitudes of human greatness, says the historian, forced itself upon the conqueror's mind as he entered the august and desolate mansion, and he was heard to repeat to himself the very applicable distich of a Persian poet, who, in describ-

ing a similar scene, says, The spider has woven his web in the imperial palace, and the owl has sung her watch song on the towers of Af-rasiab. The great gallery is two hundred and twenty feet long, with seventeen windows opening upon the gardens, and the same number of mirrors on the other side, corresponding with the windows: a great many of the statues and pictures which ornamented this and the other rooms, have been removed, but some remain, and I was struck with one picture in particular, which represents Sully as he describes himself in his letter after the battle of Ivey; the good king is leaning over him with an air of sympathy and affection, and the little semblance of a triumph with which Muignet indulged his own and perhaps his master's vanity, is extremely well represented. All that was required for parade at Versailles, for the reception of the court on gala days, for the exhibition of the royal family when they dined in public, and for the presentation of ambassadors, seems to have been in a style of suitable magnificence; but the private apartments were neither as handsome nor as commodious as I expected. The queen's large mirror still remains in what was her dressing-room, and must, from its size and position, have done justice to all that grace of motion, and elegance of form, in defence of which she perhaps imagined, as she surveyed herself, that in such a nation as the French, so famed for war and gallantry, ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards. We afterwards stopped for a moment at the door through which she fled for safety on the morning of the first of October 1789, and traced the scene of many of the events of that fatal day and of the night preceding, during which La Fayette ought not to have slept or never to have waked again. If the king and queen were uncomfortably lodged, it would be difficult to express the manner in which the greater part of the court were accommodated. What Arthur Young says upon that occasion is strictly true, nor is even Madame Roland's account exaggerated. It had been the policy of Richelieu to draw the great nobility about the person of the king, and they have since retained the custom of passing as much of their time at court as could be spared from the army: many of them with palaces of their own, and with almost regal rights which they might have exercised over a great extent of country, and yet enriched it by what the supplies of their own household would have required, were satisfied with some garret, or some cellar, or some room over a stable at the residence of the monarch: the consequence was, that they lost all hold upon the affections of their tenants and vassals, and were obliged to fly from the misguided rage of those who ought to have followed them into the field in defence of monarchy. It is singular that the worst features of the feudal system should have remained so long in France without any of its advanta-

ges; that the wretched peasant should have been exposed to the oppression of the capitaineries, and yet have remained so personally unconnected with his lord, as to be ready to massacre his family and burn his castle; while in England, the custom of the great landholder to reside, for a part of the year at least, upon his estate, and his attachment to agricultural pursuits, and the general necessity of an application to the good will of the people, at least once in seven years, have given him a more than feudal influence long after the destruction of the system itself. Should the sins of Europe, and I may add of America, deserve so great a calamity as the destruction of the naval power of England, and the French be able to land there, which Heaven avert, the conflict would still be long and severe; every day which marked the progress of the invading army, would be a day of battle; they would have to trample upon the bodies of the nobility and gentry, of the merchant, the farmer, the labourer, and the manufacturer; and I will venture to say, that at the worst, no son of the noble houses of Russel or of Percy, no Howard, Churchill, or Lumley would be found fiddling or dancing for bread in foreign countries; they would die at their posts.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A Summary of Remarks made on the Falls of Niagara, by the Hon. Samuel L. Mitchill, as gathered from his conversations and display of Mineral Specimens.

DR. MITCHILL observed on his return from Niagara, in 1809, that the cataract had employed so many pens and pencils, that he should not have written any thing about it, had it not appeared to him that the great chasm which the water has formed in the rocks at that place, discloses much of the mineralogy of the region, and assists in forming correct opinions concerning the geology of this section of the globe. He thinks the delineation by Mr. Weld as reputable to him; and his pages and illustrations instructive. The account by Mr. Volney he considers as instructive; and his plans intelligent. The paintings and prints of Mr. Vanderlyn, were pronounced by Dr. Mitchill as pieces which presented to the eye, all that could be expected from landscape.

And speaking of the description of Mr. M'Kinnen, he observed, that although it was almost as much a picture of his own emotions as of the scenes around him, it was nevertheless ingenious and interesting.

On exploring the strata laid bare by the cataract, their argillaceous, calcareous and silicious character immediately struck him. He was careful to bring away specimens of each ; and these at all times and distances, enable him to substantiate his own description of the grand falls.

The inferior layers of earthy matter at the falls are composed of slate, or shistus. This is very friable, and cracked into numberless pieces. It has so little cohesion that the fragments can be easily picked out by the fingers. It is constantly dropping off or wearing away. Its fallen portions constitute a part of the loose gravel through which the traveller labours beneath. This argillaceous matter yields to mechanical and chymical agency more readily than the harder strata which it supports. It therefore undergoes excavation, while the superior and firmer strata of limestone project and overhang, until they break off by their own weight. Owing to this abrasion or decay of the brittle shistus, the calcareous rocks above jut far beyond their present base, and threaten him who takes shelter below them. Masses of various sizes, from small stones to rocks of many tons weight have fallen from the summit thus undermined, and now occupy the space at its foot. As the excavating or undermining process goes on, other pieces will be detached, and the chasm be proportionally enlarged. This foundation of slate is of vast extent in these parts of North America. Shistus emerges from the strata of granite on the banks of the Hudson, at Newburgh and Fish-kill, and underlays the limestone to the northward of both ; as well as the sandstone of the Kaatskill mountains. Travelling north it shows itself again at the water-falls in the neighbourhood of Albany, and at the village of Waterford. The same kind of argillaceous slate prevails beyond Stillwater to the falls of Fort Edward, and supports the limestone over which the Hudson at Glen's falls is precipitated. Turning westward, the shistus, over which the Mowhawk river falls at the Cohoez, is covered with granitical stones and rocks from Schenectady to Palatine ; and at the latter place, by a limestone that is replete with petrifications. At the little falls where the lock-navigation has been opened, huge strata of a compact, striated, dusky and ferruginous quartz conceal it. At Utica a coarse, granulated silicious sandstone overspreads it. But at Oriscany the slate again makes its appearance, and continues until the limestone incrusts it, west of the Oneida reservation, in the town of Sullivan. And it probably extends under the calcareous strata quite to Niagara river, and

an unknown distance into Canada. At the former place, the impetuous action of the water has exposed its deep stratification. Shistus rock abounds in the region between the Hudson and the Mohawk; for at Ballstown, some of the branches of the Kayaderopras have washed the strata bare. And the banks of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Kingston on Lake Ontario, demonstrate the prevalence of the like argillaceous slate as the extensive substratum in all that tract of country.

The rocks which compress the layers of friable shistus at Niagara, are limestone. They are piled up to a great height. They are disposed horizontally, and are of the flat or tabular form. Their strength and compactness enables them to overhang the banks, after their foundation of brittle slate has been removed. One of the most prominent and durable of these strata is the table-rock. This is much frequented as a favourable spot for observing the magnificent scenery from above. While it lasts, it is worthy of being resorted to, for the advantages of the prospect it affords. And it may be regretted, that it will be spoiled whenever the slate beneath shall be so far worn away as to render the incumbent strata of calcareous matter incapable of supporting their own weight. The projecting portions will break off, and descend by their gravity to the subjacent mass of ruins. The fear of danger to a spectator standing upon such a ponderous shelf, and surveying his situation when above, is not surpassed by the solemn apprehension he experiences from its imminent and awful aspect when below.

In these calcareous strata, Dr. Mitchill observed the carbonate of lime to predominate. This, however, is not a mere mixture of fixed air with an earthy calx. The rock on being rubbed or broken, emits a fetid or sulphureous odour; evincing that it is a swine-stone or *lapis suillus*. This disagreeable smell attends the limestone in this and the adjacent regions. Dr. M. possesses pieces of it charged with martial pyrites. And the sulphur, clay and iron of this association, are intimately blended with the calcareous carbonate. The existence of pyritical limestone explains how by the decomposition of the pyrites, sulphuric acid is produced, and gypsum formed.

The calcareous nature of the upper rocks is evinced by the fact, that in the neighbourhood of the great cataract as well as at the whirlpool five miles down the river, and at Queenstown two miles further, the inhabitants burn them into limestone for economical purposes. But the material is not always indeterminate or shapeless. It assumes beautiful crystalline forms. Rhomboidal and cubical crystals are formed on its surface, and in its cavities. The former are of a milk-white colour, with oblique angles. The latter are less frequent, generally found in the same clusters with the others of an almost rectangular figure, and of a semi-transparent complexion. Other crystals shoot along the vacuities of the limestone; some of an imperfect hex-

angular shape, and others in clumps of acute six-sided crystals, both having a resemblance to the dogs-tooth-spar. All these are probably modifications of the calcareous carbonate, by admixtures of magnesia, iron, silix, and perhaps some other ingredients.

These layers of limestone are interspersed with small masses or lumps of gypsum. This is generally of a snowy whiteness, and indeterminate figure. But it is sometimes finely semi-pellucid and lamellar. It is mistaken by the people for the petrified froth of the river. It seems to be formed in consequence of a decomposition of the pyrites imbedded in some parts of the rock. The sulphuric acid to which this process gives rise, expels the carbonic acid, and unites with the limestone by virtue of a more powerful attraction. Thus the common limestone is converted into plaster of paris; or in chymical language, the carbonate of lime is changed into a sulphate. The two compounds very commonly exist together, the limestone and gypsum cohering and making parts of one mineral mass. In some rills where the brimstone appears not to have been combined with oxygen, it oozes out with the water, and discolours the rocks. Thus native sulphur and calcareous sulphurets, may be enumerated among the natural products of Niagara.

To enable the kind and quality of the calcareous rocks, in the western territory of New-York, and the adjacent parts of Canada, to be understood, it ought to be mentioned that organic remains, apparently of animals, are frequently found in them, the greater part of the way from the Seneca Lake to Niagara River, a distance of a hundred miles. At the remarkable sulphureous spring in the town of Phelps, eleven miles northwest of Geneva, they appear like corallines and madrepores. On both sides of the Genessee and Tonawanda rivers, they resemble marine shells. While on the east and west banks of Niagara river, they assume, in addition to the already enumerated forms, those that have erroneously been called petrified wasp's-nests and honey-combs. In some cases these calcareous petrifications are blended with pyrites; and in others they are impregnated with a petroleum or bituminous matter, called Seneca oil. These petrifications do not indeed so remarkably distinguish the limestone at the spot where the cataract is; but, as the calcareous strata there possess the same general character with that in the adjoining districts, it was thought proper in drawing up this sketch, to mention the marks of the common saline and maritime origin.

The silicious ingredients in the rocks hereabout were observed by Dr. Mitchell to consist mostly of quartz and flint. The quartz is sometimes mingled with the calcareous carbonate in such quantity as to give sparks with steel; forming a sort of silicious limestone. In other cases it exists in veins or streaks almost unmixed. And lastly it bespangles

the surface with elegant crystals, hard enough to scratch glass. The flint at the falls is whitish; but near the outlet of lake Erie it is blackish. In both places it is distinctly bedded in the limestone; and their quantity is relatively small, particularly at the former place. At the latter, the colour of the flint concurs with that of the calcareous strata in which it is immersed, to have obtained for the spot the name of Black-rock. This stone breaks with the concavo-convex fracture; and answers very well to furnish fire-stones for musquets. It does not seem to be chymically incorporated with the limestone; but to be laid in it as pebbles are scattered through breccias. Dr. M. said it put him in mind of the nodules of flint, contained in the chalk-pits of Kent and Surry, which he had observed in travelling through England. The flint and limestone at Erie lie contiguous without mixture; and may be broken out in their respective forms quite distinct. And this connexion of them continues eastwardly, far into the Seneca-prairies, or Buffalo Plains.

Such, according to this gentleman's report, is the constitution of the solid strata at Niagara, and in its vicinity. The uppermost are horizontal and tabular; when a stratum is discontinued, its termination is abrupt, forming a sudden descent. This descent, at any one place, is proportional to the thickness of the stratum. Several of these strata break off in this manner, about half way between Chipeway and the grand cataract. And they continue their interruptions to the evenness of the channel, the whole distance beyond. At each termination the river treads lower, and skips and dances along to the next. It marches down this, and proceeds to the succeeding one. Then it runs from stage to stage, until after a gradual and majestic progress of a mile, gathering force and velocity at every step, it leaps from the high and final precipice.

The mighty and immeasurable torrent dashes upon a ledge of detached and enormous rocks, the fragments of the superior strata that have been broken off, and precipitated in the course of ages. All the pieces which the vehement and unceasing current can stir, are washed away. None remain but those that are too heavy for removal. These form a rough and broken bottom for the floods to rush upon. Their solidity and size check the impetuosity of the headlong river. Their crags convert a part of it into mist, which rises like an exhalation to an altitude sufficient to be seen for many miles, and which bedews the adjacent district with a moisture resembling rain. On the Canada side, they are in a great degree concealed from sight by the foaming water, and the rising spray that invest them. But on the New-York side, where the height of the fall is greater and the quantity of water smaller, the inferior ledge of rocks can be better discerned as they lie piled upon each other in all the rudeness of accidental dispo-

sition; these form a barrier to protect the frail basis of slate from the assault of the water. By the intervention of these impassive heaps, the shistus, notwithstanding its shattered constitution, maintains its ground remarkably, and yields but slowly. Yet, under the operation of such powerful causes, it gives way at last, though only inch by inch. In consequence of this moderate, but certain removal of the shistic foundation, the calcareous strata are at length deprived of their support, and yards and perches, as is believed, of their extremities have disappeared within the recollection of persons now alive.

By this means the cataract seems to have moved its place, and not to have been stationary at any one point. Beyond a doubt, says Dr. M. it is proceeding up the stream, and drawing nearer to Chipeway and Erie. And if in its early existence, it thundered where Queenstown now is, it must have worn its way about seven miles in the lapse of centuries, to its present seat. Strange and unaccountable as this conjecture may appear, to many it really violates no probability. On the other hand, it is countenanced by several important considerations. A little above that village, the plain which reaches northwardly from the shores of Lake Erie, ceases. There is a rapid declivity to another plain which extends to Ontario. The difference of these levels is rather more than the height of the falls. The beholder is impressed with the belief that the river once ran to this natural limit, and there descended to its lower bed. If this really was the fact, it could not have continued to flow forever there. The deep foundation is the same species of shattered slate which sustains the strata where the falls now are. The incumbent beds of rock are but continuations of those very calcareous layers; with the addition of some silicious sandstone between the top and bottom, along the declivity at Queenstown. What marvel then that the river should have opened for itself its present profound channel through rocks of such a stratification and so constituted? There cannot be a moment's hesitation in the mind of every examiner to admit the readiness with which the slaty strata cracked through with innumerable flaws, would be dislodged by the force of such an agent. Their minute fragments of loosely cohering particles, would immediately be carried along by the tide. By attrition they would be worn away, and lay aside their shistic form on returning to argillaceous powder. Thus the strata of slate would naturally disappear and leave a passage for the waters. In the meanwhile the limestone, deprived of its support beneath, would separate piecemeal and tumble into the abyss. Every person of science knows that calcareous earth is soluble in water, and that it is liable also to alteration through the chymical and mechanical agencies to which it is subjected; the firmest limestone will, after sufficient agitation and exposure, lose its coherence and be transformed to sand, or vanish in solution. In either

case, whether the rocks are pulverized or dissolved, the greater impediments are removed and an opening made for the river. And really when it is considered what vast power water possesses as a menstruum, and how irresistibly it acts by impulse, there will be reason enough to conclude that the channel from Queenstown to Chipeway may have been worn between its rugged banks by that agent. It will be equally evident that the work is by no means suspended; but that the wear and tear is incessantly going on.

Professor Mitchill has transmitted to his colleague Professor Bruce, a collection of the mineralogical specimens brought from the county, river, and falls of Niagara, to be deposited in that gentleman's valuable cabinet.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In the courteous correspondence, which accompanies the ensuing speculation, and some others of a character of no minor interest, our respected friend apprizes us that if this sort of contribution be acceptable, more can be easily furnished, to fill up, as he modestly expresses himself, a page in this Miscellany. The gentleman in question, to whom we are indebted for many leading articles in *The Port Folio*, is assured, in a tone of no prostituted flattery, that we and our readers are equally amused and instructed by his ingenious labours. The publication of the ensuing anecdote, though it does not instantly follow the commemoration of the event alluded to, can never be *out of season*, in the estimation, either of the Patriot or the Historian.

EDITOR:

PROPHECY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

I WAS thinking the other day as I returned from the annual celebration of our political nativity, that it would be interesting to collect from different authors a summary of what had been the opinion of well-informed persons in former times, as to a probability of a separation between Great Britain and its colonies. Such a collection might teach us not to give implicit faith to, but certainly not to despise the reason:

VOL. II.

3 c

ings of speculative men. Hume, whose political sagacity seldom failed him, thought such an expectation altogether ill-founded, but the Abbe du Bos, who held some place in the diplomatic service of France, during the reign of Louis XIV, and at a period when the ministry of Queen Anne were said to have formed the plan of following up their successes in Europe by an attempt upon the French settlements in North America seems to have been inspired: he published a pamphlet entitled, "the Interests of England ill understood," in which is the following passage: "England, which seems now in the full tide of success, may end by getting possession of the whole American continent; but when this great region shall come to be peopled, and peopled in a great measure at the expense of the mother country, what line of conduct will England then pursue? Will a free commerce with all the world be permitted, and will the Americans be allowed to pursue their own interests as they may see best, paying no taxes but those of their own imposing, and bound by the acts of the English Parliament so far only as they may think proper to adopt them, and at liberty to give the preference to their own manufactories? If such should be the policy of England, the colonies, which will have been established and defended at a great expense, will shortly prove the rivals and perhaps the enemies of the English nation in all which constitutes their prosperity, and the mother country will be still more weakened by the loss of numbers, who will emigrate to this rising empire in the west. If, on the contrary, the government of England, actuated by the only principle, which can lead to the establishment of colonies, by a desire of promoting the national interest, should think of governing as the Spanish court does, and treating the people of the provinces like conquered subjects, rely upon it, that this fine and fertile country, at the distance of two thousand leagues, and peopled by men of English minds, will not long submit;—they will have inherited too high a sense of their rights as freemen not to be desirous of throwing off such a yoke, and their very rapid prosperity, their increase in wealth and numbers, and their improvement in every art and science will soon enable them to do so."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In a recent number of *The Port Folio* will be found a very spirited sketch of the character of Charles James Fox, and we now insert, as no unfit companion to it, a portraiture of Edmund Burke executed with equal ability. These two productions have been ascribed, on what authority we do not know, to the celebrated Sir James M'Intosh. They are certainly not unworthy of his reputation. In vigour of conception, and richness of colouring, they are indeed, scarcely inferior to Grattan's splendid delineation of the elder Pitt's character.

CHARACTER OF BURKE.

MR. BURKE is dead. He is beyond the reach of public regard and hatred; and those who persecuted, and those who loved him, may weep alike for the loss of a victim, and a friend.

He was for so many years engaged in public life; so long the most conspicuous and interesting figure; that with respect to him every mode of description has been exhausted; every talent viewed in every light; every virtue either lavished or withheld; and so universally, though variously, did he touch the passions of mankind, that all who spoke of him, or heard of him, became parties in the decision upon his character, and entertained a host of adverse or partial feelings, enemies at once to truth, and evidences to the magnitude of the subject.

His private qualities, as an acquaintance, a companion, and a friend, are said to have been most useful, gratifying, and endearing. His manners, like his wit, were ever playful. The naked charms of virtue and of truth, received innumerable and unstudied ornaments, from a conversation pure in all its vivacity, though unconscious of its influence over every description of hearers, who had taste or dispositions to be delighted or improved.

The genius of Mr. Burke was full of splendor; it was the reflection of lights from every quarter of the material and intellectual universe. His eyes shot through the depths of science, and ascertained the wanderings, or enlarged the limits of conjecture. His fancy, rich and bright, infinite in its variety, and intoxicating with its beauty, furnished copious and striking images, to illustrate and familiarize the operations of a reasoning power, otherwise too profound for common apprehension. His eloquence, convincing, persuasive, terrible when it assaulted, irresistible when it soothed, dignified in its rapidity, polished in its vehemence, diffuse, without being languid, concise, on occasion, without being obscure, never failed to agitate the fiercer, or to interest the milder passions. A spirit of divine morality breathed through him;

and however our opinions may differ upon the actual effects of his words and writings, it is no great exercise of candor to suppose that his intentions were pure. His immense stores of knowledge, were, in general, drawn forth to promote, or to resist some practical object, and he forced upon us the necessity of appreciating all human intelligence, by the good or evil to which it is directed. The sensibility of his heart was exquisite, and ever alive; more rapid than the flights of his imagination—infinately too rapid, and at times, perhaps, too strong for his reason, it often turned against the latter, the strength it occasionally received from both. Always engaged in the contemplation of mighty objects, he knew, that although his objects were mighty, his instruments must be men. In order to make the constitution what he could approve, and the empire what he wished, he united with a parliamentary party, which appeared the most respectable and effectual means of accomplishing these ends; but in attempting to render party his instrument, he became himself, for a time, the instrument of party; and his dereliction of that system upon the new turn of affairs in Europe, (the act of his life which has been the most unpopular) ought to vindicate his principles, though the consequences of it may arraign his judgment.

In our imperfect nature the superiority of one man to another is no more than a partial superiority. One towering faculty, in the composition of an individual, bears down and casts a shade upon the rest; in conduct it obstructs their use, as in comparison it extinguishes their lustre. Mr. Burke's miscarriages in the world of politics, though not proportioned to the grandeur of his undertakings, have been more than proportioned to those incurred by ordinary men, in the ordinary level of human character. His fertile mind nourished every subject on which he thought, into a vast creation, multiform, rich in realities, in images, and in conjectures; much of it fluctuating and fugitive, complex in its materials, boundless in its dimensions, and new to its author. More secure, but far less elevated, their lot, in whom there is little of invention to suggest, and nothing of imagination to delude; whose ideas do not multiply into clogs upon their judgment, but leave it, through an empty region, a free and inglorious path! Where these, and such men as these, have to manage only their respective atoms, Mr. Burke, in his luxuriance, had to wield a universe—and to say that he failed, is to say that he was not a God.

Some weeds of prejudice sprung up with his opinions; a mist of superstition hung over him, which obscured important truths, and raised a multitude of illusory forms; his fancy associated other subjects with these; and his zeal committed them, so infected, to the world. The rest of mankind saw truth and falsehood in colours less strong than Mr. Burke, though perhaps more minutely accurate. All those whose

cold and shallow mediocrity was incapable either of sympathizing with his sensibilities, or of fathoming his deductions, made his greatness a reproach to him, and ridiculed his intellect for being superior to their own. Some philosophers, also, of that malignant school which affects the absence of feeling to disguise its perversion, joined in a league of abusive controversy; and madness and despotism were common themes of invective, against one of the wisest and the best of men.

Upon the whole, we must impute to Mr. Burke some of the evils we have suffered, but posterity may reap unmixed advantage from his works. He combined the greatest talents of the greatest men, and his judgment was overmatched, not by the abilities of others, but by his own. He roused, by a wound, the sleeping tyger of Democracy, and provoked, and almost justified, his devastations. Had he lived in the most despicable age, his genius would have exalted it; had he lived in the most tranquil age, his conduct might have disturbed it. He has left a space that will not soon be filled. He described a grand, but irregular course; his meridian was more tolerable than his descending ray; but the heat with which he scorched us will soon be no longer felt, while the light which he diffused will shine upon us forever.

THE LITERARY WORLD—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DOBSON'S PETRARCH—*Philadelphia Edition, 2 vols. 12mo.*

MANY years have elapsed since the indefatigable Abbe de Sade, in the fervour of his zeal for one of the restorers of literature, published three huge quartos, as a sort of Life of Petrarch, the well-known hermit of Vacluse, and the romantic lover of Laura. On the appearance of this overgrown work, all the Learned agreed that its laborious author deserved well of the literary commonwealth; but that either the magnitude of his collections, or the copiousness, not to say the prolixity of his style, would terrify every indolent reader. The enormous size of these volumes, so obviously rebellious against the common code of biographical composition, did, indeed, deter many from the purchase and perusal of a book, in which it was apprehended there would be found more flagrant proofs of the garrulity of a Frenchman, than of the accuracy of a compiler. Moreover, doubts were started with respect to the genuineness of some of the *manuscripts*,

to which the Abbe pretended he had access. There was a clamorous *call for papers*; and, as in the case of the impudent forgeries of Macpherson, shrewd and inquisitive men insisted upon an inspection of the *originals*. The guarded silence of the prudent Abbe, and the *cunning craftiness* of a venal bookseller contributed, very essentially, to corroborate the incredulity of Criticism.

But while the Indolence of some, and the Scepticism of others thus powerfully operated to check the sale, and retard the popularity of this cumbrous performance, elegant scholars on the continent, together with *the whole choir of Phœbus* in Great Britain, plainly perceived that though the Abbe's field was vast, it did not follow that it was barren; and that although some of its ornaments might be artificial, yet it was probable the curious eye might discover many flowers of a perennial character. In a life, checkered by romantic vicissitudes, at an epoch, memorable in the annals of Literature, men might find both instruction and delight. A gold mine was evidently open, and though the first discoverer produced but huge masses of the crude ore, some more adroit artificer might fashion it for use, and polish it for beauty.

About the commencement of the American revolution, Mrs. DOBSON, a literary lady of Liverpool, instead of indulging herself in libels against crowns, or eulogies upon colonists, like Mrs. Macauley, and other viragees of a similar stamp, wisely relinquished the bickerings of Faction for the bowers of Literature, and read Poetry much more devoutly than Petitions. Soame Jenyns, a most elegant scholar, a diligent inquirer, and a gentleman of *the old Court*, probably exhorted this Lady to attempt an abridgment of the Abbe's *Memoires*. This elegant epitome, executed with sufficient spirit, was, in fact, dedicated, *by permission*, to Mr. Jenyns, who never would have sanctioned with his *honoured* name, a work dubious in its principles, or slovenly in its execution. In this animated address to her Patron, the learned Lady abundantly testifies her high sense of the honour of his indulgence, and pays a perfectly well-deserved compliment to the captivating conversation and elegant and philosophical writings of one, whose style was as sweet as ADDISON'S, although his politics and his party were directly the reverse of those of the *awkward* secretary of the First Dutch George.

MONTAIGNE, in one of his desultory chapters, wishes that his work might become a *parlour window* book. Few productions of a light and desultory character have been more popular than Mrs. Dobson's ingenious summary, which it may be said emphatically is a *toilet table* book. Independently of the sweetness and attractiveness of this Lady's style, the great power of enchantment, which leads a vast multitude of women, and men soft, idle, and luxurious like women, is the *marvellous pleasant love story* of the *pinning* Petrarch, and the

languishing Laura. In this best of all possible worlds, while lightning smiles and downcast looks, sunny locks and radiant smiles, looks expressive, and sighs suppressed, thoughts that breathe and words that burn constitute a section in the vocabulary of love, so long will the description of anything in the shape of an *intrigue* witch the imagination of young men and maidens. We must confess that, in our deliberate opinion, whatever relates to Petrarch and Laura, those amorous Signs, whether in opposition or conjunction, is, to the last degree, idle, insipid, and insignificant. We are excessively incredulous even of the existence of such an attachment, as has been so nauseously, so tiresomely, and so everlastingly described. Taking this romantic story for granted, the fond admirers of the lovesick Italian will place their favourite in a very awkward dilemma. If his passion was merely *metaphysical* and *sentimental*, a very darling idea which *frigs* like Sam Richardson, or prudes like his *Miss Howe*, dwell upon with rapture, then Petrarch was a *fool*. If his ardour were so ungovernable that he was seriously in love with his *neighbour's wife*, we need not go very far, nor run knocking at the door of the Decalogue, to discover that he was a *rogue*. In the first case, the learned Petrarch, with all the absurdity of Don Quixote, passes whole days and nights in the enjoyment of an *ideal* mistress, and consequently is as crazy and contemptible as the knight of the rueful face; and, upon the second supposition, he is not a very proper person to be led into a modest woman's drawing-room, or to be introduced by Mrs. Dobson, or any other literary lady, *Mrs. Clarke* always excepted.

Turning aside, with all possible contempt, from these phantoms of Gallantry, we fix our whole regards upon Petrarch, the hermit, the poet, the historian, and the philosopher; upon Petrarch, sequestered and studious at Vacluse, and caressed and crowned at Rome; upon the adventurous scholar, piercing through the gloom of the fourteenth century, and boldly exploring his way with the Classical Lamp in his hand. It is in this capacity that we delight to behold him; and when we remember that he gave unremitted attention to the whole circle of the Sciences, that he was assiduous in all the offices of Christian devotion, and one of the most indefatigable students of the age; that he was a man of business, and a man of the world, occupied with ecclesiastical engagements and by court cares, familiar with cardinals, legates, popes, and all the literati, his contemporaries, that moreover, in a life of no uncommon duration he found time to compose *folios* upon a vast variety of learned and intricate topics, besides keeping up an extensive correspondence with most of the great men of his time, it is very improbable that he was long or desperately in love with Laura, or any other Italian gipsy, chaste, or unchaste.

The *legitimate* pretensions of these little volumes to the favour of the *rational* reader are the softness, sweetness, and simplicity of *Our Lady of Liverpool's* style, and above all, the pious, the philosophical, and the literary character of Petrarch, who, like ERASMUS, amid innumerable cares and perplexities in sickness and in sorrow, always found time to do his duty and to do it well. In *Life's visit*, he has *left his name*; and his Italian and Latin works, in despite of the sneers of Gibbon, are a perennial monument not merely of his invincible industry, but of the fertility of his Genius, the variety of his Learning, and the dexterity of his Wit.

From the last and seventh edition of this fascinating work, Messrs. Finley and Hopkins, two young gentlemen of literary taste in this city, have printed a very neat and commodious edition. Of the extensiveness of its circulation we have no doubt, as it is a book both cheap and popular, and as it exhibits a very graceful portrait of a learned, a good, and a great man, who acted a much more important part on the Stage of Life, than that of a whining *Amoroso*, or a woful Sonnetteer. Some half a dozen of his *fourteen-stringed* verses may be read, and, perhaps, admired by a genuine disciple of the *Concetti* school, but most of Petrarch's compositions of this character, as well as the *fanatic* sonnets of John Milton, are scarcely looked at now, except by the *old women* of Literature. Petrarch's copious literature, and not his unmanly wailing has given him a rank among eminent authors; and Milton's Muse, when drudging over rugged sonnets to a sectary, is certainly as awkwardly employed as Queen Elizabeth or the Empress of Russia, discovered darning stockings, or stooping over a wash-tub.

THE SENTENTIOUS, OR SERIOUS WORLD.

(Continued from page 133.)

Do not attempt to be a public speaker unless you have a clear voice and a clear head.

During a fit of musical ecstasy, every nerve of the human body is in motion, and this may account for the power of Music over Melancholy.

However astonishing it may appear, it is certain that a mite in cheese is as regularly organized as an elephant.

Do not accustom yourself to swear. There are words enough in the English language sufficiently expressive of all our passions.

Riding the managed horse and fencing are noble and manly exercises. They give an elevation of mind that only belongs to a polished gentleman.

Be abstemious two days in a week. This is a good catholic doctrine, and most useful in a country where animal food is abundant.

Men who are prodigal of their promises are mostly misers of their performance.

Never attempt to execute anything in public, unless you can perform it well in private.

Out of a great number of bare elbows, not above one pair in ten ought to make their appearance in public.

When you are in doubt about a thing, sleep one night upon it, and probably you will awake with a clear determination.

When you are disposed to be serious, you will often find your thoughts disturbed by an Invisible Power. Repel that Power, and, in time, you will gain a victory.

When you have seen other countries, you will then know what value to affix to your own.

When you find yourself out of humour, drink three glasses of wine; but, if your bad humour be occasioned by wine, then drink as many draughts of cold water.

A young man who has gamed away his fortune is not without his use; he stands as a guide-post, that with an extended finger directs the road to ruin.

Take away your expensive follies, and you will have little reason to complain of hard times.

Of all men a loungers is least to be envied. His mind has lost all activity, and he is never happy but when he goes to bed.

A woman should never take a lover without the consent of her heart, or a husband without the approbation of her reason.

Long habits reconcile us to every thing. A criminal, when liberated, finds it difficult to sleep without his fetters.

Apostates are anxious to prove the sincerity of their conversion by the violence of their conduct.

A wise man, who marries a fool, dines alone all the days of his life.

Nothing can be so truly uncomfortable as an old bachelor, who has not a maiden sister to take care of him.

When you have the misfortune to get drunk, go quietly to bed, and do not venture into sober company, to show how sober you are.

Forget nothing but the injuries done to you.

Never borrow money to pay the expenses of a country excursion. If you have not the cash, stay at home.

"Mind what I say, and not what I do," is *not* the doctrine of an apostle.

If Solomon had meant his song as a representation of the church of Christ, he would have sung a more decent one.

Green and blue are the two colours that are the most pleasant to the eye of man.

It is hard upon a reviewer to be obliged to wade through the mud of Grub-street every month in the year, though he now and then has a pleasant walk in Kensington Gardens.

The more exalted you are, the more you will be observed. Your conduct should therefore be correct, to bear its being viewed on all sides ; but if you be determined to care for nobody then nobody will care for you.

A merry man at table brings as many good things out of his mouth as he puts into it.

If a literary man can prepare a work in twelve months, he should bestow two months of the time in polishing it.

You may employ any man to buy a horse for you, but choose a wife for yourself

When you suspect a man to have a bad heart, avoid him as you would a mad dog.

If you be a young man of abilities, though you may not, at first, succeed in your profession, you may boldly look forward to better times.

Gentleness on the part of the husband, and obedience on the part of the wife, fills the house with love and harmony.

There is as much to be gained by thinking as by reading.

In northern countries, snow is sent by Providence as a great coat to the earth.

There is no character so truly respectable as a benevolent clergyman.

Accustom yourself to the readiest method of finding out passages in particular books.

Hearing and seeing are so necessary to our happiness that Providence has bestowed upon us a double set of organs for that purpose.

When a mountebank and his fool are surrounded by a gaping crowd, they are perhaps the only two wise men in the company.

Call off your mind from *too much* attention to serious subjects, and refresh it now and then with a country excursion.

The great art of living is to know how to time things well. It is a study, and not to be acquired in a moment.

Avoid being of a captious temper ; and never think yourself affronted, but when the affront, or slight, is apparent.

Booksellers are the midwives of the Muses.

Authors are the worst judges of their own works, and so are physicians of their own complaints.

Irresolute people always find a lion or a bear in their way.

Expel a factious man from his own country and he will still continue to be the same creature wherever he goes.

A man who cannot govern himself is but ill qualified to govern others:

A man, who vainly attempts to please every body, will at last find that he has pleased nobody,

Be faithful to your God, be loyal to your Prince, be affectionate to your family, be honest in your dealings, be kind to your friends, and you will stand firm as a rock in the midst of a tempestuous ocean.

If you search diligently after Truth, you may be sure of her meeting you half way.

If you can once bring your mind to a due observance of Sunday, you may safely leave the regulations of the other days to themselves.

Never take a thing for granted, when it is in your power to reduce it to absolute certainty.

That system of logic, which consists not in abstruse terms, or argumentative subtlety, but in the manly exercise of the rational powers, justly claims an important place in every system of education.

If a great man look down upon you, dont look up to him.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE CHARACTER OF POLONIUS.

In the last number of *The Port Folio* (page 135) appeared a short critique on the character of Polonius, which will not fail to arrest the attention of the lovers of the drama. It was published under the title of "*An Author's Evenings*." With the general style and manner of that paper, no judge of *composition* can be otherwise than pleased, for the pen of the chaste scholar and the man of taste is discoverable in them to every eye. But of the sentiments which the paper contains, and the principles which it advocates, we think no judge of *Shakspeare* can possibly approve.

The general, we might almost say the uniform opinion of players, commentators, and critics, appears to have hitherto been, that Polonius, though a favourite courtier, and an officer of the royal household, was notwithstanding a dotard in thought, and a buffoon in action. And such he has been universally represented on the stage. The avowed object of our "*Author*," in one of his evening exercises, has been, to vindicate the character of the "good old man" from these heavy and humiliating charges, and to prove, in opposition to the whole school of *Shakspeare*, that he was "a sage, a scholar, and an accomplished statesman," a courtier, not only possessing, but richly meriting the ear and confidence of Claudius, the profligate usurper of the throne of Denmark, who is declared, in the same page, to be a man of "talents and discernment." An enterprize by a solitary individual, so

difficult and hazardous in itself, and directly in the face of such a host of opponents, whatever its fate and issue may be, has something in its character gallant and chivalrous.

Our "Author," though no doubt a man of great candour, has certainly, in the present instance, thought proper, cavalier like, to come forward as the partial and decided champion, rather than the rigid analyser of the character of Polonius. To this he may have been led by that instinctive and reverential regard for grey hairs, which the noble and generous mind is proud to cherish. And if so, we honour his motive, however glaring the errors into which it may have led him.

It will not, we think, be denied, even by our "Author" himself, that he has treated the subject in a manner altogether *ex parte*—that, like an experienced counsellor, he has selected his evidence, carefully keeping out of view every thing except what he considered well calculated to promote the interest of his client. He cannot, therefore, take it amiss, should we, in imitation of his example, endeavour to make an unmingled display of the principal evidence on the other side of the question. As he has tasked his whole ingenuity in emblazoning the lights, he will suffer us to expose the shades of the picture. It is in this way that the public will be best enabled to judge for themselves, and ultimately to act the part of an impartial and a competent umpire.

The first proof we shall offer from Shakspeare, that there was something very strikingly defective in the character of Polonius, is the very line, which our "Author" has chosen for the motto of his paper. "Follow," says Hamlet to the players, when about to dismiss them,

"Follow that lord, (pointing to Polonius) and look you mock him not."

Now, whence, we beg leave to ask, is the necessity—where, indeed, is even the propriety of this admonition to civility and respectful treatment, had there not been, in the character of Polonius, something worthy of *mockery*? Something calculated to call forth the sneers of ridicule, and give keener points to the shafts of satire?—something greatly beneath the dignity of the venerable sage, the profound scholar, the polished courtier, and the accomplished statesman? Had Polonius been distinguished for either of these attributes of character, much more for all of them, as our "Author" alleges to have been the case; surely the players could have needed no admonition from Hamlet, not to assail him with ridicule or mockery. Enlightened, polished, and dignified old age, is a never-failing guaranty for respectful treatment throughout the world. Hamlet's caution, then, to the players in relation to Polonius, may be thus correctly paraphrased. "Although that lord, to whose attentions I have recommended you, is superannuated, garrulous and weak; and although the style of his manners by no

means corresponds to the elevation of his rank ; yet, as you will be in the constant reception of civilities from him, and as his proximity to the throne gives him weight in society, it will be most becoming, as well as most prudent in you, to treat him with respect."

On many occasions in the course of the drama, do we find the "good old man," as the queen styles him (for in no instance, we believe, does any one venture to call him either *wise* or *great*) on many occasions, do we find him engaged in weaving a puerile and low-bred web of words, alike inconsistent with manly sense and dignity of deportment. A most memorable instance of this kind occurs, where he undertakes to make known to the king and queen of Denmark, the important and profound discovery which he fancies he has made, relative to the cause of Hamlet's madness. While their majesties are almost consuming under a feverish anxiety to be made acquainted with the long-wished-for and interesting secret, the Lord Chamberlain appears before them, and foolishly prefaces his communication with a harangue more oppressively and impertinently circumlocutory, than anything to be found in the English language. Instead of promptly telling them that Hamlet's madness arose from the vehemence of his passion for the fair Ophelia, he eccosts them in the following irrelevant and fulsome string of flourishes.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad :
Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,
What is it, but to be nothing else but mad ?
But let that go.

Queen. (Impatiently) More matter, with less art!

Polonius. Madam, I swear I use no art at all—

That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
And pity 'tis 'tis true, a foolish figure ;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then : and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect ;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect ;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause :
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus perpend.
I have a daughter ; have, whilst she is mine ;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this : (*producing a letter from Hamlet to Ophelia*)
Now gather and surmise.

This long-winded effusion of sterling nonsense needs no remarks. Comment would only weaken the sentiments of contempt, which the original awakens in the mind of the reader. We are at a loss to say whether the whole exordium would seem to be characterized most strongly by the garrulity of age or the incoherence of ebriety. It would have come much more in character from the king's jester, than from his time-worn Chamberlain and privy Counsellor.

Equally undignified, quaint, and silly, is the following account given by Polonius of Hamlet's progress towards insanity, when wounded in his affection for the beautiful Ophelia. The young prince, says he, when repulsed, first

Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein he now raves,
And we all mourn for.

Precisely of the same character is the light, frothy, and ludicrous statement, the old man gives to Hamlet, of the extensive and versatile talents of the players, who had come to Elsinore to perform for his amusement. They are, says he,

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical—tragical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited : Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light : For the law of writ and liberty, these are the only men.

A disposition to boast of our discernment, acquirements, or exploits, is certainly in no degree characteristic of wisdom, good-breeding, or dignity of mind. On the other hand, it belongs more peculiarly either to an original weakness of intellect, or to a weakness induced by the ravages of time. In either case, it sinks the man beneath the sage, the scholar, or the statesman. Yet, on many occasions is this boastfulness of disposition strikingly manifested by the superannuated and garrulous Chamberlain of Claudius. Thus, still dwelling on the profoundness and importance of his supposed discovery relative to the insanity of the young prince, he says,

And I do think (*or else this brain of mine*
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's madness.

And again, addressing the king on the same subject, he pompously asks,

Hath there been a time (*I'd fain know that*)
That I have positively said, '*tis so*,
When it proved otherwise ?

So much, then, for the internal evidence of mental imbecility, and an *undignified*, not to say, a *buffoon-like* deportment, exhibited by Polonius in his own person. And, were it necessary, I need not remark to the student of Shakspeare, that further evidence of a similar tendency might be easily adduced.

But the opinion of Shakspeare himself relative to the character of the Chamberlain, must unquestionably be regarded as conclusive on the subject. Nor is that opinion by any means difficult to be known. The young prince Hamlet is by far the most enlightened, discerning, and profound of all the personages introduced to our notice in the course of the play. When his intellect, therefore, is neither perverted by the excess of his sensibility, nor darkened by the clouds of his passions, his sentiments may be regarded as the sentiments of Shakspeare. This is fact, not speculation; for, on almost every subject of importance, Hamlet is employed as the organ to communicate to the public the views of the poet. Witness the sentiments uttered by him in his interview with his mother, his directions to the players, his reflections at the grave of Yorick, with a thousand other instances that will immediately present themselves to the votaries of Shakspeare.

What, then, was the opinion of the ingenuous and accomplished young prince, relative to the character of the aged Polonius? did he regard him as an enlightened sage, a profound scholar, a polished courtier, or an accomplished statesman? No: he did not. We need scarcely remark, that the very reverse of this is true. In every instance he depicts and treats him as an intrusive, weak, and troublesome dotard—as an old man, whose meddling disposition, and undignified deportment, destroyed entirely that respect, in point of both sentiment and conduct, which we are commanded by duty, and prompted by inclination, to cherish and practise towards the hoary-headed sire. In proof of this assertion the following facts are deemed amply sufficient.

Prince Hamlet, in one of his fits of pretended madness, is amusing himself with a book. Polonius, advancing towards him, abruptly and perhaps impertinently, interrogates him as to the subject of the work he is so attentively perusing. To this offensive question the prince, in obvious derision of the chamberlain, sarcastically replies,

"Slander, Sir. For the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and

plumb-tree gum; and that they have a *plentiful lack of wit*, together with *most weak hams*."

Now, taking into view the whole texture and disposition of Hamlet's mind, it is clear, even to demonstration, that these sarcasms are not meant as a sneer at old age in general (for such an act would be unworthy of the noble-minded prince;) but merely as a picture of the old man Polonius.

In another conversation with the Lord Chamberlain, Hamlet remarks to him,

"My Lord, you played once in the University, you say.

Polonius. That I did, my Lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Hamlet. And what did you enact?

Polonius. I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was killed i' the Capitol. Brutus killed me.

Hamlet. It was, indeed, a brute part of him to kill *so capital a calf*.

The young prince again manifests his contempt for the superannuated courtier, in the following manner:

(*Hamlet to Polonius.*) "Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?"

Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet. Methinks 'tis like a weasel.

Polonius. It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet. Or, like a whale?

Polonius. Very like a whale.

Lastly, in the memorable scene with his mother, Hamlet mistaking Polonius for the infamous usurper of his father's throne, rushes on him in his concealment, and despatches him with his sword. On discovering his mistake, though he evidently repents of the fatal deed, he, notwithstanding, thus apostrophizes the lifeless body of the chamberlain:

Thou wretched, rash, *intruding fool*, farewell!

Take thy fortune;

Thou find'st that to be *too busy* is some danger.

Such, then, are the intimations (and surely they are too clear and too forcible not to be understood) which, through the medium of Hamlet, Shakspeare himself has given us with regard to the character of Polonius. But if *he* painted and considered him as an intrusive, weak, and trifling old man, not even the wand of Prospero himself could metamorphose him into a sage, a scholar, and a statesman.

But perhaps it may be asked, How is it possible that a character such as we have just described, should be capable of inculcating a

system of advice so sound, wholesome, and practical, as that given by Polonius to his son Laertes, on his departure for France?

To this we answer, that a capability of dealing out readily and in great abundance, sentiments and maxims of that terse form and proverbial character, which mark the advice of Polonius to his son, is by no means a proof of a very exalted intellect; it is rather a sign of some experience and some observation, connected with a peculiar turn of mind. No one, we believe will suspect Sancho Panza, squire and companion to the knight of La Mancha, to have been either a scholar, a man of talents, a sage or a statesman. Nor was he a person of polished manners and a dignified deportment. On the other hand, his general character is evidently that of a simpleton and a zany. Yet we will venture to assert, that many of his remarks and proverbial sayings are pregnant with as much sound sense and practical wisdom, as any that ever escaped from the lips of Polonius. Indeed, while governor in the island of Barataria, we are of opinion that some of his decisions far surpassed anything ever achieved by the Chamberlain of Claudius.

Our "Author" in one part of his critique, very emphatically asks, "Can it for an instant be imagined by any brain of firmer texture than that of a piddling commentator, or a skipping scaramouch of the stage, that the King of Denmark, who appears to be by no means deficient in talents, or in the discernment of character, should lavish such encomium and repose such confidence on *Polonius* a *fool*, a *dotard* and a *mountebank*?"

To this we reply, that we can discover no ground whatever for regarding either the favours, the praises, or the confidence of king Claudius, as the slightest evidence of talents, worth, or wisdom. On the other hand, we think we discover most potent reasons for suspecting the characters of those on whom the bounties of the usurper were bestowed. For, instead of drawing good and great men around him, his beastly dissipation and abominable vices were calculated to banish them entirely from his court, and fill up their places with wretches like himself. It can scarcely be believed, that the heaven-damned fratricide, and the incestuous polluter of his brother's bed, would select for his companions and counsellors the worthies of the nation. Accordingly we find the court of Claudius composed entirely of such characters as Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Ostrick, of the latter of whom Hamlet had so contemptible an opinion, that he declared it was even "a vice to know him." From the friendship and confidence of the usurper, then, the Chamberlain derives no shadow of claim to regard, either for the soundness of his head or the virtues of his heart.

On carefully analysing the whole character of Polonius, we evidently discover in it more buffoonery than wit, more cunning than wisdom, and more of the obsequious and time-serving courtier, than of

the enlightened, dignified, and independent statesman. Had he been really the man our "Author" declares him to have been, he would never have forsaken the fortunes of the noble Hamlet, and attached himself to those of an incestuous fratricide.

But however humbly we think of the character of this superannuated courtier, we notwithstanding fully concur with its learned and generous champion, in reprobating the manner in which it is usually represented on the stage. Consigned to one of the *petty underlings* of the drama, it never fails to be rendered much more contemptible and disgusting than comports with the views of its immortal author. For, to play the unqualified buffoon in every situation, to "out-Herod Herod," and to extort the empty applause of the "*million*" by doing violence to nature and nature's laws, constitutes not only the sole capacity, but even the study and delight, of these spurious pretenders to the sock and the buskin.

C.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO

In a late number of the Monthly Magazine, a poem, in eccentric metre, like that of Clement Marot, La Fontaine, and Dr. Walcott, is published under the title of a "Nosegay, a simile for the Reviewers," and is ascribed to "the late Rev. Lawrence Sterne." This is a gross blunder. The satire in question was written by John Hall Stevenson, Esq. and is published under the head, I think, of *Fables for grown Gentlemen*, in a collection of his works, three volumes crown duodecimo. It is not altogether impertinent to add, that this writer's poems, though sometimes polluted with trash and ribaldry, display invention, wit, and humour, and unquestionably gave rise to the mode of versification, adopted by Peter Pindar, which has been strangely supposed to be entirely *original*!

We think it perfectly amazing that Mr. Pope should be such a favourite with the ladies, when not Juvenal himself has expressed himself with more virulence at their expense, than the bard of Twickenham. Not to mention that famous line, in which he denies all *charac-*

ter to the sex ; not to mention the *infamous* passages, where he calumniates the accomplished Montague, there is a remarkable proof of his acerbity, as well as total want of candour, in one of those poems, which he chooses to call *Moral Epistles*. He is elaborately and exquisitely describing the versatile powers and lust of applause, so conspicuous in the character of a modern Alcibiades. The poet takes this occasion, and by no means in the spirit of a knight errant, to introduce certain *charmers* into very strange society.

Wharton ! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose only passion was the lust of praise,
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies.

It is perfectly amazing that many names should be inscribed on the rolls of literature in France, instead of being *set down* as mere *units* in some ephemeral Mercury of the mode, or some almanac for the use of old women. We will always abstain from every thing like censure, touching the Augustan age of Louis XIV, but in the succeeding reigns, a number of superficial, not to say illiterate men, were strangely crowned with laurel, instead of being branded for ignorance. Many a *philosopher* has not understood even the elements of science, and the doors of academies have been expanded to receive mere mountebanks, who should have harangued to no other auditors, than the gaping crowd at a fair.

Marmontel, describing the character of the count de Caylus, says very happily, what may amply illustrate the position. He gave himself importance for the most futile merit and the most trivial of talents. He attached the highest value to his minute researches and his antique gewgaws. He concealed a very adroit and refined vanity and a most imperious pride, under the rough and simple form in which he had the art of enveloping it. Supple and pliant among the courtiers and placemen, on whom the artists depended, he obtained a credit with the former whose influence was dreaded by the latter. He insinuated himself into the company of men of erudition, and persuaded them to compose memoirs on the gimcracks, which he had bought of some broker. He made a splendid collection of this trumpery, which he called antique. He proposed prizes on Isis and Osiris, in order to have the air of being himself initiated in their mysteries; and, with this *charlatanism* of learning, he crept into the academies, *without knowing either Latin or Greek*. He had so often said, he had so often published, by those

whom he paid to praise him, that in architecture he was the restorer of the *simple style*, of *simple beauty*, and *beautiful simplicity*, that the ignorant believed it; and by his correspondence with the *Dilettanti*, he made himself pass in Italy and many other parts of Europe for a sort of inspirer of the fine arts. I felt for him, therefore, that species of natural antipathy, which ingenuous and honest men always feel for impostors.

The science of pure and mixed mathematics has been derided in moments of levity by the petulance of wit and with the acrimony of censure. It has been sometimes plausibly urged that mathematics render us too careless of moral evidence, and that the diagrams of Euclid are destructive to the sallies of Pleasantry and the inventions of Imagination. This theory seems to be perfectly overthrown by the example of Dr. Arbuthnot, who was unquestionably the wittiest man of his age, and one of the most original writers of any age. He was not only a profound mathematician, but wrote a most acute and eloquent defence of his favourite science. D'Alembert and several of the French geometers were remarkable for the variety of their attainments, and for their admirable combination of the profound with the playful. Mathematics, therefore, must not be shut out of the company of the Sciences, but permitted to have a share in learned conversation. Only let us take care, as her phrase is very precise and her tone extremely dictatorial, that she do not absolutely engross the whole talk to herself. For, after all, though to have a slight acquaintance with her is an enviable privilege, yet it is incomparably better to know her as a transient mistress, than as a constant wife. In the latter case, her dominion is too absolute and jealous, and she too often shuts the door in the face of every visitor. The example is before us. W. is a man of sense, a man of principle, and a man of prudence. His decent circumspection qualifies him for a good house carpenter. He has all the diligence of a Dutchman, and all the geometry of the schools, but all his ideas may be inscribed within the narrowest circle of his compass!

The conversation of Dr. Johnson, as we learn from all his contemporaries, was frequently enlivened by Wit and Humour, but, in his writings, the solemn, for the most part, predominates over the playful. Even in his Idler, where it was absolutely necessary that he should unbend, and become a fine frolicsome fellow, his merriment is of an awkward and constrained character, and his forced laughter is almost

as uncouth as the jocularity of a *New England* deacon. But in his preface to Shakspeare, where he is expressing all his contempt for the commentators,

From slashing Bentley down to piddling *Tibbalds*,

he indulges himself in a strain of sarcastic drollery, of which neither Aristophanes, nor the Edinburg reviewers might lawfully be ashamed.

“ If my readings are of little value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed, or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed first, by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, and showing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading ; then by proposing something, which, to superficial readers, would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism.

—

Milton, in a sort of rapture, exclaims

Let me wander. *not unseen*,
By hedgerow elms, o'er hillocks green.

Although the poet is delineating the habits and humours of a cheerful and social man, yet it is difficult to conceive why such a pedestrian, in a morning ramble through groves and gardens, should want a *witness* of his delight, or a *spy* upon his pleasures. If the bard had said *quite* unseen, we think the costume of his *merry man* would not have been violated. But Milton, sublime and beautiful as he undoubtedly is, must always acknowledge a master even in his own art ; and one, in the delineation of manners and character, incomparably his superior. Take, for example, one of the initial scenes of *Romeo and Juliet*. Lady Montague, the anxious mother of a romantic son, desperately in love with *Rosalind*, very tenderly inquires of her kinsman, the bland *Benvolio*,

Where is *Romeo*? saw you him today?

to which his friend replies, in one of the softest and sweetest of Shakspeare's speeches,

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peep'd from the golden windows of the East;

A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,
 So early walking did I see your son :
 Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood ;
 I, measuring his affections by my own,
 That most are busied, when they are most alone,
 Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

In this highly poetical passage, the very echo of the voice of Nature and Passion, the dramatist, with admirable accuracy and the most consummate justice, describes two young gentlemen of Verona, near relations and fast friends, studiously shunning, in a contemplative walk, the company of each other. No matter, if it be said that Romeo was thinking of his mistress, and Benvolio of his studies, it was *natural* that each of them should wish to be alone. Shakspeare is assuredly right, and Milton as clearly wrong. No man *meets the sun upon the upland lawn*, or walks *under the shade of melancholy boughs*, or crops eglantine, or smells daisies, or plucks cowslips, or hearkens to the carolling of birds, or gazes at the playfulness of lambs, with any desire that either boys, or clowns, or milkmaids should remark his rapture. Such a *rural enthusiast* chooses to be *alone*, whether his humour be *grave or mellow*, whether he be in love with Laura or with Literature.

The following, as the delineator himself remarks, is the most extraordinary character that can be found in society. What adds to our wonder is, that this curious portrait before it was exhibited to any body else, was shown to the whimsical original, who by no means disapproved of the resemblance. It is drawn with the spirit and fidelity of La BRUYERE. The painter pledges himself for the truth and accuracy of his outline, but we suspect that there is some exaggeration in the features ; and as for the tints, they are obviously *couleur du rose*. Our artist proclaims himself an intimate acquaintance of the original, but we have endeavoured in vain to discover who he was.

ASTACUS is a composition the most singular in nature. The versatility of a mind full of original ideas and caprice, the agitation of his heart, the fervency of his blood, the irritation of his bile, the vivacity of his mind, the weakness of his body, altogether form an individual, who would suffice to compose half a dozen characters distinctly marked, and which altogether present a being the most extraordinary that

one could meet in society. Happily for the friends of Astacus, his ideas, his caprices, his passions have nothing offensive in them. If he is not of their opinion, he allows them to differ from his, provided they give him leave to dispute at leisure, which he does with sparkling wit, and subtle logic. If he is in love, he does not pretend that it should be to the exclusion of others. He forms a friendship with his rivals, and invites them to dinner with her he loves. His caprices put none under restraint. His ill health serves as an excuse for his eccentricities, for his deviations from the rules of society, and for his following his own inclination. He has so well established this prerogative that his friends allow it him as his right, but he makes compensation by his promptness to oblige. He gives willingly. He lends nobly. Are you anxious to be introduced to an amiable woman? Are you solicitous to gain a friend? are you desirous of an interview with an illustrious or an ingenious man? beg Astacus to procure you these advantages, and Astacus complies with alacrity.

Astacus has read much. He knows the best authors in Latin, in French, and in English. He has a natural good taste, a refined judgment without the knowledge of any one element of abstruse science. But he is not at a loss on that account; he avows his insufficiency, and makes it up by the multiplicity and frankness of his questions.

He has a great elevation of mind. The rank and riches of those with whom he associates have no weight with him. He is humane, charitable, choleric, and gentle, lively and indolent; a warm friend, a generous enemy, if it can be said that he has any enemy; impatient from constitution, indulgent from reflection, simple one moment, witty the next, rarely enjoying delight, often languishing with *ennui*, forming brilliant plans, but seldom putting any in execution.

A very lively and intelligent Traveller, describing the delights he enjoyed during a summer visit to Chanteloup, the magnificent villa of a French nobleman, introduces a curious story, illustrating the influence of habit, and the inconstancy of a Lounger's character.

The custom at Chanteloup, after conversation or the promenade, was to retire for a few hours, each to his own apartment. This is what they called *L'avant soir*. One either passed it alone, or in making visits. The Duke used to go to his sister, the Duchess of Gramont, the Abbe Barthelemy to the Duchess of Choiseul, and the others where they pleased. We followed, in that respect, the custom at Paris, which was to pass the evenings with some friend until supper time. I have known men, who made it so much a habit, that they have been wretched if they had not a house where they could regular-

ly chat every evening. A story is told of the Duke of Nivernois, *à propos* to this subject. That nobleman was intimately acquainted with the Countess de Rochefort, and never omitted going to see her a single evening, as she was a widow, and he a widower, one of his friends observed to him that it would be more convenient for him to marry the Lady. I have often thought so, replied the Duke, but in that case, *where could I pass my evenings?*

The Duke de Choiseul, both before and after his disgrace at Court, was a nobleman in the highest estimation for his political and social powers. Of his talents, no one ever doubted, and he was doubtless conscious of their extent and value. Men love to be commended, not so much for their Knowledge, as for their dubious qualities. Sir Robert Walpole was never more soothed, than when he was praised as a *lucky gallant*; for he probably *knew* that he was a sagacious statesman. The following striking story, which may remind the reader of the Arch Bishop of Grenada and Gil Blas, giving us a clue through one of those windings in the human heart, which TACITUS and DAVILA are the most diligent in tracing. The adroitness of a courtier, the *secrecy of a woman*, and the self-complacency of her Lord, are very happily hit off in a spirited sketch, where the mere *English* remarker may be told that the phrase *bon homme* is generally applied to a man of a simple, good natured, and credulous character.

One day as I was in the carriage with the Duchess of Choiseul and the Abbe Barthelemy, her Grace said to me, Monsieur, I have a favour to ask of you, which you must grant me. With a great deal of pleasure, said I, Madame, if the thing is in my power. So much in your power, replied she, that I do not hesitate to require your word and honour that you will do what I wish. My confidence in you, Madame, answered I, does not permit me to refuse it you. It is this, said she, you have travelled a great deal; you have seen a great deal, and I believe that I shall not be wrong if I say that you understand mankind well. I am curious to know what you think of the Duke, my husband, of his particular character. I know that you are sincere, and to put your delicacy at ease, I promise you, if you desire it, that it shall be a secret between us. I would have excused myself, by saying that it did not become me to judge of the Duke de Choiseul, but the Duchess insisted. She had obtained my word, and required me to keep it. Well, Madam, said I, since you will be obeyed, I will endeavour to comply. You do not expect from me that I should describe the political character of the Duke. It is for Europe to decide on that. I shall only speak of what strikes me most particularly about him in

society. Now, although he has a great deal of sense and wit, it is not on those accounts that he appears amiable. It is rather for a quality, which we rarely see united with wit. In short, in one word, I like the Duke, because he is a good sort of man, *un bon homme*. What, truly now, said she, with vivacity, do you think him *un bon homme*? Yes, replied I, he has sense and wit enough to bear the epithet without running any risk of the interpretation, which is commonly given to it. *Mon Dieu!* cried she, clapping her hands together, what pleasure you give me, by saying so. We had scarcely returned before she run to the apartment of her husband to tell him our conversation; and when before dinner I appeared in the drawing room, he came up to me, and shaking me by the hand, said softly, I am delighted that you think me a good sort of man, and I beg you to believe that I am truly sensible of the compliment.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MY POCKET BOOK.—NO. III.

Quicquid agunt homines—nostri est farrago libelli.

“Pay me that thou owest.” Matt. xviii. 28.

I HAVE often been surprised, that among the numberless sermons which I have either read, or heard delivered, I have never met with one on the above text of Scripture, which, in my opinion, is as pregnant with useful instruction—and instruction highly necessary too—as any text from Genesis to Revelations. A little reflection on the affairs of the world will convince any intelligent man, that no small portion of the misery as well as of the wickedness of mankind arises from a neglect of this imperious injunction. Thousands, nay, millions of the sons of Adam are robbed of the most solid enjoyments of existence, by the detraction of the fruits of their industry, or the price of their property, which they have parted with in reliance upon the honour of the employer or the purchaser.

There is but one valid apology for not paying money when it is due; and that is, not having it to pay. But of the numbers of men who shamefully protract the time of payment, how many there are, who possess

the means, and only want the will, to pay their engagements? How thoughtless must it be, not to say criminal, to make a creditor call so often, that he has more trouble to get the money when due, than he had to earn it! an ancient sage declared it as a maxim with respect to favours and benefits, *bis dat, qui cito dat*; he gives twice, who gives quickly. This is almost equally true with respect to debts. Money, which, if paid when earned, would have rendered the most essential service, may come so late, as to be of little value.

I state a fact for the consideration of those persons prone to this miserable practice. A worthy man in this city, on whom a most estimable family depended for support, had a just demand of sixty dollars against a wealthy citizen, about the commencement of the fever of 1793. He wished to remove from the fell destroyer—but depended on this debt entirely for the means. He danced attendance daily on the rich man, who was often denied, and, when seen, amused him with some paltry pretence or other. The reader probably anticipates the catastrophe of the story. The creditor was seized with the fever—perished after a very short illness—and left his wife, his child, his mother-in-law, and two or three of her children to struggle with adversity in a hard and unfeeling world!

I have seen in an English paper, an account of a servant who advertised for a place, and among his other qualifications, asserted that he was the real inventor of the unanswerable *put-off* to an importunate dun—*Call on Monday, and I'll tell you when to call again*. To some folks a servant of this description would be invaluable.

—
“While words of learned strength, and thundering sound

“Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around.

It has become fashionable of late to apply words of “*thundering sound*,” to designate very plain and simple things, which, if they had the powers they possessed in the days of Æsop, would be startled at the dress they appear in. A cookery book, lately imported from London, bears the very pompous title of

Culina famulatrix Medicina—

Many an ignorant epicure, who would be willing enough to avail himself of the savoury prescriptions contained within, would shun the book, under an apprehension it contained, perhaps, some of the lost books of “*Liuvée*, or *Firgil*, or *Blueturk*.”*

* See George Alexander Steevens's song of “*Novids and Blueturks*, and such kind of folk.”

When I first saw the "*Pestalozzian School*" announced in our papers, I supposed it was quite in the same style. But after some fruitless inquiries I at length learned, to my satisfaction, that the title was bestowed merely from a very laudable desire to give due honour to a Mr. Pestalozzi, who is said to have made some very valuable improvements in the all-important science of education.

Hudibras again.

In my first number I took some notice of the lines beginning

The man who fights, and runs away, &c.

which I asserted were not to be found in *Hudibras*. They are, however, only an amplification of a couplet actually in that book:

" For those that fly may fight again,
" Which he can never do, that's slain."

Fame and Merit disproportioned.

It is a truth, humiliating in a high degree to human nature, that merit and fame are frequently, perhaps generally, very disproportioned to each other. Numberless minute circumstances, wholly unconnected with intrinsic merit, or the want of merit, decide without a possibility of appeal upon the reception of a writer with the world—and either consign his productions to oblivion, when they richly deserve a better fate—or else give them a celebrity to which they have no claim. If a man belongs to the prevailing party in a nation, and offers incense to their ruling passions and prejudices, his production is exalted to the third heaven—the writer is ranked among the most celebrated geniuses—and honours, influence, and more solid profit await him. But if he were to write with the pen of an angel, and to deliver the most sacred and solemn truths, in opposition to the opinions and prejudices of the mass of the community, he would incur a risk of immolation—he might starve in a garret or a cellar, and his work would be anathematized, and consigned to oblivion.

It is very true that posterity frequently reverses these arbitrary and unjust decrees. But it is equally true, that this is by no means universally done. When a wretched production has been elevated to a degree of celebrity to which it has really no claim, posterity issues its sentence of condemnation, and the pampered child of party or faction is consigned to "the tomb of the Capulets." But I am sorry to be

obliged to assert that justice is not by any means so frequently done on the other side of the question. When a valuable work has been damned, to borrow a theatrical phrase, by the means above stated, or by those miserable and degrading combinations that sometimes dishonour the republic of letters, the decree is too often as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. We take the verdicts of condemnation pronounced by our ancestors upon trust. We have not leisure to examine the evidence. It is too troublesome. But the verdicts of approbation we investigate, and frequently repeal. This is a mortifying view of human nature. Perhaps it is an unjust one. But I am afraid it is but too true.

—

Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws.

Some part of the preceding remarks applies to this work. But far be it from me to say that it is a work devoid of merit. This would be extreme injustice, of which I trust I am incapable. There is obviously, almost throughout, discoverable a benevolent spirit, an elaborate research, and generally a profound investigation. The work, as the author says in his preface, was the fruit of twenty years application. And many parts of it prove that the twenty years were not misapplied. Those parts are worthy of immortality.

O si sic omnia! But, alas! this is not the case. The whole of the chapters on the effect of climate upon the manners and customs of nations, are as crude and unfounded, as any paradoxes that ever appeared. According to the theory of Montesquieu upon this subject, to ascertain the manners and customs, the vices or the virtues of nations, hardly any thing more would be necessary than to examine the map, and ascertain the longitude and latitude of the country. This would remove all difficulty on the subject—at all events it, would be a much more easy mode of decision, than any other that could be adopted.

That such a glaring absurdity could have escaped *such a writer* is wonderful. But it is certainly still more wonderful that a work disfigured with that absurdity, could have enjoyed so unbounded a degree of applause as the Spirit of Laws has for so very long a period. Until Dr. Gregory undertook the easy task of exposing the fallacy of the positions of Montesquieu in this instance, I believe they were received with as implicit a degree of reverence as in days of yore were the predictions of the Delphic oracle. Those who have not read the Doctor's essay on this subject are invited to a rich intellectual repast, which is calculated to gratify the highest anticipations they may form of the entertainment.



NEAR BERTIER ON THE SLAVERENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DESCRIPTION OF THE "VIEW ON THE ST. LAWRENCE."

THE shores of the St. Lawrence, one of the most noble rivers in the world, are rich in beautiful and picturesque scenery. Its majestic breadth, interspersed with numerous woody islands, the train of glittering towns and villages that adorn its banks, and the diversified appearance of the adjacent country, present a perpetual succession of grand and varying prospects to the voyager of taste, whom pleasure or business may lead to navigate its waters.

The annexed view, which by the favour of a friend, we are enabled to present to the readers of The Port Folio, exhibits the appearance of the river near Berthier, or Barthier, a small place on the northern shore between Montreal and Quebec; and only a few miles below the head of that remarkable expansion of the river, usually called Lac St. Pierre. Above this the stream is so crowded with islands as to render the passage, between, for large vessels, very intricate. The greatest breadth of this expansion is twelve miles, and its length twenty-four. The tide ebbs and flows within a few miles of Lac St. Pierre; but the great breadth of the water there, and the strong current that sets out from it, prevents its farther progress.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

IN consequence of a masterly publication in the Edinburg Review, the public have been recently apprized of a very valuable discovery of a mode, by which *coal gas* is substituted for the oil, commonly consumed in lamps. The experiment of *gas lights*, which has been fairly tried and fully verified both upon an ample and a contracted scale in England, we hope will be successfully tried in America. The economy of illumination, in great manufactories and in the public edifices, and public streets of a capital, is certainly a fine subject for scientific scrutiny. If factories, churches, theatres, the highway and public places could be at once safely, cheaply, wholesomely, and brilliantly illuminated; no prejudice, in favour of unsavoury oil or wax and tallow candles, ought to preclude the trial of the *gas lights*. It is distinctly stated by some of the experimentalists, that the flame of the gas is *much superior* to that of a lamp, *urged to intensity* for the purpose

of soldering, and that the flame is quicker and sharper, and is constantly ready for use. Radiance like this surely ought to be diffused, which, without poetical exaggeration, would emulate the silvery gleam of September moons.

EDITOR.

Description of an Apparatus for producing inflammable gas from pit coal, constructed by Mr. S. Clegg, Steam Engine Manufacturer, Manchester.

The apparatus, which Mr. Clegg has described in his communication to the Society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, &c. is designed for producing gas to *light manufactories on a large scale.*

The cast iron retort, or vessel in which the coals are put to produce the gas, is of a cylindrical form, and is enclosed horizontally in a brick fire-place with one end opening outwards, in a similar manner to the iron ovens in common use; a semicylinder of cast iron is placed beneath it, to preserve its being injured by the intensity of the fire, and to make the heat more equable; the grate for the fire extends inwards about one third of the length of the retort, and the flame, after circulating over it, passes upwards through a flue above the front part of the retort; it is supposed that the cast iron shield placed beneath the retort, joins the brick work at each side, though this circumstance is not stated in the description, because this would be necessary to make the flame pass on round the further end of the retort; the mouth of the retort is closed by a lid ground to fit it air-tight, which is fastened by a screw in the centre (but what this screw turns in to draw the lid close is not mentioned) near the retort, a well or pit is sunk and filled with water for the gas-holder, or vessel for equalizing the delivery of the gas, to move in; this gas-holder is made of wrought iron plates, and is counterpoised by two weights, acting by chains, passing over pulleys, fixed in a frame, at a due height above; it is of a cylindrical shape and has two frames of iron, formed like coach-wheels, placed at its extremities to strengthen it. A vessel of cast iron is placed at the bottom of the well, into which the gas passes by a pipe that proceeds from the upper part of the retort, and in it deposits the tar, oil, &c. which occasionally are pumped up from it by a pipe that rises above the well; from this vessel the gas rises upwards, by a straight pipe, into an inverted vessel, closed at top, but open below, most part of which is below the surface of the water, where it is pierced with numerous small holes through which the gas passes outwards through the water, and rises up into the gas holder: this inverted vessel is about eighteen inches diameter, and two feet long in a large apparatus; it causes the gas to be washed in the most effectual manner, and prevents all danger

of the water being drawn into the condenser or cooling the retort, as might happen if the gas pipe terminated in the water. The gas at the lower part of the gas-holder, not being so pure as that at the top, it is made to pass from the top alone by a vertical pipe in the centre, which rises and falls with the gas-holder, and reaches from the upper part to the water, and passes over a fixed pipe, rising from a second vessel at the bottom of the well, (represented in the plate, but not mentioned in the description) whence another pipe ascends close by the side of the well *to convey the gas to the lamps*, where it is burnt. The gas enters the movable pipe through small holes near its top, and thence is conveyed through the other pipes last described.

The seams of the gas-holder are luted to make them air tight, and the whole is well painted inside and out; it is sunk to a level nearly with the top of the well, before the retort is heated, but when the gas comes over on applying the fire, it gradually rises, and moves higher or lower, according as the gas is produced more or less abundantly.

The lamps, in which the gas is burned, are formed in the same manner as Argand lamps; the gas passes into the space between their inner and outer tubes by a pipe at one side; a flat ring closes the upper part of each, which is perforated with a number of small holes, through which the gas rises to the flame surrounded by a glass funnel; a small stopper, like a button, is placed so on the top of a vertical wire within the glass that it may be brought nearer or farther from the aperture of the internal tube, by which the air passes, and regulate the velocity and direction of its current; for which purpose the wire slides upwards through two cross bars placed across the inner tube. This little addition is found to assist the combustion very much and increase the light.

The dimensions of the apparatus are not mentioned in the description, but assuming the length of the inverted vessel as a standard, which is the only part whose capacity is noted in any case; the proportions of the different parts, as taken from the plate, will be thus: the gas holder six feet in diameter and six and a half feet high, the retort about five feet long and one and a half in diameter, the first condenser two feet in diameter, the second immersed vessel one and a half in diameter; and the inverted vessel, or gas washer two feet long and about one foot broad: the pullies, over which the chains work, which raise the gas holder, one and a half in diameter, the well seven feet deep, the flue of the chimney nine inches across, and the space between the retort and the brick work six inches, except over the fire-place, which is eighteen inches long and ten deep.

Mr. Clegg's communication has the merit of being the first *complete* description of an apparatus of English construction, for producing coal gas, which has yet been made public, from which one might be

made without leaving the formation of any part to conjecture; with the exception of the mode in which the screw is to be applied for fastening the lid of the retort.

The gas holder alone in this apparatus seems objectionable in being made needlessly strong, as it is stated to be formed of *wrought iron* plates; and is besides strengthened by two very powerful iron frames inside, when it is not liable to any great pressure internally or externally, or to any friction which would require all this strength. For a common apparatus on a small scale, a *cask* would probably do very well for this part, as the water with which it would be always in contact, would keep it staunch. From this description an apparatus of any size, small or great, may now be constructed.

* * * The public, who may wish for farther information on this interesting subject are referred to Cook's descriptions inserted in Dr. Aikin's *Athenæum*, *passim*; to the Transactions of the Society for Arts, where Mr. Clegg's plate may be found; and to the Philosophical Magazine. It should be remembered that the silver medal of the society for arts, &c. was presented to Mr. Clegg for this communication.

CÆLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

• A truly pious and moral work, attributed to Miss MORE, has recently appeared in London, and has been republished here. It describes a sort of *religious courtship*, though in language much purer than that of De Foe. Charles Cælebs, which, being interpreted means a rich *young bachelor*, is in quest of a spouse, and what will astonish the lewd rake and the mercenary fortune-hunter, he is in search of a serious good woman, who believes her Bible, and combines faith, good works, and charity. Miss More's plot is very thin. Her book is a religious exhortation, in the guise of a novel. Though the story may seem dull and tiresome, yet even the infidel man of taste may read it through for the pleasure he will derive from the originality of many of this christian lady's thoughts, and for the beauty and elegance of all her expressions.

EDITOR.

The Edinburg Reviewers thus criticise the work.

Cælebs wants a wife; and, after the death of his father, quits his estate in Northumberland to see the world, and to seek for one of its

best productions, a woman, who may add materially to his happiness. His first journey is to London, where, in the midst of the gay society of the metropolis, of course, he does not find a wife ; and his next journey is to the family of Mr. Stanley, the head of the Methodists, where, of course, he does find a wife. The exaltation, therefore of what the authoress deems to be the religious, and the depreciation of what she considers to be the worldly character, and the influence of both upon matrimonial happiness, form the subject of this novel—rather of this *dramatic sermon*.

The machinery upon which the discourse is suspended is of the slightest, and most inartificial character, bearing every mark of haste, and possessing not the slightest claim to merit. Events there are none; and scarcely a character of any interest. The book is intended to convey religious advice; and no more labour appears to have been bestowed upon the story than was merely sufficient to throw it out of the dry, didactic form. Lucilla is totally uninteresting; so is Mr. Stanley; Dr. Barlow still worse, and Cælebs a mere clod, or dolt. Sir John and Lady Belfield are rather more interesting, and for a very obvious reason, they have some faults, they put us in mind of men and women; they seem to belong to one common nature with ourselves. As we read we seem to think we might act as such people act, and therefore we attend; whereas imitation is hopeless in the more perfect characters which Miss More has set before us; and, therefore they inspire us with very little interest.

There are books, however, of all kinds; and those may not be unwisely planned which set before us very pure models. They are less probable, and therefore less amusing than ordinary stories, but they are more amusing than plain unfabled precept. Sir Charles Grandison is less agreeable than Tom Jones; but it is more agreeable than Sherlock and Tillotson, and teaches morality and religion to many who would not seek it in these professional writers.

But making every allowance for the difficulty of the task which Miss More has prescribed to herself, the book abounds with marks of negligence and want of skill; with representations of life and manners, which are either false or trite.

Temples to friendship and virtue must be totally laid aside, for many years to come, in novels. Mr. Lane, of the Minerva Press, has given them up long since; and we were quite surprised to find such a writer as Miss More buried in moral brick and mortar. Such an idea at first was merely juvenile; the second time a little nauseous, but the ten thousandth time it is quite intolerable. Cælebs, upon his first arrival in London, dines out, meets with a bad dinner, supposes the

cause of that bad dinner to be the erudition of the ladies of the house, talks to them upon learned subjects, and finds them as dull and ignorant as if they had piqued themselves upon all the mysteries of housewifery. We humbly submit to Miss More, that this is not humorous, but strained and unnatural. Philippics against *frugivorous* children after dinner are too common. Lady Milbury has been introduced into every novel for these four years last past. Peace to her ashes!

The characters in this novel, which evince the greatest skill, are unquestionably those of Mrs. Ranby and her daughters. There are some scenes in this part of the book extremely well painted, and which evince that Miss More could amuse, in no common degree, if amusement was her object.

The great object kept in view throughout the whole, is the enforcement of religious principle, and the condemnation of a life lavished in dissipation and fashionable amusement. In the pursuit of this object, it appears to us that Miss More is much too severe upon the ordinary amusements of mankind, many of which she does not object to in this, or that degree; but altogether. Cælebs and Lucilla, her *optimus* and *optima*, never dance, and never go to the play. They not only stay away from the comedies of Congreve and Farquhar, for which they may easily enough be forgiven, but they never go to see Mrs. Siddons in the Gamster and Jane Shore. The finest exhibition of talent, and the most beautiful moral lessons are interdicted at the theatre. There is something in the word *Playhouse*, which seems so closely connected in the minds of these people with Sin and Satan, that it stands in their vocabulary for every species of abomination. And yet why? Where is every feeling more roused in favour of virtue, than at a good play? Where is goodness so feelingly, so enthusiastically learnt? What so solemn as to see the excellent passions of the human heart called forth by a great actor, animated by a great poet? To hear Siddons repeat what Shakspeare wrote! To behold the child and his mother, the noble and the poor, the monarch and his subjects, all ages and all ranks convulsed with one common passion, wrung with one common anguish, and with loud sobs and cries doing involuntary homage to the God who made their hearts. What wretched infatuation to interdict such amusements as these. What a blessing that mankind can be allured from sensual gratification and find relaxation and pleasure in such pursuits. But the excellent Mr. Stanley is uniformly paltry and narrow, always trembling at the idea of being entertained, and thinking no Christian safe who is not dull. As to the spectacles of impropriety which are sometimes witnessed in parts of the theatre, such reasons apply in a much stronger degree, to not driving along the Strand, or any of the great public streets of London after

dark ; and if the virtue of well-educated young persons is made of such very frail materials, their best resource is a nunnery at once. It is a very bad rule, however, never to quit the house for fear of catching cold. Miss More practically extends the same doctrine to cards and assemblies. No cards—because cards are employed in gaming ; no assemblies—because many dissipated persons pass their lives in assemblies. Carry this but a little further and we must say, no wine, because of drunkenness ; no meat, because of gluttony ; no use that there may be no abuse. The fact is, that Mr. Stanley wants not only to be religious, but to be at the head of the religious. These little abstinences are the cockades by which the party are known—the rallying points for the evangelical faction. So natural is the love of power, that it sometimes becomes the influencing motive with the sincere advocates of this blessed religion, whose very characteristic excellence is the humility which it inculcates.

We observe that Miss More in one part of her work, falls into the common error about dress. She first blames ladies for exposing their persons in the present style of dress ; and then says, if they knew their own interest, if they were aware how *much more alluring they were* to men, when their charms are less displayed, they would make the desired alteration from motives *merely selfish*.

“ Oh ! if women in general knew what was their *true interest*, if they could guess with what a charm even the *appearance* of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress *decorously* from mere *self-love*, if not from *principle*. The designing would assume modesty as an *artifice* ; the coquet would adopt it as an allurements ; the pure, as her appropriate attraction, and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction.”

If there be any truth in this passage, nudity becomes a virtue ; and no decent woman, for the future, can be seen in garments.

We have a few more of Miss More's opinions to notice. It is not fair to attack the religion of the times, because, in large and indiscriminate parties, religion does not become the subject of conversation. Conversation must, and ought to grow out of materials on which men can agree, not upon subjects which try the passions. But this good lady wants to see men chatting together upon the Pelagian heresy, to hear, in the afternoon, the theological rumours of the day, and to glean polemical tittle-tattle at a tea-table rout. All the disciples of this school uniformly fall into the same mistake. They are perpetually calling upon their votaries for religious thoughts, and religious conversation in every thing ; inviting them to ride, walk, row, wrestle, and dine out religiously ; forgetting that the being to whom this impossible purity is recommended, is a being compelled to scramble for his existence and sup-

port for ten hours out of the sixteen he is awake ; forgetting that he must dig, beg, read, think, move, pay, receive, praise, scold, command, and obey ; forgetting also that if men conversed as often upon religious subjects as they do upon the ordinary occurrences of the world, that they would converse upon them with the same familiarity and want of respect—that religion would then produce feelings not more solemn or exalted than any other topics, which constitute at present the common furniture of human understandings.

We are glad to find in these volumes some strong compliments to the efficacy of works, some distinct admissions that it is necessary to be honest and just, before we can be considered as religious. Such sort of conclusions are very gratifying to us, but how will they be received by the children of the Tabernacle. It is quite clear, indeed, throughout the whole of the work, that an apologetical explanation of certain religious principles is intended, and there is a considerable abatement of that tone of insolence with which the improved Christians are apt to treat the bungling specimens of piety to be met with in the more ancient churches.

So much for the extravagances of Miss More. With equal sincerity and with greater pleasure we bear testimony to her talents, her good sense, and her real piety. There occurs every now and then in her productions very original and very profound observations. Her advice is very often characterized by the most amiable good sense, and conveyed in the most brilliant and captivating style. If, instead of belonging to a trumpety gospel faction, she had only watched over those great points of religion in which the hearts of every sect of Christians are interested, she would have been one of the most useful and valuable writers of the day. As it is, every man would wish his wife and children to read *Celebs* ; watching himself its effects, and separating the piety from the puerility.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara,
In the Autumn of 1803.

By the Author of American Ornithology.

(Continued from page 147.)

HERE, in deep glens, we groves of shellbarks found,
And brought their thousands rattling to the ground.
Here clustering grapes on bending saplings grew,
And down the loaded vines we labouring drew;
The luscious fruit our vigorous toil repaid,
And Bacchus' honours crown'd us in the shade.
Now Keeler's Ferry heartily we hail,
And o'er the clear expanse serenely sail;
High up th' adjacent banks again we go,
The lessen'd river winding deep below;
Here rocky masses from the cliffs we tore,
And down the mountain made them bounding roar
Through tops of crashing pines, with whistling sound;
Dashing the thundering waves in foam around.
Now night drew on, dull owls began to scream,
We cross'd Tunkhannoc's slow and silent stream;
Lodg'd at a famish'd inn that near it stood,
Of all things destitute save fire and wood;
Old Squares, the owner, indolent and poor,
His house unshingled and without a door;
No meat, or drink, or bread, or liquor there,
As Afric's wilds of every comfort bare;
But Duncan's load across his cudgel cast,
Fruits, birds, and beasts, bespeak a rich repast;
While Leech's knapsack loaves of bread supplied,
And mine a cordial for the heart beside;
So, sans delay, all hands at once begin,
Some pick the pheasants, some the squirrels skin,
Soon o'er the fire our crackling nostrums brawl,
And soon, like hungry wolves, to work we fall,
Hew down the wheaten loaf, o'er whose thick side
The ample sheets of yellow butter glide,

While piles of bones, like polish'd ivory, rise,
 And the starv'd boors look on with wild surprise.
 Such blessed comforts health and hunger bring,
 The hunter feasts more nobly than the king,
 Whose sated appetite, by luxury cloy'd,
 Even richest sauces satiate unenjoy'd.

The table clear'd, our journal we survey,
 And minute down the wanderings of the day;
 For fresh materials at our host inquire,
 Who broil'd his brawny limbs before the fire.
 "What Township's this, old daddy?" Why—hm—well;
Township? The dickens, sir, if I can tell;
Its Pennsylvania though. Right, daddy Squares.
 "Who are your nearest neighbours?" *Why, the bears.*
 "No mill or school-house near you?" *Yes, we've one;*
Beyond the church a piece, on Panther's Run.
 "Is church far distant, daddy?" *Why—hm—no;*
Down Susquehanna, twenty miles or so.
 "You go to preaching, then?" *Besure; that's clear;*
We go to mill and meeting twice a year.
 "No curiosities about?" *Why—yes,*
You've brought a few of them yourselves, I guess.
 "What, dollars?" *Aye, and fiftypennybits I swear*
Are downright rareties among us here.
 Thus pass'd the evening till the time of bed,
 When to a kennel we at last were led;
 There, slumbering, shivered till the dawn of day,
 Then curs'd this scurvy cave and march'd away.

Before us now in huge extension rise
 Dark wood-clad mountains of enormous size;
 Surrounding fogs their towering summits hide,
 And sailing clouds, in silent grandeur, glide
 Around their airy cliffs. These we survey
 As dull forebodings of a cheerless day.
 Up steeps immense with labouring steps we bend,
 Then down in hollow gulfs for miles descend,
 Buried in depth of woods, obscure and dark,
 Where pheasants drum, and angry squirrels bark;
 With these (though rain in streaming torrents pour'd)
 Our pilot's pack abundantly we stor'd;
 And when, at length, the driving tempest clear'd,
 And through the woods a distant hut appeared,

There, though the sour inhospitable clown
Returned our smiles with many a surly frown,
Compelled by Hunger, that imperious lord,
We cooked our game, and shar'd our little hoard;
And left the savage boor, whose looks convey'd
Dark hate and murder every move they made.

Still through rude wilds with silent steps we steer,
Intent on game, all eager eye and ear;
Each opening turn, each dark recess survey,
Each mouldering heap that round tumultuous lay,
As o'er those Alpine steeps we slowly past;
But all was silent, solitary, vast!
No sound of distant farm assail'd the ear;
No rising smoke; no opening fields appear;
But each high summit gain'd, the eye was shown
Hills pil'd on hills in dreary prospect thrown.
So, from the mast, when boisterous tempests roar,
And the tost vessel labours far from shore,
The toil-worn sailor all around him spies
One sea of mountains mingling with the skies.

At length with vast descent we winding go,
And see the river gliding deep below;
And up the vale, suspended o'er the path,
A signboard waving o'er the hut beneath;
The straggling characters, with soot portrayed,
Defy'd a while all efforts that we made;
At length we spelt this precious piece of lore,
Pat Dougherty's Hotel and Drygood store.
Blest tidings! welcome to the wandering wight,
As shelter'd harbours in a stormy night;
And thou, sweet Muse! in lofty numbers tell
The matchless comforts of this log hotel.

Here streams of smoke the entering stranger greet;
Here man and beast with equal honours meet;
The cow loud bawling fills the spatter'd door;
The sow and pigs grunt social round the floor;
Dogs, cats, and ducks in mingling groups appear,
And all that Filth can boast of riots here.
Happy the hungry souls who hither speed!
Here, like cameleons, they may freely feed;
Here champ, with vigorous jaws, the empty air;
Without a bottom find one broken chair;

On dirty benches snore the night away,
And rise like thieves upon their judgment day.
Ye threadbare pilgrims! halt as ye pass by,
This gorgeous store will all your wants supply;
Three long tobacco-pipes the shelf adorns;
Two rusty penknives fit to *saw* your corns;
One rag of calico in musty folds;
A stick of liquorice-ball for coughs and colds;
And ope half keg of brandy, glorious cheer!
Arrives from Philadelphia once a year.
What boundless wealth! what can they wish for more—
Who such a tavern meet, and such a store?
To crown the whole—defil'd from ear to ear,
Behold the majesty of clouts appear!
The ragged lord of all this costly scene,
Whose hands and face old ocean scarce could clean;
Whose sunburnt legs and arms and shoulders bore
What once was *coat and trousers*—such no more!
But shapeless fragments, gash'd with holes profound,
And rag-form'd fringes dangling all around.
Bent o'er a tub that once tobacco knew,
And still from whence the dear effluvia flew,
Pat grumbling stood; and while he eager view'd
Each nook and seam, the scanty gleanings chew'd;
His busy mouth such savoury joys express
That scarce our stifled laughter we suppress.
On this foul mass of misery as we gaz'd,
The man of rags his brandy loudly prais'd;
Leech sought the door, disgusted with the scene,
And Duncan follow'd, grasping hard his cane;
Our bard, alone, with pleasure in his face,
Silent surveyed the wonders of the place,
In whose vile groups he but a *picture* saw,
That all might marvel at; but few could draw.
Though long and rough the road before us rose,
And toil and evening urged us to repose,
Yet were the forest glooms at once prefer'd
To this vile Hottentot's most beastly herd.
So thence, up towering steeps again we scale,
And trace the depths of many a darksome vale;
While oft some oak's huge, antiquated form,
That through long ages had defy'd the storm;

Whose hollow trunk had lodg'd the skulking bear,
 While owls and possums found concealment there,
 Rose, like the ruins of some reverend pile,
 While moss and lichens its hoar arms defile;
 Great in distress it mouldering drops away,
 Time's mournful monitor of life's decay.
 Night's shades at last descend—the stars appear—
 Dull barking dogs proclaim the village near;
 Soon Wihaloosing round us we survey,
 And finish'd here the labours of the day.
 The inn was silent, not a mortal there,
 Before the fire each plants his crazy chair,
 When slow down stairs a cautious step was heard,
 And Job, the landlord, soberly appear'd;
 'Begg'd our excuse—bewail'd his luckless lot,
Wife in the straw, and every thing forgot;
 So finding honest Job so hard bestead,
 We skinned our squirrels, supp'd, and went to bed.

The morning dawn'd, again we took the road,
 Each musquet shoulder'd o'er the lighten'd load,
 Through Wihaloosing's plains we gayly pass,
 Midst matted fields of rank luxuriant grass.
 Here Nature bounteous to excess has been;
 Yet loitering hunters scarce a living glean;
 Blest with a soil, that even in winter gay,
 Would all their toils a hundred fold repay,
 Few cultur'd fields of yellow grain appear;
 Rich fenceless pastures, rot unheeded here.
 Huge from the vale the towering walnuts grow,
 And wave o'er wretched huts that lie below.
 No blossom'd orchards scent their opening May;
 No bleating flocks upon their pastures play;
 The wolves, say they, would soon our flocks destroy;
 And planting orchards is a poor employ.
 The hungry traveller, dining on this plain,
 May ask for fowls, and wish for eggs in vain;
 And while he dines upon a flitch of bear,
 To wolves and foxes leave more gentle fare.

Now down through hoary woods we scour along,
 Rousing the echoes with our jovial song,
 Through paths where late the skulking Indian trod,
 Smear'd with the infant's and the mother's blood.
 Their haunts no more; far to the setting day
 In western woods their prowling parties stray,

Where vast Superior laves his drifted shores;
 Or loud Niagara's thundering torrent roars;
 Gaul's exil'd royalists, a pensive train,
 Here raise the hut and clear the rough domain;
 The wayworn pilgrim to their fires receive,
 Supply his wants; but at his tidings grieve;
 Afflicting news! forever on the wing,
 A ruined country and a murdered king!
 Peace to their lone retreats, while sheltered here;
 May these deep shades to them be doubly dear;
 And Power's proud worshippers, wherever placed,
 Who saw such grandeur ruined and defaced,
 By deeds of virtue to themselves secure
 Those inborn joys, that, spite of kings, endure,
 Though thrones and states from their foundations part;
 The precious balsam of a *blameless heart*.

(*To be continued.*)

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IT having been remarked and regretted by the admirers of the justly celebrated poet Collins, that in his highly finished *Ode on the Passions*, he had omitted to personify LOVE, the following supplementary stanza was offered by the Rev. Mr. Pentecross, Rector of Walingford. As it has never yet appeared in print, I present it to you for The Port Folio.

Another sweetly palid maid was there;
 Of downcast, melting eye;
 Her head alternate o'er each shoulder laid,
 Her bosom orb'd with many a deep-drawn sigh;
 LOVE was her name.
 She touch'd the strings,
 But thought the while, on other things;
 And, desultory as she played,
 "Dear sweetest swain!" full oft she said,
 "Dear sweetest swain for whom I pine,
 "Would mine thou wert, and I was thine!"
 She started, sighed, and talked alone;
 And ever as she said
 "Dear sweetest swain!"
 Her looks were motionless as stone.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TEAR.

I talk'd of the woes of the days that are past—
Of afflictions and trials severe ;
How the May morn of life was with storms overcast,
How the blossoms of hope were all nipt by the blast,
And Beauty sat list'ning to hear.

Of hardships and dangers and many a wrong,
And of toils which beset me so near,
Of Treachery's snare and Ingratitude's tongue
I told;—and 'twas pleasant the tale to prolong—
For Beauty repaid with a tear.

Ah ! soft form of Beauty that gladdens the soul,
Is aught as thy sympathy dear ?—
When thy bright beaming eyes, with benignity roll,
When heaves thy full bosom at Pity's control,
And thy roses are wash'd with a tear.

When dark roll the clouds which o'ershadow our doom,
When toils and when dangers appear—
When the storm threat'ning waves all their terror assume,
Then, the sunbeam of hope breaking bright thro' the gloom,
O Beauty ! must shine through a tear.

Yes, Beauty—thy tear that from sympathy flows,
To manhood shall ever be dear ;
'Tis the balm of all ill, and the cure of all woes ;
And the heart rankling wounds of remembrance shall close,
Which Beauty has wash'd with a tear.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

When lovely Anna was betray'd,
The thought, her bosom could not bear ;
She raised her weeping eyes and pray'd ;
' O Death ! come save me from Despair.

‘ Nought but the grave’s contracted span,
 ‘ Its coldest clod upon my breast,
 ‘ Can quench this flame for perjur’d man,
 ‘ Can cool this burning heart to rest!’

The pray’r was heard, Death mild and meek
 Like a sweet dream, came “light as air,”
 He breathed life’s roses from her cheek,
 And gently plac’d his lilies there !

ANECDOTES—FROM THE FRENCH.

A GASCON was vaunting one day that in his travels he had been caressed every where he went, and had *seen* all the great men throughout Europe. Have you *seen* the Dardanelles? says one of the company; Parbleu, says he, I must surely have *seen* them, when I dined with them several times.

Henry IV enacted some sumptuary laws, prohibiting the use of gold and jewels in dress—But they were for sometime ineffectual. He passed a supplement to them, which completely answered his purpose. In this last, he exempted from the prohibitions of the former, after one month, all prostitutes and pickpockets. Next day there was not a jewel nor golden ornament to be seen.

An ignorant fellow seeing several persons reading with spectacles, went to buy a pair to enable him to read. He tried several, and told the maker, they would not answer—as he could not read with them. Can you read at all? asked the other. No: says he,—if I could, do you think I would be such a fool as to buy spectacles?

A Gascon received a very severe flogging with a cudgel, without daring to resist. A few days afterwards he met with a poet who had lampooned him severely. Pardieu, says he, if you ever dare make free with me again, I shall give you a severe cudgelling. You can readily afford to *give* it now, replies the other, as you *received* so large a stock the other day.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED, at Halifax, N. S. Aug. 22, at the seat of Sir John Wentworth, Bart. **RICHARD CUNNINGHAM**, Esq. of Windsor, to Miss **SARAH ARTHUR MORTON**, eldest daughter of the Hon Perez Morton, of Boston, and niece of Lady Wentworth.

MORTUARY.

DIED, on the 9th ult. on his passage from the Havanna, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, **MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS**, son of **THE REV. DR. JOHN ANDREWS**, Vice Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

Blessed with the advantages of a liberal education, and endowed with qualities of the mind, and affections of the heart, active, vigorous, and amiable, he was qualified to render himself highly useful and ornamental to society at large, as well as in the smaller though not less important circles of social and domestic life. He was distinguished for his filial and fraternal affection; and from the uniform correctness of his character, though arrested in the bloom of life, was enabled to meet the summons of Death with tranquillity and resignation.

— “ The man who consecrates his hours,
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death.”

YOUNG.

Died, on the 21st inst. at Germantown, **MR. JOHN EDMUND HARWOOD**, formerly of the New Theatre. As a comedian, his chaste and inimitable performance will be ever remembered with delight by the admirers of the drama. As a poet, he will hold a distinguished rank among the native genius of the age; and as a man, he will be always recollected with admiration and esteem.

“ Where are his flashes of wit now, that were
“ Wont to set the table in a roar.”

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE gentleman, who, greatly to the popularity of this work, sometime since drew what he very modestly denominated *Outlines* of the life of the venerable Penn, will emphatically please many *friends*, in the most liberal latitude of that term, by occasionally employing that literary leisure, which he enjoys, in *sketching* whatever strikes his Fancy, and has the sanction of his Judgment.

G. W. F., who with the science of a philosopher, the prudence of a physician, and the pen of a scholar, favoured us, during the *Spring time*, with an Essay on the use and nature of Wine, is assured that his future communications will be highly acceptable at any season. This agreeable author is certainly not without inspiration, whether his beverage be wine, or water.

Among the numerous essays we have received, which may be classed among the best productions of our correspondents, we cannot refrain from recommending very strongly to the attention of the reader a translation from the Spanish, with the interesting title of the *Literary Republic*. This ingenious essay is conveyed to us in the form of a *vision*, which would not have disgraced the genius of a QUEVEDO. The translator, who is fully adequate to this, or any other task, in the walks of Polite Literature, will render an essential service to mere English readers, by continuing her researches among the elegant authors of Spain, and conveying to us their sterling sense in her own easy expression. Nothing can be more deplorably stupid than the *vulgar* idea which has been cherished respecting the character and habits of the modern Spaniards. From simple or prejudiced travellers we have heard so much of Castilian jealousy and Castilian laziness, of the insolence of the clergy, and the ignorance of the laity, of inquisitorial horrors, of the broiling Philip and his gridiron Escorial, of the duke of Alva and a *devil* Dutchman, of lazy monks and roguish nuns, of bad husbandry and bold beggary, that many a sober man, who ought to be ashamed of so preposterous a conclusion, has inferred from the wildest of premises, that literature and the arts, and every high, holy, and honourable sentiment are utterly extinguished in that glorious country, which has been governed by the councils of a XIMENES, extended by the adventure of Columbus, defended by the Toledo of Castile, and illuminated by the genius of CERVANTES. Nothing is more common than to listen to very sturdy declamations against the state of letters in Spain, and nothing can be more atrociously false, than these *unfounded* invectives. The fact is, that Learning has her temples in Spain, as

well as in Scotland. Literary societies and men of genius are more numerous than ever. Publications of uncommon merit are constantly issuing from the presses in all the cities of Spain. Salamanca sends forth her scholars with all the learning of their predecessors, and ten thousand times more of their liberality. Sentiments truly *catholic* pervade the kingdom. The fine and useful arts are sedulously cultivated; and Knowledge, the sage, and Genius the magician, wave triumphantly their wands over an ingenious, an inquisitive, and inventive nation. This vindication of the character of a *calumniated* country is not a spontaneous burst of feeling, in consequence of her interesting attitude at this eventful epoch: no, it is the deliberate opinion of years. The writer of this article has repeatedly indicated to his countrymen the pure *well springs* of that Honour, which the noble-minded Castilian prizes as an inheritance; and of that literature, which he so often adorns by his example. The topics of common calumny have become perfectly stale. There is as much jealousy in Philadelphia or Boston as in either of the two Castiles. An Arragonian is not more ignorant than a Vermonter. In the vale of Valencia, agriculture is as green and gay as in the country of *Bucks*, and the mountains of Leon, and the expanse of Estremadura are covered with as white *sheep*, as any to be found in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The monk and the nun are as innocent as the nymphs and swains of primitive Plymouth, or pastoral New Hampshire. The Escorial, though it may look like a gridiron, has, at present, none of its other properties, and the genius of Philip II no longer presides over the Spanish monarchy.

As at the present juncture, men are peculiarly solicitous about every thing respecting Spain, we feel an extreme desire to make this country better acquainted with the other. We do not mingle in their political strife, but we wish to be applauding spectators of their race on the courses of Literature. Their noble language, an idiom incomparably superior to that of two of their nearest neighbours, an idiom which oftentimes for dignity, energy, and magnificence challenges a comparison with the purest dialects of Greece and England, is a rich exchequer, whence Industry directed by Discernment, and accompanied by Taste, may draw at pleasure bullion more bright than that of Mexico, and coinage of a better impress, than any that mints can give.

A series of highly interesting letters, that passed between Voltaire and D'Alembert on the subject of Shakspeare, though long on our files, have not, on our part, been wilfully neglected. But we have looked, at present, in vain for some authorities and documents, necessary to the defence of the first of dramatic authors.

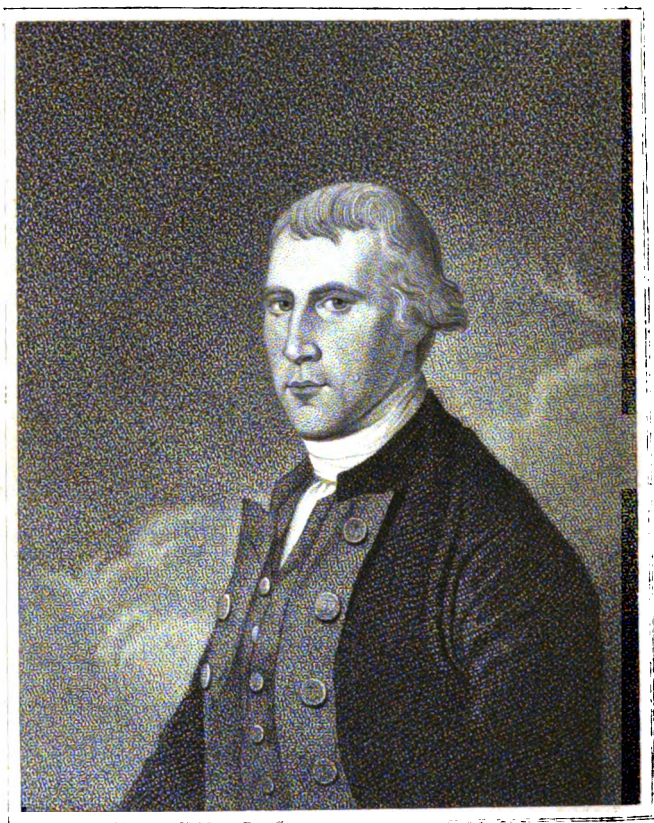
The Biographer of the late Dr. E. L. M'Call is doubtless in possession of many interesting facts and anecdotes, respecting other members of the medical choir. To these materials, whether massy, or the mere scantlings of information he can give a pleasing and durable shape, and we hope that he will become a willing workman.

We very cordially applaud both the plan and the execution of the *MONITOR*. The design is obviously useful, and we sincerely hope that many of the valuable hints and judicious observations of a man of business and experience will be attentively regarded by that public for whose benefit they are patriotically intended. Even to men much older and more prudent than Telemachus, a Mentor and a *Monitor* are admirable guides.

The *INQUIRER*, No. I, which was published in our Miscellany for June, we hope will be resumed and regularly continued. On a thousand questions, pertinent to literature and life, *clouds* and *darkness* often dwell, and whatever contributes to disperse them is entitled to the attention of the scholar, and the man of the world. We hope that our author's doubts, candidly stated, and queries, distinctly proposed, will always obtain a satisfactory solution and a direct answer.

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum.

PRINTED FOR BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, NO. 4, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, BY SMITH AND MAXWELL.



J. A. S. 1810.

CAPT. NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty may be indulg'd.

Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1809.

No. 4.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO,

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE CAPTAIN NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

AMONG the brave men, who perished in the glorious struggle for the independence of America, captain Nicholas Biddle holds a distinguished rank. His services, and the high expectations raised by his military genius and gallantry have left a strong impression of his merit, and a profound regret that his early fate should have disappointed so soon the hopes of his country.

Nicholas Biddle was born in the city of Philadelphia on the 10th day of September, 1750. His father, Mr. William Biddle, was a native of New Jersey, son of William Biddle one of the first settlers and proprietors of that state, from whom he inherited a very large fortune, which his losses in trade, and the engagements of suretyship for a friend had greatly reduced. His mother was the daughter of Nicholas Scull, Esquire, who was, for many years, surveyor general of Pennsylvania, and of these worthy and respectable parents he was the sixth son.

The subject of this memoir very early in life manifested his partiality for the sea, and before the age of fourteen he had made a voyage to Quebec. In the following year, 1765, he sailed from Philadelphia to Jamaica, and the Bay of Honduras. The vessel left the Bay in the latter end of December, 1765, bound to Antigua, and on the second day of January, in a heavy gale of wind, she was cast away on a shoal, called the Northern Triangles. After remaining two nights and a day upon the wreck, the crew took to their yawl, the long-boat having been lost;

VOL. II.

L I

and with great difficulty and hazard landed on one of the small uninhabited islands, about three leagues distant from the reef, upon which they struck. Here they staid a few days. Some provisions were procured from the wreck, and their boat was refitted. As it was too small to carry them all off, they drew lots to determine who should remain, and young Biddle was among the number. He, and his three companions, suffered extreme hardships, for want of provisions and good water, and although various efforts were made for their relief, it was nearly two months before they succeeded.

Such a scene of dangers and sufferings, in the commencement of his career, would have discouraged a youth of ordinary enterprise and perseverance. On him it produced no such effect. The coolness and promptitude with which he acted, in the midst of perils that alarmed the oldest seamen, gave a sure presage of the force of his character, and after he had returned home, he made several European voyages, in which he acquired a thorough knowledge of seamanship.

In the year 1770, when a war between Great Britain and Spain was expected, in consequence of the dispute relative to Falkland's Island, he went to London, in order to enter into the British navy. He took with him letters of recommendation from Thomas Willing, Esquire, to his brother-in-law captain Sterling, on board of whose ship he served for some time as a midshipman. The dispute with Spain being accommodated, he intended to leave the navy, but was persuaded by captain Sterling to remain in the service, promising that he would use all his interest to get him promoted. His ardent mind, however, could not rest satisfied with the inactivity of his situation, which he was impatient to change for one more suited to his disposition.

In the year 1773 a voyage of discovery was undertaken, at the request of the Royal Society, in order to ascertain how far navigation was practicable towards the North Pole, to advance the discovery of a north west passage into the south seas, and to make such astronomical observations as might prove serviceable to navigation.

Two vessels, the *Race Horse* and *Carcase*, were fitted out for the expedition, the command of which was given to the honourable captain Phipps, afterwards lord Mulgrave. The peculiar dangers to which such an undertaking was exposed, induced the government to take extraordinary precautions in fitting out, and preparing the vessels, and selecting the crews, and a positive order was issued that no boys should be received on board.

To the bold and enterprising spirit of young Biddle such an expedition had great attractions. Extremely anxious to join it, he endeavoured to procure captain Sterling's permission for that purpose, but he was unwilling to part with him, and would not consent to let him go. The temptation was, however, irresistible. He resolved to go, and by-

ing aside his uniform, he entered on board the Carcase before the mast. When he first went on board, he was observed by a seaman who had known him before and was very much attached to him. The honest fellow thinking that he must have been degraded and turned before the mast in disgrace was greatly affected at seeing him, but he was equally surprised and pleased when he learned the true cause of the young officer's disguise, and he kept his secret as he was requested to do. Impelled by the same spirit, young Horatio, afterwards lord Nelson had solicited and obtained permission to enter on board the same vessel. These youthful adventurers are both said to have been appointed cockswains, a station always assigned to the most active and trusty seamen. The particulars of this expedition are well known to the public. These intrepid navigators penetrated as far as the latitude of eighty-one degrees and thirty-nine minutes, and they were at one time enclosed with mountains of ice, and their vessels rendered almost immovable for five days, at the hazard of instant destruction. Captain Biddle kept a journal of his voyage, which was afterwards lost with him.

The commencement of the revolution gave a new turn to his pursuits, and he repaired, without delay, to the standard of his country. When a rupture between England and America appeared inevitable, he returned to Philadelphia, and soon after his arrival, he was appointed to the command of the Camden galley, fitted for the defence of the Delaware. He found this too inactive a service, and when the fleet was preparing, under commodore Hopkins, for an expedition against New Providence, he applied for a command in the fleet, and was immediately appointed commander of the *Andrew Doria*, a brig of fourteen guns and a hundred and thirty men. Paul Jones, who was then a lieutenant, and was going on the expedition, was distinguished by captain Biddle, and introduced to his friends as an officer of merit.

Before he sailed from the Capes of Delaware, an incident occurred, which marked his personal intrepidity. Hearing that two deserters from his vessel were at Lewistown in prison, an officer was sent on shore for them, but he returned with information that the two men, with some others, had armed themselves, barricadoed the door, and swore they would not be taken, that the militia of the town had been sent for, but were afraid to open the door, the prisoners threatening to shoot the first man who entered. Captain Biddle immediately went to the prison, accompanied by a midshipman, and calling to one of the deserters whose name was Green, a stout resolute fellow, ordered him to open the door, he replied that he would not, and if he attempted to enter, he would shoot him. He then ordered the door to be forced, and entering singly with a pistol in each hand, he called to Green, who was prepared to fire, and said, "Now Green, if you

do not take good aim, you are a dead man." Daunted by his manner, their resolution failed, and the militia coming in, secured them. They afterwards declared to the officer who furnishes this account, that it was captain Biddle's look and manner which had awed them into submission, for that they had determined to kill him as soon as he came into the room.

Writing from the Capes to his brother, the late judge Biddle, he says, I know not what may be our fate: be it however what it may, you may rest assured I will never cause a blush in the cheeks of my friends or countrymen. Soon after they sailed, the small-pox broke out and raged with great violence in the fleet, which was manned chiefly by New England seamen. The humanity of Captain Biddle, always prompt and active, was employed on this occasion, to alleviate the general distress, by all the means in his power. His own crew, which was from Philadelphia, being secure against the distemper, he took on board great numbers of the sick from the other vessels. Every part of his vessel was crowded, the longboat was fitted for their accommodation, and he gave up his own cot to a young midshipman on whom he bestowed the greatest attention till his death. In the meanwhile he slept himself upon the lockers, refusing the repeated solicitations of his officers to accept their births. On their arrival at New-
Providence it surrendered without opposition. The crew of the Andrew Doria, from their crowded situation, became sick, and before she left Providence, there were not men enough capable of doing duty to man the boats; captain Biddle visited them every day, and ordered every necessary refreshment, but they continued sickly until they arrived at New London.

After refitting at New London, captain Biddle received orders to proceed off the Banks of Newfoundland, in order to intercept the transports and storeships bound to Boston. Before he reached the Banks, he captured two ships from Scotland, with four hundred highland troops on board, destined for Boston. At this time the Andrew Doria had not one hundred men. Lieutenant Josiah, a brave and excellent officer was put on board one of the prizes, with all the Highland officers, and ordered to make the first port. Unfortunately about ten days afterwards he was taken by the Cerberus frigate, and on pretence of his being an Englishman, he was ordered to do duty, and extremely ill used. Captain Biddle hearing of the ill treatment of lieutenant Josiah, wrote to the admiral at New-York, that however disagreeable it was to him, he would treat a young man of family, believed to be a son of lord Cranston, who was then his prisoner, in the same manner they treated lieutenant Josiah.

He also applied to his own government in behalf of this injured officer, and by the proceedings of congress on the 7th of August 1776, it appears, "That a letter from captain Nicholas Biddle to the Marine committee, was laid before congress and read, Whereupon *Resolved*, That general Washington be directed to propose an exchange of lieutenant Josiah for a lieutenant of the navy of Great Britain: That the general remonstrate to lord Howe on the cruel treatment lieutenant Josiah has met with, of which the congress have received undoubted information." Lieut. Josiah was exchanged after an imprisonment of ten months. After the capture of the ships with the Highlanders such was captain Biddle's activity and success in taking prizes, that when he arrived in the Delaware he had but five of the crew with which he sailed from New London, the rest having been distributed among the captured vessels, and their places supplied by men who had entered from the prizes. He had a great number of prisoners, so that for some days before he got in he never left the deck.

While he was thus indefatigably engaged in weakening the enemy's power, and advancing his country's interest, he was disinterested and generous in all that related to his private advantage. The brave and worthy opponent whom the chance of war had thrown in his power, found in him a patron and friend, who on more than one occasion was known to restore to the vanquished the fruits of victory.

In the latter end of the year 1776, captain Biddle was appointed to the command of the Randolph, a frigate of thirty-two guns. With his usual activity he employed every exertion to get her ready for sea. The difficulty of procuring American seamen at that time obliged him, in order to man his ship, to take a number of British seamen, who were prisoners of war, and who had requested leave to enter.

The Randolph sailed from Philadelphia in February 1777. Soon after she got to sea her lower masts were discovered to be unsound, and in a heavy gale of wind all her masts went by the board. While they were bearing away for Charleston, the English sailors, with some others of the crew formed a design to take the ship. When all was ready they gave three cheers on the gun-deck. By the decided and resolute conduct of captain Biddle and his officers, the ringleaders were seized and punished, and the rest submitted without further resistance. After refitting at Charleston, as speedily as possible, he sailed on a cruise, and three days after he left the Bar, he fell in with four sail of vessels, bound from Jamaica to London. One of them called the True Briton mounted twenty guns. The commander of her who had frequently expressed to his passengers his hopes of falling in with the Randolph, as soon as he perceived her, made all the sail he could from her, but finding he could not escape, he hove to, and kept up a constant fire, until the

Randolph had bore down upon him and was preparing for a broadside, when he hauled down his colors. By her superior sailing, the Randolph was enabled to capture the rest of the vessels, and in one week from the time he sailed from Charleston, captain Biddle returned there with his prizes, which proved to be very valuable.

Encouraged by his spirit and success the State of South Carolina made exertions for fitting out an expedition under his command. His name and the personal attachment to him urged forward a crowd of volunteers to serve with him, and in a short time the ship General Moultrie, the brigs Fair American, and Polly, and the Notre Dame were prepared for sea. A detachment of fifty men from the first regiment of South Carolina Continental infantry was ordered to act as marines on board the Randolph. The regiment was then commanded by colonel, now general Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, who, with his officers and soldiers would have done honour to any service. Such, says our informant, himself a gallant officer of that regiment, was the attachment which the honourable and amiable deportment of captain Biddle had impressed during his stay at Charleston, and such the confidence inspired by his professional conduct and valour, that a general emulation pervaded the corps to have the honour of serving under his command. The tour of duty, after a generous competition among the officers, was decided to captain Joor, and lieutenants Grey and Simmons, whose gallant conduct, and that of their brave detachment, did justice to the high character of the regiment. As soon as the Randolph was refitted and a new mainmast obtained in place of one which had been struck with lightning,* she dropt down to Rebellion Roads with her little squadron. Their intention was to attack the Carysfort frigate, the Perseus twenty-four gun ship, the Hinchinbrook of sixteen guns, and a privateer which had been cruising off the Bar, and had much annoyed the trade. They were detained a considerable time in Rebellion Roads, after they were ready to sail, by contrary winds and want of water on the Bar for the Randolph. As soon as they got over the Bar, they stood to the eastward, in expectation of falling in with the British cruizers. The next day they retook a dismasted ship from New England; as she had no cargo on board they took out her crew, six light guns and some stores, and set her on fire. Finding that the British ships had left the coast, they proceeded to the West Indies, and cruised to the eastward, and nearly in the latitude of Barbadoes for some days, during which time they boarded a number of French and Dutch ships, and took an English schooner from New-York

* After this accident, he used a conductor, the novelty of which at that time, excited much attention.

bound to Grenada, which had mistaken the Randolph for a British frigate, and was taken possession of before the mistake was discovered.

On the night of the 7th of March 1778, the fatal accident occurred, which terminated the life of this excellent officer. For some days previously, he had expected an attack. Captain Blake,* a brave officer, who commanded a detachment of the Second South Carolina regiment, serving as marines on board the General Moultrie, and to whom we are indebted for several of the ensuing particulars, dined on board the Randolph two days before the engagement. At dinner captain Biddle said, "We have been cruising here for sometime, and have spoken a number of vessels who will no doubt give information of us, and I should not be surprised if my old ship should be out after us. As to any thing that carries her guns upon one deck, I think myself a match for her. About 3 P. M. of the 7th of March, a signal was made from the Randolph for a sail to windward, in consequence of which the squadron hauled upon a wind, in order to speak her. It was four o'clock, before she could be distinctly seen, when she was discovered to be a ship, though as she neared and came before the wind, she had the appearance of a large sloop with only a square sail set. About seven o'clock, the Randolph being to windward hove to, the Moultrie being about one hundred and fifty yards astern, and rather to leeward, also hove to. About eight o'clock, the British ship fired a shot just ahead of the Moultrie, and hailed her, the answer was the Polly of New-York, upon which she immediately hauled her wind, and hailed the Randolph. She was then for the first time discovered to be a two decker. After several questions asked and answered, as she was ranging up along side the Randolph, and had got on her weather quarter, lieutenant Barnes of that ship called out, "This is the Randolph," and she immediately hoisted her colors and gave the enemy a broadside. Shortly after the action commenced, captain Biddle received a wound in the thigh and fell. This occasioned some confusion, as it was at first thought that he was killed. He soon however ordered a chair to be brought, said that he was only slightly wounded, and being carried forward encouraged the crew. The stern of the enemy's ship being clear of the Randolph, the captain of the Moultrie gave orders to fire, but the enemy having shot a head, so as to bring the Randolph between them, the last broadside of the Moultrie went into the Randolph, and it was thought by one of the men saved who was stationed on the quarter deck near captain Biddle, that he was wounded by a shot from the Moultrie. The fire from the Randolph was constant and well directed. She fired nearly three broadsides to

* This gentleman is now President of the State Bank of South Carolina.

the enemy's one, and she appeared while the battle lasted, to be in a continual blaze. In about twenty minutes after the action began, and while the surgeon was examining captain Biddle's wound on the quarter deck, the Randolph blew up.

The enemy's vessel was the British ship Yarmouth of sixty-four guns, commanded by captain Vincent. So closely were they engaged, that captain Morgan of the Fair American, and all his crew thought that it was the enemy's ship that had blown up. He stood for the Yarmouth, and had a trumpet in his hand to hail and inquire how captain Biddle was, when he discovered his mistake. Owing to the disabled condition of the Yarmouth the other vessels escaped.

The cause of the explosion was never ascertained, but it is remarkable that just before he sailed, after the clerk had copied the signals and orders for the armed vessels that accompanied him, he wrote at the foot of them, "in case of coming to action in the night, be very careful of your magazines." The number of persons on board the Randolph was three hundred and fifteen, who all perished, except four men, who were tossed about for four days on a piece of the wreck before they were discovered and taken up. From the information of two of these men, who were afterwards in Philadelphia, and of some individuals in the other vessels of the squadron, we have been enabled to state some particulars of this unfortunate event in addition to the accounts given of it by Dr. Ramsay in his History of the American Revolution, and in his history of the revolution of South Carolina. In the former work, the historian thus concludes his account of the action: "Captain Biddle who perished on board the Randolph was universally lamented. He was in the prime of life, and had excited high expectations of future usefulness to his country, as a bold and skilful naval officer."

Thus prematurely fell at the age of twenty-seven, as gallant an officer as any country ever boasted of. In the short career which Providence allowed to him, he displayed all those qualities which constitute a great soldier. Brave to excess, and consummately skilled in his profession, no danger nor unexpected event could shake his firmness, or disturb his presence of mind. An exact and rigid disciplinarian, he tempered his authority with so much humanity and affability, that his orders were always executed with cheerfulness and alacrity. Perhaps no officer ever understood better the art of commanding the affections as well as the respect of those who served under him: if that can be called an art which was rather the natural effect of the benevolence and magnanimity of his character.

The virtues of his private life endeared him to a numerous circle of friends. With the frankness and manliness of character, which eminently belong to the officers of his profession, captain Biddle united

other qualities of much more rare occurrence. The most amiable mildness and modesty of manners, a strict and rigid temperance, and a strong habitual sense of his religious and moral duties. A sincere Christian, his religious impressions had a decided and powerful influence upon his conduct. Even his native courage was heightened by the reflection, that in the discharge of his duty, all personal consequences were to be disregarded. His temper was uniformly cheerful, and his conversation sprightly and entertaining. In his person he was about five feet nine inches high, remarkably handsome, strong and active. Before he left Charleston, he was engaged to be married on his return, to a young lady of that place.

Among the tributes paid to the memory of this interesting young officer at a period recent to his loss, we are happy to notice particularly, a spirited poem by Mr. Freneau, whose works are too popular to render its insertion here necessary.

By the numerous living witnessess of his worth, and extraordinary promise, his memory is cherished with peculiar fondness and it will ever be respected by the brave and the patriotic.

RHETORIC.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LECTURE IV.—ON QUANTITY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE arts of reading and of public speaking require, as an essential qualification in those who exercise them, the correct and invariable observance of proper accent, emphasis, quantity, pause, and tone. The two former of these have been discussed; I now, therefore, proceed, in order, to consider the latter.

And first of Quantity.

Quantity is the word generally adopted by grammarians to express the relative length of syllables. Those which pass off rapidly are called *short*, those in the utterance of which the voice is evidently retarded, are called *long*. This twofold division has generally been accounted sufficient for use, though considerably removed from strict accuracy. On a more careful examination, syllables denominated short, are discovered to differ greatly from

each other; and those which are called long, appear to be by no means equal in length.

The groundwork of the general distinction is formed by the nature of vowels, which are all capable of being pronounced with a longer or a shorter sound. When the vowel which a syllable contains is to be uttered with its short sound, the syllable itself may be accounted short: when the vowel is long, the syllable containing it, cannot but be long also: but though the governing part be the vowel, some retardation of the voice will be occasioned by the concurrence of consonants. If we consider every consonant in a syllable as requiring some time, however little, for its articulation, it will follow, that every syllable, excluding the consideration of its vowel, must increase in length according to the number of its consonants.

Upon this principle we may readily form a table of the gradation of syllables, from the shortest of the short, to the longest of the long. In such a scale the very shortest of all syllables will be such as consist of a single short vowel connected with a single consonant; as *ä, ě, ĩ*, in *äb, ěd, ĩt*. The longest of those containing a short vowel, will be that in which the vowel is encumbered with the greatest number of consonants, as in *stăff, sprăt, strănds*. The shortest of the long syllables will consist of a single long vowel preceded by a single consonant; as *ā, ē*, as in *bā, hē*; and these will proceed by the same steps as those of which the vowel is short, till the long vowel appears in its turn loaded with as many consonants as can possibly be pronounced with it.

The ancients, who observed that a greater stability is given to syllables by consonants *following*, than by consonants *preceding* the vowel, considered those syllables as long, in which the vowel stood before two consonants; even when that situation was accidental. Thus the same vowels were long or short, as they were placed before consonants, or before a vowel.

A fortunate mixture of long and short syllables, thus considered, enabled the ancients to employ a species of metre, which has not ever been imitated, with any success, in modern languages. In treating therefore of Quantity in English, we may consider merely the length and shortness of vowels, which, as to quantity, is all that materially affects our pronunciation.

Mistakes in Quantity are not uncommon: it is therefore very material that the rules of our *quantity* should be ascertained, and that it should be defined in what situations every vowel ought to have its long, and in what its short sound.

With respect to the spelling of words, and their proper division into syllables, the rules in the orthography of Murray's larger grammar, are the clearest, most concise, and comprehensive of any elsewhere to be found.

The principal rules for the just observance of Quantity are as follows, viz.

1. A vowel followed by a consonant in the same syllable, is short; as, *hăt, tĕstify, kill, örgan, bütler*.

2. A vowel which ends a syllable in an accented penultimate (or syllable before the last) is long; as, *bācon*, *gēnus*, *trīfle*, *cōgent*, *potāto*, *decōrum*.

3. A mute *e* subjoined to a single consonant, generally makes the preceding vowel long: thus, *hāt*, becomes *hāte*, *mēt*, *mēte*, &c. But if more consonants than one precede the *e*, the vowel before them remains short, as, *fēnce*, *būlge*, *gērme*.

4. A vowel in an accented antipenultimate (or last syllable but two) though not followed by a consonant in the same syllable, is short; as, *grātify*, *ēditor*, *ōrigin*. N. B. The vowel *u* is not affected by this rule; as, *lūcubrate*, *pūberty*, *stūdious*, the *u* in *stūdy* being short.

5. Compoundd and derived words usually preserve the quantity of the primitive; thus, *cōgency* from *cōgent*, *pūnishment* from *pūnish*.

6. Diphthongs are naturally long, except *oo*, which has its short sound like a single vowel, as *good*, *wood*, *foot*, *book*, *cook*, &c. It is liable to some irregularities, being sometimes pronounced like long *o*, as in *door*, *floor*, &c. and sometimes like *u* short, as in *blood*, *flood*, &c.

7. A vowel which terminates a word, if it be accented, is long, as, *abū*, *sbē*, *whereby*; and, if unaccented, short; as, *cōmmū*, *epitōmē*, *sbōbb*, &c.

8. A vowel in an unaccented syllable is usually short; as, *dē-nōunce*, *régū-lar*, &c. Such are the general rules of English quantity: yet such, it must be confessed, is the irregularity of our language, that many exceptions are to be found to each. The common, or usual definition of quantity is, that time which is occupied in pronouncing a syllable: and it is considered as *long* or *short*. A vowel or syllable is long when the accent is on the vowel; which occasions it to be slowly joined in pronunciation with the following letters: as *fāll*, *bāle*, *mōōd*, *bōuse*, *feāture*.

A syllable is short, when the accent is on the consonant, which occasions the vowel to be quickly joined to the succeeding letter; as, *ārt*, *bōnnet*, *kūnger*.

With respect to the composition of verse, or prosodaical quantity, it is to be observed, that most writers on the prosody of our language have deduced their rules from the Latin and Greek. It must appear, however, strange to people divested of classical prejudices, that the prosody of a living language should be formed upon that of a dead one.

With regard to a living language a man has nothing to do but to listen with attention, to be able in a very short time to judge with tolerable accuracy of the length of simple sounds. But with regard to a dead language it is surely not easy for any one to judge exactly of the quantity of those syllables, concerning the articulation of which almost every nation differs both in opinion and practice.

It is indeed a very proper, as it is the only way of judging of the quantity of a syllable in a dead language, to deduce it from the part it bears in the metre of their poets. But as the harmony of English numbers doth not depend altogether on the quantity of its metrical feet; so it is absurd to think of deducing the length of the particular syllables composing them, merely from

the place they occupy in the verse. Dr. Johnson, in the grammar prefixed to his dictionary, tells us that accent and quantity in English versification is the same. Such has also been the opinion of some other writers. In this opinion, however, I cannot concur, as will appear from the observations already made.

The beauty and harmony of English numbers, as has been already observed, do not depend solely on the disposition of long and short syllables: for it is very certain, that *accent* supplies the place of *time* in English verse; that is, a short syllable accented hath the same force, and supplies the same place in a foot as a long accented one. It doth not hence follow, however, that the *length* or *time* of syllables, should be neglected, or considered as the same thing as emphasis or accent. For, as to syllables naturally short, no accent or emphasis can possibly make them long: what emphasis or accent, for instance, can possibly convert the syllables *wel*, *râp*, *sôp*, into *weel*, *rape*, *sope*? Again, what force of *accent* or *emphasis* can give the monosyllables *and*, *band*, *stand*, the same length as the last syllable in *command*? The length of the unaccented short syllables in a verse, depends entirely on the time allotted for the longest emphatical word in the verse or sentence, the length and loudness of every other word in that sentence being greater or less in proportion to the degree of significance and importance, which it bears in relation to such principal word or words. And though according to the established rules of Latin and Greek prosody, certain species of verse require a certain number of syllables in each line, it certainly is an inharmonious and vitious custom in reading English verse, to confine the metre to a certain number of syllables, pronounced long or short, just as their position in the verse, or the emphasis of the sentence may require. Now, that heroic verses, consisting of five iambic, or alternately short and long syllables, would be more *even* or *regular* is certain; but they would not be *harmonious* to a correct English ear.

That versification consists, according to the common definition, in the arrangement of a certain number and variety of syllables according to certain laws is, true; but that the English heroic measure is not always to be confined to a *certain* number of syllables is also true. In proof of which I shall quote some few lines to show that an heroic verse is not confined to a certain number of syllables, and, at the same time to give as full a demonstration, that though the accent doth sometimes supply the place of time, in forming the measure, yet that it cannot always do so to the exclusion of time, without destroying the propriety, beauty, and harmony of the numbers.

There are no less, for instance, than fourteen syllables in the first, and twelve in the last of the following verses:

“ And many an amorous, many a humourous lay,

“ Which many a bard had chanted many a day.”

And yet there is not one that can be spared in the harmonious repetition of

those lines. The vicious custom of contracting our syllables, in order to reduce them to the standard of five accented and five unaccented, would make us read these verses in the manner following :

And man'yan am'rous, man'yan hum'rous lay,
Which man ya bard had chanted man ya day.

Than which contractions, and neglect of the natural length of the syllables composing these verses, nothing could be more inharmonious and barbarous. Again, we have a similar example in the following verse :

The wounded bull,
Roar'd bellowing, whilst rebellowing rang the woods.

If accent may always supply the place of *time*, and the harmony of the verse depends on a strict adherence to *accent* we must necessarily read the verse thus :

The wounded bull,
Roar'd bell'wing, whilst rebell'wing rang the woods.

On the other hand, if the harmony of verse principally consists, as I conceive it does, in the consonance or affinity which the words of such verse bear to their meaning, or in their propriety or aptitude to express that meaning, we should certainly find it in giving every syllable of this verse its full sound and natural length, thus,

“ The wounded bull
“ Roar'd bellowing, whilst rebellowing rang the woods.

The discerning and judicious hearer will not only infer, from these examples, the necessity of making a distinction between accent and mere time, but also the necessity of carefully attending to both; the one being no more to be neglected in reading with propriety than the other.

It is indeed possible to write Iambic, Trochaic, Hexameter, and every other species of ancient verse in English ; but while emphasis and accent have so great a share in the composition of our numbers, a bare attention to the length of syllables, would make but very lame and very imperfect verses. Hence, though in reading the heroic measure in blank verse, the principles of harmony require the observance of the final pause at the end of each line, yet too slavish an observance of the *classical* mode of scanning by long and short syllables, and the exact modulation of feet and measure, would produce such a degree of mechanical stiffness, as would not only effectually destroy the proper harmony of the verse, and just expression of the sentiment, but render it altogether disgusting to an English ear, being so diametrically opposed to the genius and idiom of our language.

All speech naturally divides itself into *long* and *short* syllables. Whatever language we speak, or whether it be *quantity* or *accent*, that we attend to in

it, we pronounce some syllables with more rapidity than others; and the art of versification universally consists in the disposition of long or short syllables according to some rule. In some kinds of verse indeed there is more latitude than in others, but an utter inattention to the length of the syllables would quite destroy the harmony of any versification, or of what in English supplies the place of them, accented and unaccented syllables.

The regular disposition of the long and short, or accented and unaccented, syllables, necessarily divides every verse into certain distinct portions or *feet*, and the *classical* harmony of a verse is most distinctly perceived when these portions or *feet* are marked by what is called scanning a line, or distinctly marking those feet by the voice; because then the regular disposition of the long and short syllables or accented and unaccented syllables, in which the essence of verse consists, is most evident.

The harmony of *prose* does not depend upon any *regular return* of long or short syllables, or accented and unaccented syllables, for that would constitute it *verse*, but is consistent with any disposition of long and short syllables, that are easy to pronounce, and at the same time express the sense. Very many long syllables coming together, make a style rough and heavy; and many short syllables have likewise a disagreeable effect, because there is nothing to support the voice, and for want of that it is apt to hurry on, and embarrass itself. For this reason people who are inclined to stammer, find great difficulty in pronouncing many short syllables together: as would be the case in the following sentence:

“The doctrine which he principally preached, I apprehend to be erroneous, and of a pernicious tendency.”

Those single words are the most agreeable to the ear, in which the long and short syllables are the most remarkably distinguishable, because they contain the greatest variety of sound. This excellence we perceive in many polysyllables, as *rapidity*, *impetuosity*, *independent*, *administration*, &c. On the same principle; in constructing language so as to form a discourse, a uniform observance of either the style *periodique*, or the style *coupé*, would soon fatigue the ear; but by a due intermixture of both, be the subject what it may, the ear is gratified, and consequently the mind more willingly informed.

Pauses must also be carefully attended to in the reading of prose as well as verse; and since the voice must rest, it is convenient and proper that provision be made for its resting at proper intervals. But having dwelt so long upon Quantity, I must reserve the discussion of that branch of our subject, for my next Lecture.

EPISTOLARY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Copy of a Letter from the justly celebrated Dr. Beattie to a gentleman in this city who transmitted to him the certificate of his election into the American Philosophical Society.

Aberdeen, 12th December, 1786.

SIR,

I HAD the honour to receive your letter about six weeks ago, together with the diploma. I was then confined by a severe illness, which has proved very tedious, and of which I have not yet got the better. This will serve as an apology for my long silence.

And now, sir, when I sit down to write, I am really at a loss for words to express the warmth of my gratitude to you, and the high sense I entertain of the very great honour done me by the American Philosophical Society. If circumstances would permit, I should be happy in an opportunity of crossing the Atlantic, and returning my thanks in person. But, that not being in my power, I must satisfy myself with assuring them by letter, that I shall, to the end of my life, retain a most grateful sense of their goodness, and (which I know they will look upon as the best return I can make for it) endeavour, to the utmost of my poor abilities, so to promote the cause of Truth and of Good Learning as to prove myself not altogether unworthy of their friendship. To be connected with so respectable and learned a society, is a circumstance which I can never cease to reflect upon with most particular satisfaction.

I must beg you will present my humble respects and most affectionate compliments to the illustrious and venerable president,* and the other learned gentlemen, whose subscriptions do me so much honour. May their labours for the improvement of the human mind, and the advancement of human happiness be ever successful. Though, for the wisest purposes no doubt, Providence has so disposed affairs, that I cannot now have the happiness to call the Citizens of the United States of America my fellow subjects, I must ever love them as my brethren, and rejoice in their prosperity.

I have the honour to be, with the most perfect regard and esteem,

Sir,

Your ever-obliged and most faithful servant,

J. BEATTIE.

DR. RUSH.

- Dr. Franklin

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The annexed letter has degenerated into a kind of essay, and yet remains a very imperfect aggregate of desultory ideas on a subject well deserving to be fully treated by an abler hand. If, notwithstanding, you should think it not unworthy of a place in your magazine, you have my consent for its publication.

I remain, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

E. B.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MAN CONSTITUTIONALLY MORAL.

I HAVE read with much attention, and a considerable degree of interest, in the first number of your valuable magazine, the paper signed *Analyticus*, calling in question the correctness of the opinion of the celebrated Adam Smith, in conceiving sympathy to arise from the power of imagination, which causes us involuntarily to participate in the pains and pleasures of others, and in considering this sympathy as the basis of our moral sentiments.

Mr. Smith has not, it appears to me, established his idea with all that precision and force of argument of which it is susceptible, nor followed it through its various ramifications, but it is so fertile in useful rules when applied to society, and it leads to so many interesting reflections, that I think it of the utmost importance its truth should be generally felt and acknowledged.

To supply what Mr. Smith has omitted; to throw light on what he has left obscure, or to finish those parts of his system which he has only sketched—is a task which I presume not to undertake, nor could it be attempted in a paper destined for your magazine; but I may be permitted, perhaps, to examine a little the solidity of the objections of your correspondent, which, I hope, he will be the more disposed to receive in good part as the signature he has adopted seems to invite rather than to repel a rigorous scrutiny.

Your correspondent admits, that imagination is necessary to excite sympathy, for, he says, without bringing home the situation of another to ourselves we can form no conception of his sensations, and we cannot be influenced by what we cannot conceive; but, he continues, this power of the imagination, which brings home the situation of others to ourselves, does not appear sufficiently to explain *why a conception of the existence of certain feelings in another should awaken emotion in us*. He admits that imagination causes the *conception* of the feelings

of another; but he does not see why this conception should be likewise productive of emotions, of fellow feelings, and therefore he thinks the explanation of Adam Smith deficient.

I see a man who is undergoing torture in the hands of the executioner; I see how his nails are torn off, one by one, with an instrument contrived for that purpose; I see how the muscles of his face are convulsed; how he is writhing with pain and anguish—that it is the power of the mind, denominated imagination, which enables me to form a conception of the sufferings of this poor wretch *Analyticus* admits, but he is at a loss to comprehend why I might not remain perfectly cool and composed at the sight, unless the Author of our being had implanted in my breast another distinct, independent power, which is called *sympathy*.

This, therefore, is the point in which he differs from Mr. Smith. Both seem to agree that *sympathy*, that the painful or pleasurable feelings excited in ourselves by the affections of others, are the cause of our *morality*—because it is to allay these painful feelings in *us* that we fly to *their* relief, as we are impelled to make *them* glad by the pleasing reaction of their gladness on *our* own sensibility. But with Adam Smith this sympathy is the necessary result of our imagination, which involuntarily makes us change place with the object affected, and excites affection in ourselves; while with your correspondent, it is an *implanted, distinct* power. For though he agrees that imagination causes conception, yet this bare conception, he thinks, cannot cause emotion.

This difficulty, however, would have vanished, if *Analyticus* had paid some attention to the *laws of association*, which act so important a part in our physical as well as moral economy, and without a due consideration of which, every attempt to form a just idea of man, and to explain his nature must prove unsuccessful.

It is certainly true, that there exists no essential connexion between our ideas and the emotions excited by those ideas, no more than between these letters and the sounds they express, or these sounds and the things they represent. If there were an essential connexion, the ideas and corresponding emotions must be inseparable, which is by no means *always* the case, though they will *generally* accompany each other whenever what I should like to term the regular, the *standard reciprocity* of thoughts and feelings in an individual has not been interrupted or changed by the operation of unusual circumstances.

When a child for the first time sees blood issuing from a wound in the arm of a third person, without hearing groans, or perceiving the expression of pain in the face of the wounded or the bystander; or at a period of life before it has learned to understand the meaning of groans

and contorted features—this sight of blood will be amusing to the child, because novel; or, if not amusing, at least equally indifferent with the sight of any other unknown liquid. With the same pleasure, on account of novelty, or indifference, it will behold the blade of a cutting instrument: no feelings have, as yet, accompanied these ideas; no associations have, as yet, been formed in its mind. But, when the child for the first time wounds its own finger, and blood appears, the *sensation of pain* will become connected with the sight of blood and of the blade of steel. If the same accident occurs frequently to the child itself or to others in its presence, after the child has learned to understand the tones and gestures of pain, the idea of blood and the sensation of pain will become *associated*, and this association, in individuals possessed of great sensibility, may acquire so great a force as to induce fainting from the mere sight. It will not be so with the blade of steel, because the same knife which cuts the finger will also divide an apple or a pye.

A child which never has taken rhubarb will not be otherwise affected by its smell than to find it rather disagreeable. Another, which has been obliged to take it frequently, will feel its stomach heave when within the atmosphere of the drug.

The sight of a boiled leg of mutton, of a peach, of a fine fat oyster will interest the organ of vision alone in those whose palates have never been affected by these things; but will invariably give an appetite, which is a presensation of their taste, to healthy and hungry individuals who have eaten them before.

To pursue this subject longer would be unnecessary. All our appetites and aversions, predilections and antipathies, the prevailing taste through life, the bent of disposition—are nothing else but the result of certain associations of feelings and ideas arising from frequent or constant coëxistence. Give me minutely the history of the first fifteen years of any man's life, and I know what he most probably will, what he almost inevitably must be, ever after. The power of female charms in some degree date from the mother's bosom. Our morals, and particularly our prejudices, often spring from our nursery. We are whimsical or sensible according as our associations are corresponding with or differing from those which have been admitted as *in order* by the mass of mankind.

The stronger and steadier the associations between certain ideas and emotions are in an individual the more he is possessed of what is called *character*. Uniformity of influence, uniformity of existence are therefore requisite to produce it. A man who was born at one place, educated at another, who frequently changed his company, his place of residence and his pursuits will hardly possess what is called a *marked* character; and a *national character* cannot, for a long time, be look-

ed for in the United States, settled by people from various countries, of various persuasions, various habits—where few men are stationary, where the local circumstances are so different in different parts, where every thing is constantly changing and shifting; where a butcher today finds himself a statesman tomorrow, and in a short time after returns to his stall.

Prejudices arise from associations between ideas and feelings formed previously to the acquisition of knowledge, and so firmly established that reason, at a later period, is unable to control them.

Hence strong heads are often extremely weak on certain subjects, and the way to cure prejudices is not to argue with them, but to break, by slow and persevering efforts, the old associations and to replace them with new ones.

Hence men, even the wisest and best, are mechanically operated upon, because it is impossible not to combine thoughts and feelings which we hear constantly linked together in conversation. The safest way, therefore, not to be mislead by those whose intentions we suspect is not to listen to them, and if we can succeed to place a person whom we wish to persuade in a situation in which he is obliged frequently to listen to what we are anxious he should believe the object is half accomplished!

Why does an Indian smile under tortures? why does many a hero in battle tremble at the sight of a snake? whence the thralldom, during the dark ages, of men of genius in the shackles of superstition? whence the force of amulets? whence, in all religions, the miracles of faith? whence a thousand phenomena otherwise inexplicable in the moral world but from the associations of certain emotions with certain ideas, arising from frequent or constant, accidental or artificial coëxistence!

That certain ideas will produce certain feelings and emotions with which they have become associated in consequence of such frequent or constant coëxistence; and that they will produce them the more positively the more this coëxistence has been uniform, is a fact of which, with a little attention to the subject, no one can remain doubtful. It is a little less obvious, though equally true, that sensations, in their turn, will produce the ideas with which they have become linked and associated by coëxistence, and this so forcibly, if the coëxistence has been *constant*, that the idea cannot be resisted though we know it to be erroneous!

In the natural and constant disposition of the fingers of my hand no small object which touches the outside of my second finger can touch the outside of my first. The sensation of contact with a small body at both the outsides of these two fingers *at once* is, therefore, from invariable coëxistence, associated with the idea of *two* objects. Now if I

cross my two fingers and roll between them, when crossed, a little ball of bread, I am astonished to feel *two* balls, and find that I cannot resist the idea of *two* though I well know there is but *one*. The reason is obvious. By the unnatural position of my fingers the one ball I roll is made to touch at once the two outsides of those two fingers, and to produce a sensation which, in the regular position of my fingers, could only be excited by *two* balls, and with which, therefore, the idea of *double*, of *two*, has become so firmly associated that it is reproduced by the sensation against my better knowledge and conviction.

In the natural position of my eyes—that is, with their axis of vision directed straight towards the object at which I look—the point A on the retina of my right eye has always been affected by the image of that object at the same time with the point B on the retina of my left eye. From the constancy of this occurrence the simultaneous affection of the points A and B in the two eyes has become so firmly associated with the idea of unity of object that we actually see an object only *single* though we see it with one eye as well as with the other. And again the simultaneous affection of any other two points of the nervous membrane in the two eyes, except the points A and B, produces the idea of *two* objects, in consequence of the some constancy of association, because in the regular position of the eyes a single object can only operate at once on the points A and B. The simultaneous affection of any other two points requires, therefore, more than *one* object. Now if I press my left eyeball out of its natural position while looking at the flame of the candle before me I see *two* flames. I cannot resist the idea of *two*, though I am well convinced it is erroneous, because it has become *forcibly associated* with the impression made *at once* on two non-corresponding points of the two nervous membranes. The same effect (seeing double) takes place in some fevers when the natural position of the eyes becomes changed in consequence of convulsive motions in the muscles of those organs. If the natural position or form of one eyeball has been permanently changed by an external injury, which yet has not destroyed the power of vision, the person so affected will see double for a length of time; that is, till the old associations become obliterated and new ones formed.

A similar observation may be made by confining our attention to one eye alone. In the natural state of things each object forms only one image on the retina. The idea of unity of object is therefore firmly associated with the sensation of unity of image, and the reverse. In consequence of this it happens that we irresistibly see the same object hundred and thousand fold, if, by looking through a polyhedral glass, we multiply on the retina the number of its images, though we well know the object is single. In the same manner, if, from accident the

cornea becomes polyhedral, persons so affected see for some time every single object manifold; but the correctness of vision, that is, of *just conception* of the objects whose images are felt on the retina, will be restored gradually with the formation of new associations!

What is language itself but an association between certain sounds, that is, certain sensations in the organ of hearing, and certain ideas, which in themselves have no sort of real connexion, but by constant *fictitious* alliance have become so intimately linked together that it is absolutely impossible for me to have in my mind the idea of a plumb-pudding when my ear is assailed by the sound of dagger. And thus it happens that even my thoughts *sound* to my mental ear, though nothing is more certain than that the deaf-born, who thinks also, cannot think *thus*.

It would perhaps not be impossible to show the *how* and *why* of this intimate association between *sensations* and corresponding *ideas*, with which *motions* become connected in their turn; all arising from constant or frequent coëxcitement, in consequence of which they mutually reproduce each other. But for the present purpose it is sufficient to have established, or rather called into notice, the *fact*, of which some mechanical accomplishments, as, for instance, the execution of a difficult piece of music, exhibit striking instances.

The seeing of a series of notes, the idea of the harmony to be produced, and a set of corresponding rapid and precise evolutions with my fingers over the keys or cords of the instrument, are together an aggregate unit of effect which takes place instantaneously at the aspect of the paper, without the agency of perceptible deliberation or thought, and which could not be accounted for but from the laws of association.

All the magic of extraordinary dexterity and mechanical skill, from which, perhaps, even some mental operations, as writing poetry, or going through arithmetical calculations, should not be excluded, spring from these laws. In proof of this, the wish to excel often causes us to *do ill* what in common we perform without a fault, because the interfering thoughts in this case interrupt the habitual and correct play of associations. Hence a primary requisite in order to excel is calmness and confidence in ourselves.

In consequence, therefore, of this association between sensations and ideas either of the two excited will call forth the other, and hence I feel sympathy, that is, painful or pleasurable emotions, when the ideas with which those emotions have become associated, are awakened by the aspect of a third person, or the witnessing of an occurrence, or the account of an event, and these emotions will be the stronger the greater the number of ideas, linked with them, which are awakened at once.

I see across the street a man who is assailed by two others with clubs. I hear the report of the blows which reverberate from his skull. I see the blood run over his face; he screams; he staggers—the ideas which are awakened in me by these impressions are associated with emotions of pain, and therefore these emotions must be produced. They are so in fact, and, if no considerations, attended with emotions of a different tendency, check me, I shall run to interfere in order to get rid of this pain, if I may say so, *mechanically*, as I would jump forward to intercept a precious vase in falling, prompted by the anticipated pain of seeing it break to pieces.

I take a walk on the river side, and another scene occurs. A boat is bringing on shore the passengers of a ship just returned from the East Indies. Doubts had been entertained of her safety. The friends of the passengers and crew are on the wharf, and await with impatience the landing of the boat. At last she reaches the wharf. The passengers jump out; their friends fly to meet them; every eye sparkles; they embrace; they shake hands; all is pleasurable agitation—This sight conveys to my mind a certain train of ideas, and at the same instant a succession of delightful emotions, habitually linked with them, thrills through my nerves. I stop involuntarily. I gaze, and would not on any account have missed this scene. Were it in my power to produce similar scenes frequently I should do it for the gratification of beholding them.

Thus theatrical representations operate on our feelings through the medium of impressions on our organs of sense which convey ideas; and the effect is complete if all the ideas conveyed have a uniform tendency to awaken the same set of emotions. But if the age or personal appearance of the actor does not suit his character; if his attitude, his countenance, his gestures say one thing, while the words he utters impart ideas of a different nature; or if the objects which surround him on the stage are not compatible with his presumed situation, then the illusion is destroyed; that is, we are excited to a variety of heterogeneous emotions which mutually counteract and destroy each other and render us cold or disgusted spectators.

The perfect congruity of *all* the ideas conveyed is the more essential to produce illusion the *less* the interest excited by the whole. Therefore the strict observance of the three unities is of greater importance with dramatic authors of moderate talents than with those whose superior genius knows, by predominant ideas, thus to engage and to fascinate the audience as to leave them neither leisure nor capacity to observe minor inconsistencies.

It is owing to the same laws of association that an inferior actor, to whom we are accustomed, will often affect us more than another of

greater talents but new to us. The former has the advantage that his countenance, figure, voice, &c. have already become associated with emotions which he has often awakened before, and, therefore, awakens again with facility.

For the same reason, likewise, an actor whom we have generally seen in characters of a certain description will not readily succeed in *new ones*. When Mr. Harwood attempts Hamlet his task is difficult indeed, because his very aspect, from the generality of his performance, has become blended with emotions of cheerfulness.

It is likewise obvious why *grace* is an indispensable requisite to the complete effect of any kind of performance or exhibition, for grace is nothing else but a *harmonious tendency of the whole exterior towards producing the same emotion*. Provided therefore there is justness of proportion in the general form and a sufficient degree of suppleness and pliability, unconcern, and ease, and being totally absorbed by the subject, by the interest of the moment, will inevitably be attended with grace. Thus children are graceful, and people under the influence of passion. They equally forget themselves. Nothing discordant appears. Nothing that retards or checks an emotion once produced.

It is not in contradiction with the explanation given that grace often requires much previous study and application. What is studied are certain motions, attitudes, gestures, which have been generally found becoming and impressive. Grace more properly consists in the propriety of using them. Gestures and motions are acquired as the words of a new language; but, after they have once become familiar, a *Garrick*, when acting, will think no more of his feet and arms than of his eyes, his forehead, or the organs of his speech; he will think of his subject, and the more he is absorbed by that, the more completely he forgets every thing else, the more he will transport the wondering audience.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Cincinnati, Ohio, August 22, 1809.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A distant admirer of your Port Folio requests a place in it, if you think proper, for the following *morceau*,

ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, AND PROPRIETY OF EXPRESSION.

A WISE and polished people will always feel an interest in maintaining the purity of their language : it is important in a national point of view; and hence the most refined nations have carefully cultivated their vernacular speech. The English language is as much the birth-right of an American, as it is of an Englishman, and as such has a claim to his fostering care. It is the most copious, the most expressive, and energetic of all the modern, and superior to the best among all the ancient languages, if we except the Greek. It is studied by the polite throughout Europe, and has long been a favourite in Paris. Perhaps, there is none other so universally spoken. It has spread over an important portion of Asia, all North America, and many other places throughout the globe. Its force and comprehensiveness fit it for every species of composition; and, in this respect, it maintains a decided preponderance as to all other living tongues. It is neither adulterated with the guttural sounds of the Spanish, nor the nasal twang of the French; nor with the boisterous roughness of the German, nor the tame monotony of the Italian. Yet it is enriched with thousands of apt words, culled by the best English writers, from those and other languages, both ancient and modern; words, which are now completely associated with and made a part of English idiom. After all it must be acknowledged, its excellence is somewhat impaired by the too frequent occurrence of the letter *s*.

Since, then, we are in possession of a vernacular speech, graced and accommodated with all the needful powers of expression, let us endeavour to preserve its sterling purity, and shield it from the debasement of alloy. But has this been done? I answer, no!—since many words are now in use, throughout the United States, as barbarous as they are uncouth. And, what seriously adds to the evil, those Americanisms are uttered upon the floors of our legislatures: they fall from the lips of men classically educated, and have even become matters of record, by stealing into our statutes! How frequently do we hear within the walls of congress, and see perpetuated, as it were, in their very laws, such sounds as *progréss* (for proceed, travel), *obtains* (prevails, exists), *illy* (ill), *preventative* (preventive), *therefor* (for the same),

lay (lie, *present tense*), *approbate* (approve), *proven* (proved), *plead* (pleaded), *stricken out* (struck out), *lengthy* (long), together with a numerous train, compounded of other bastard or perverted expressions! For the honour of our country we fervently pray, that this wide-spreading *Patois* may no longer prevail or be countenanced. How must it wound the feelings of sensibility to hear a member of the most illustrious of our national councils address the chair, with—"Mr. Speaker! after such a *lengthy* debate, and the *breadthy* stand which gentlemen have taken." And yet, there is no more impropriety in *breadthy* than *lengthy*; saving only, that the former, unlike the latter, has not, as yet, become current coin. In mercy to our mother tongue, let those barbarisms be banished forever from the union: "*and let all the people say, amen!*"

A similar evil, Mr. Oldschool, but of minor moment, rages in these sequestered wilds; and in no place is it more prevalent than here. I am alluding to advertisements respecting astrays, with which our *learned* magistrates crowd our weekly journals. There the eye is unceasingly offended with the view of those *monstrous* productions, *horse-colts* and *mare-colts*, prancing down every column. I wish those magistrates to be told, that such epithets are unknown to the English language; that their *horse-colt* is simply a colt, and their *mare-colt* merely a filly; that foal is an appellation applicable to either; and that, when foals attain their growth, and not till then, they become *horses* and *mares*, according to their relative sex. What should we think, upon hearing a boy called a man-child, or a girl a woman-child! The person guilty of so gross a misnomer, would merit a madhouse, or perchance, only a cap and bells.

J.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIRS OF ANACREON—BY SEDLEY.

From the Author's Manuscript.

*Happiness enjoyed by Critias in retirement—Death of Anacreon—
Funeral ceremony—Conclusion.*

REMOTE from the intrigues of the court and unruffled by the din of contention our days were joyful and serene like those which nurture

VOL. II.

O O

the beautiful Halcyon.* Enjoying the uninterrupted society of a friend, whom I esteemed, and a wife whom I loved, the gods had left me nothing to wish. When I reflected upon the happiness which this intercourse produced I could not but acknowledge the source of it.

"How sweet to the soul of man," would I exclaim, "is the society of a beloved wife! When wearied and broken down by the labours of the day, her endearments sooth, her tender cares restore him. The solitudes, and anxieties, and heavier misfortunes of life are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic vexations to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem, when, after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home, and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes, for his sake, her share of domestic labour upon her, and soothes the anguish of his soul by her comfort and participation. By the immortal gods! a wife is not, as she is falsely represented by some, a burthen or a sorrow to man. No, she shares his burthens and alleviates his sorrows. For there is no toil nor difficulty so insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual efforts and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership."†

After we had been settled a short time in our new abode, Anacreon resolved to send to Lesbos for Sappho. Among others, the following ode, in which he describes the simplicity of our fare and the warmth of his affection, was composed upon this occasion.

A broken cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat;
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire!
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

But it was not reserved for him again to enjoy the society of this lovely woman, whose genius was only equalled by her misfortunes. Before the couriers had departed, I received information from one of my friends at Mytelene that Sappho had terminated her life and her sufferings by precipitating herself into the sea from the summit of a mountain in Leucadia. The following fragment of an ode was found on the shore.

* Simonides explains this trite figure. "For as Jove, during the winter season, gives twice seven days of warmth, men have called this clement and temperate time of the year *the nurse of the beautiful Halcyon.*" (*King'saker.*)

† This passage is a translation from Horace.

From dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep :
And there I'll float, to waves resign'd,
For Love intoxicates my mind !

The mournful intelligence was unfortunately communicated to Anacreon, while he was engaged in a banquet with a few of his former friends. The sudden dismay which this unexpected information occasioned was such, that he did not observe a grapestone which was swimming in his wine. He was choked by the contents of the cup, and the melancholy consequences were soon too visible in his countenance. I ran to succour him ; but, with a smile which bespoke the feeble exertions of nature, he signified that it was too late. I gave him a cup of wine in hopes of relieving him. He took it from me, and, as he held it in his hand, he gave me an ode, in which he announced his departure from us in a strain of prophetic inspiration which resembles the plaintive notes of the expiring swan. It was probably the composition of one of those serious moments to which men of lively feelings are occasionally subject.

Golden hues of youth are fled ;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face ;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom !
This awakes my hourly sighing ;
Dreary is the thought of dying !
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road :
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah ! we can return no more !

He then poured out a libation to the Eumenides, the inexorable ministers of the vengeance of Pluto, and having thus endeavoured to appease their fury, he sank upon his couch. It was in vain that we prayed to Apollo, to whom sudden deaths are imputed. Anacreon likewise would have prayed to Mercury, to whom is confided the mournful office of conducting ghosts to the shades below ; but the pangs of death were upon him, and the power of utterance was denied. We sounded brazen kettles, to expel those furies which are ever on the alert to carry the unfortunate to places of torment. We crowded around his couch

that we might hear his dying words : we kissed him, and endeavoured to imbibe his latest breath into our mouths.

I had heard, for the last time, the sound of a voice which had never addressed me but in the language of kindness—the lustre of those eyes which had ever beamed with the refulgent sparkles of mirth became dim, and, after a faint struggle he sought the shades of Elysium! He retained his senses so as to be able to depart in a decent posture. As soon as we found that he had expired, his eyes and mouth were closed, and before the body was cold, it was stretched; and soon afterwards it was washed by the females of the household. After it had been rubbed with fragrant oil and other costly ointments, it was clad in a splendid white robe, by which colour was indicated the pure spirit of the deceased. It was then covered with green boughs and flowers, the liveliness and brilliancy of whose hues denoted the felicity which was to be enjoyed after this life. Being placed upon a bier it was carried to the entrance of the door. Here it was exposed to public view in order to prevent any suspicion of his death having been occasioned by a wound. The feet were turned to the door to signify that he would never return, and the corpse was constantly watched, to prevent the pollution of flies or the violence of rude curiosity. The mouth was filled with cake composed of flour, honey, and water, to appease the fury of Cerberus, and a piece of money was placed upon it as a bribe to the surly ferryman of the Styx. His hair was cut off and hung upon the door to indicate the house of sorrow to the heart of sensibility; and, while the corpse remained there, a vessel of water stood nigh, that those who touched it might purify themselves. After it had been preserved seventeen days and nights we prepared for the solemn ceremony of interment.

But it was supposed the spirit of our departed friend would be better satisfied if his ashes were deposited in his natal soil, and we therefore determined to burn the body. In the dead of the night, when the silence of nature accorded with the sadness of our souls and the awfulness of the ceremony, we lighted our torches, to preserve us from the evil spirits which then ventured abroad. When the sun arose, we took our last farewell and conveyed the body from the house. As we moved along, with a slow pace, our uncovered heads bent down and supported by our hands, attested our respect, and the serious notes of the Carian and the Phrygian flutes bewailed the loss of our friend. Some persons sprinkled their heads with ashes and muttered the funereal interjection *ī, ī, ī*, while others rolled their bodies in the dust. When we arrived at the pile the body was placed in the middle of it, with a quantity of precious ointments and perfumes, and also the fat of beasts to

increase the force of the flames. The garments of the deceased being thrown in, the sad office of communicating fire to the pile devolved upon me, as none of the relations of the deceased were present. Having prayed and offered vows to the winds to assist the flames, I applied the torch. His immediate friends stood nigh to the pile, cutting off their hair and casting it into the flames, and also pouring out libations of wine. The pile being burned down, the embers were extinguished by wine. We collected the ashes and enclosed them in an urn, which was soon after sent to his relations at Athens.

Grecians! his hallowed ashes are covered by a monument which is erected near the altar of the Muses on the margin of Illysus. When the mellow tints of the evening sun shall sleep on the waters, and ye assemble on its banks, tread lightly on the sod that embraces the silent urn. Violets shall bloom around the sacred spot; there the lotus shall spread its embowering branches, and the roses of spring shall impart their sweetest fragrance to the breeze that lingers around his tomb. There the chords of the plaintive lyre shall often respire the sad and solemn notes of wo, and the virgins, who dwell at the foot of the double mountain, shall chant his mournful dirge.

As the winds of the declining year assail the green-clad trees and strew the ground with their foliage, and the approaching spring bids them revive with renovated splendor, so is one generation of man called from the joys of life and another succeeds. But long shall Ilyssus roll his inspiring flood, and many olymypiads shall ye walk in the porticos of Athens, or stray by the side of the silver Strymon, before your ears shall be gladdened by such sounds as ye heard from the lyre of Anacreon: for the Graces presided at his birth, and the Muses delighted to inspire his meditations.

VENTRILOQUISM OF THE CELEBRATED MR. FITZ JAMES.

The 'busy indolence' of London has often, of late, been much engaged by the marvellous feats of Mr. Fitz James, one of the most astonishing performers that has ever confounded the ignorant, or edified the philosopher. For the following account of his wonderful talents we are indebted to Mr. W. Nicholson, the scientific Editor of the Journal of Natural Philosophy, Chymistry, and the Arts. What gives to this

article the greatest weight and interest is, that Mr. Nicholson, a *philosophical* remarker, was an eye witness of the prodigies, which he describes.

I have now the satisfaction to give some account of the performance of Mr. Fitz James, one of the first masters of the art of ventriloquism; who, in addition to his very striking powers as a speaker and an actor, has the candor and liberality to explain the nature of his performance to his auditors. I was present a few evenings ago at a public exhibition, which continues to be repeated at Dulaw's in Soho Square; and though my account of what I saw and heard cannot but be very imperfect, and far from exciting the surprise, which the actual performance produces, it may, nevertheless, be of utility to establish a few principles, and remove some errors respecting this art.

After a comic piece had been read by Mons. Volange, Mr. Fitz James, who was sitting among the audience, went forward, and expressed his suspicion that the ventriloquism was to be performed by the voices of persons concealed under a platform, which was covered with green cloth. Replies were given to his observations, apparently from beneath that stage; and he followed the voices with the action and manner of a person, whose curiosity was much excited, making remarks in his own voice, and answering rapidly and immediately, in a voice which no one would have ascribed to him. He then addressed a bust, which appeared to answer his questions in character, and after conversing with another bust in the same manner, he turned round; and in a neat and perspicuous speech, explained the nature of the subject of our attention; and from what he stated and exhibited before us, it appeared that by long practice he had acquired the faculty of speaking during the inspiration of the breath, with nearly the same articulation, though not so loud, nor so variously modulated; as the ordinary voice, formed by expiration of the air. The unusual voice, being formed in the cavity of the lungs, is very different, in effect, from the other. Perhaps it may issue in a great measure through the trunk of the individual. We should scarcely be disposed to ascribe any definite direction to it; and consequently are readily led to suppose it to come from the place best adapted to what was said. So that when he went to the door, and asked, "Are you there?" to a person, supposed to be in the passage, the answer in the unusual voice was immediately ascribed by the audience to a person actually in the passage; and upon shutting the door, and withdrawing from it, when he turned round, directing his voice to the door, and said, 'Stay there till I call you.' The answer, which was lower, and well adapted to the supposed distance and obstacle interposed, appeared still more strikingly to be out of the room. He then looked up to the ceiling, and called out in his own voice, 'What are you doing above?' to which an immediate answer was given, which seemed to be in the room above, 'I am coming down directly.' The same deception was practised on the supposition of a person being under the floor, who answered in the unusual, but a very dif-

ferent voice from the other, that he was down in the cellar putting away some wine. An excellent deception of the watchman crying the hour in the street and approaching nearer the house, till he came opposite the window was practised. Our attention was directed to the street, by the marked attention which Fitz James himself appeared to pay to the sound. He threw up the sash and asked the hour, which was immediately answered in the same tone, but clearer and louder; but upon his shutting the window down again, the watchman proceeded less audibly, and all at once the voice became very faint, and Fitz James, in his natural voice said, "He has turned the corner." In all these instances, as well as others, which were exhibited to the very great entertainment and surprise of the spectators, the acute observer will perceive that the direction of the sound was imaginary, and arose entirely from the well-studied and skilful combinations of the performer. Other scenes, which were to follow, required the imagination to be too completely misled, to admit of the actor being seen. He went behind a folding screen in one corner of the room, when he counterfeited the knocking at a door. One person called from within, and was answered by a person from without, who was admitted, and we found, from the conversation of the parties, that the latter was in pain, and desirous of having a tooth extracted. The dialogue and all the particulars of the operation that followed would require a long discourse if I were to attempt to describe them to the reader. The imitations of the natural and modulated voice of the operator, encouraging, soothing, and talking with his patient; the confusion, terror, and apprehension of the sufferer; the inarticulate noises produced by the chairs and apparatus, upon the whole, constituted a mass of sound, which produced a strange, but comic effect. Loose observers would not have hesitated to assert that they heard more than one voice at the time; and though this certainly could not be the case, and it did not appear so to me, yet the transitions were so instantaneous, without the least pause between them, that the notion might very easily be generated. The removal of the screen satisfied the spectators that one performer had effected the whole.

The actor then proceeded to show us specimens of his art as a mimic, and here the power he had acquired over the muscles of his face was full as strange as the modulations of his voice. In several instances, he caused the opposite muscles to act differently from each other; so that while one side of his face expressed mirth and laughter, the other side appeared to be weeping. About eight or ten faces were shown to us in succession as he came from behind the screen, which, together with the general habits and gait of the individual, totally altered him. In one instance he was tall, thin, and melancholy; and the instant afterwards, with no greater interval of time than to pass round behind the screen, he appeared bloated with obesity and staggering with fulness. The same man another time exhibited his face simple, unaffected, and void of character, and the next moment it was covered with wrinkles expressing slyness, mirth, and whim of different descriptions. How

far this discipline may be easy or difficult, I know not, but he certainly appeared to me to be far superior to the most practised masters of the countenance I have ever seen.

During this exhibition, he imitated the sound of an organ, the ringing of a bell, the noises produced by the great hydraulic machine of Marie, and the opening and shutting of a snuff-box.

His principal performance, however, consisted in the debates at *Nazette*, in which there were twenty different speakers, as is asserted in his advertisement; and certainly the number of different voices was very great. Much entertainment was afforded by the subject, which was taken from the late times of anarchy and convulsion in France; when the lowest, the most ignorant part of society was called upon to decide the fate of a whole people, by the energies of Folly and brutal violence. The same remark may be applied to this debate, as to other scenes, respecting tooth drawing; namely, that the quick and sudden transitions, and the great difference in the voices gave the audience various notions, as well with regard to the number of speakers, as to their positions and the direction of their voices.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANECDOTES OF AMERICAN PAINTERS.

WEST.

“Such wond’rous force the magic colours boast.”—*Young*.

At the head of the present English school of painters stands Benjamin West. He was born in the year 1738, at Springfield, Chester County in the state of Pennsylvania. Several of his ancestors came to America with Penn in 1699, and were joined by his father John West in 1714. We know not what were the motives which induced Mr. West to remove to America, but presume it must have been from the general encouragement held out to Quakers by Penn, and to which sect he belonged. Of a large family of children Benjamin West was the youngest son, and at an early period his love of painting showed itself with such uncommon proofs of genius, that at the age of sixteen his father and friends consented to his making it his profession. He was

now so far advanced as to receive considerable encouragement, peculiarly flattering to one in his situation, and he painted with success both portraits and historical pictures in Lancaster, Philadelphia, and New-York. In these pleasing pursuits did he spend the season of his nonage, and by the time he had arrived at the period when youth looks forward with new hope and eager expectation, his emoluments had so increased, with his thirst for knowledge, and desire of improvement in his profession, that he determined to visit Italy, the cradle of the arts, the school of painters.

Hitherto his productions had been the effort of genius, unassisted by the studies of art—or but feebly assisted. Paintings of any character were rare in our country, and of the few to be found, the number must have been small indeed, that were calculated to afford assistance to talents like those possessed by our young artist. Painters were still more rare; and thus genius was left to grope out its way without a preceptor in the art to which it felt its strongest powers directed; without specimens which might detect its faults, or lead to their correction. Mr. West was soon convinced that it was absolutely necessary for his improvement, to study the works of the great masters; and that the rules of art though assisted by superior natural abilities, will never make an eminent painter, unless to these are added the force of examples. The patronage which he had already received, instead of making him contented with his acquirements, served only to rouse his ambition, and led him to aspire to that character which should not shrink from the scrutiny of criticism, or retire from the light of comparison.

With a mind determined, and which no obstacles could divert from its purpose, he embarked at Philadelphia for Italy in 1760, and after some delay at Gibraltar, arrived safely at Leghorn. Here having procured letters of recommendation to Cardinal Albani and others at Rome, he hastened to set out for that great city, then rich in every thing that could add to the delight and instruction of the scholar, and of which the hand of the plunderer of nations had not yet despoiled it. He soon made several valuable acquaintances at Rome, and among the rest was introduced to Raphael Minges, Pompio Battoni, together with other artists and gentlemen of character and influence. By their assistance he gained admission to all that was worthy of inspection; the cabinets of the curious were examined with eager attention, and the galleries of the wealthy explored with the eye of enthusiasm. Indeed such was the effect which these exhibitions had on his ardent mind, such was the enthusiastic zeal with which he viewed them, that a severe fit of illness was the consequence. Recovering from his indisposition, he prepared anew to resume his studies, which he pursued with a keenness

and avidity known only to those who are determined to accomplish what they have undertaken. The finest productions of the art were viewed with critical exactness, and in this minute examination of the works of the greatest masters we may look for that correctness of design and force of expression, so visible in the paintings of West. To the works of Angelo, Raphael, and Poussin, he devoted his principal attention. Angelo was perhaps the greatest designer that ever lived, and West well knew how absolutely essential it was to be excellent in this part of the profession, in which the genius of the painter is principally seen, and without which a picture is a mere assemblage of beautiful colours, delighting the eye but not affecting the heart. To the invention of Angelo, he desired to unite the force, the majesty, and the elegance of Raphael, with the delicacy, softness, and simplicity of Poussin; and his pictures show how well he succeeded in his intention.

Having completed for a time his studies at Rome, Florence presented a fine theatre for his genius to expatiate on, and to the galleries of that city he repaired; long celebrated as the repository of the arts, as the emporium of taste, and of elegance. Whether unremitted attention to the study of the fine models here exhibited, or the same kind of enthusiasm which affected him at Rome was the cause, West was again seized with sickness. His illness however did not prevent his progress in improvement, but led him to devise means by which he might yet continue in the cultivation of his art; and for this purpose he had a frame so contrived that he might paint while confined to the bed, in which manner he executed several works of fancy.

From Florence he visited all the celebrated collections of paintings dispersed in various cities of Italy, endeavouring by all means to become well acquainted with the works of those masters who have most excelled in the Lombard and Venetian schools. Here his imagination had a wide field to range in. He was dazzled by the brilliancy of the exquisite colouring of Titian, and enraptured by the grace, the purity, and correctness of Corregio. The school of the Carracci received also the admiration of West, and he gave much attention to their noble works; forcibly struck by the grace and grandeur of Lewis, charmed by the conception and execution of Augustin, and astonished at the boldness and superiority of Hannibal. From these delightful excursions he returned once more to Rome, and while there, painted those two pictures which he afterwards exhibited in London, Cymon and Iphigenia, and Angelica and Madora.

Whether it was originally the intention of Mr. West to visit London, or whether the solicitation of his friends, or the munificence of George the Third, were his inducements we know not, probably all three concurred in determining him about this time to go thither.

Quitting Rome he proceeded to Parma in order to finish a copy of the celebrated picture of St. Gerolemo by Corregio. Thence he went to Genoa and Turin, desirous of seeing the various works of Italian and Flemish masters to be found in those cities: and here he at length finished his studies of the art in Italy. Studies which had been commenced with enthusiasm, prosecuted with diligence, and completed with success.

Arrived at Paris he was to continue the study of the French school, which in examining with care the fine paintings of Poussin, he had so happily begun at Rome. Here, as in Italy, he sought out all those exquisite productions deposited in the galleries of the nobility, in the palaces of royal grandeur, in churches, monasteries, and private collections. The works of Le Brun, Le Sueur, Poussin and others, passed in review before him; nor did he suffer his admiration to lead his judgment astray, but was improved while he was delighted.

The English school was now the only one of any consequence whose productions had not been seen and studied by Mr. West. Reynolds was at its head, and was equally distinguished for taste, correctness, and execution. But besides the advantages which an artist might derive by studying the works of such a leader, it was also to be considered that many paintings of the great masters were scattered all over England, that it had been the principal theatre of some, and that here only their finest productions were to be found. Either of these causes were sufficient to carry him thither, and it has been already observed that there were others. West arrived in London in August 1763, and in the autumn of the same year he visited the celebrated collections of the country. The picture of the Pembroke family by Vandyck at Wilton was one which he viewed with vast care, and by which he could not but be instructed and delighted: he also made the study of the Cartoons of Raphael at Hampton court his peculiar regard, and surely these were subjects worthy of every attention which he could bestow upon them.

He had now completed his acquaintance with the schools, his genius was matured, and nothing remained but to fix his residence in some situation, where, assisted by patronage, he might exemplify by his practice the art of which he so well understood the theory. His native country presented a field entirely new; he was ambitious to excel in it, and to enrich it with his fairest flowers; he had, attachments there which were almost irresistible, and he could think of happiness nowhere but in its bosom. It was about this time that his majesty began to bestow his bounty with so liberal a hand, to encourage with praise and to reward with munificence. West hesitated—he reflected on the little encouragement which had hitherto been given to

the arts in America, he contrasted it with royal patronage, and princely favour, he listened to the earnest solicitations of his friends, and determined to remain in England. This determination was aided by another cause. In April 1764, there was an exhibition of paintings at Spring Gardens, the productions of artists who had formed an institution for that purpose. Thither he was induced by his joint friends Reynolds and Wilson, to send his two pictures already mentioned, painted at Rome, as also a portrait of General Monck. These were favourably received; and in the year following he was chosen a member and director of the institution. He drew there and continued his contributions until the opening of the Royal Academy by his Majesty in 1768. When that Institution was first contemplated, West was one of the persons named to submit a plan for it. The year previous he had been mentioned with high encomiums to the King, by Drummond, archbishop of York, and introduced with the celebrated picture of "Agrippina landing at Brundisium with the ashes of Germanicus," which he had painted for that prelate. A flattering reception was the consequence, and he was employed to paint "The departure of Regulus for Carthage;" this was his first exhibition at the opening of the Royal Academy in 1769. Numerous were the paintings which he produced until 1772, when he was taken more immediately under royal patronage, by being appointed historical painter to the crown. New honours now poured in upon him from all quarters, and from that time he has been continually receiving accessions; medals have been lavishly bestowed, and various societies in every part of the world have hastened to admit him as a member of their institutions. On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds he was unanimously elected to the presidency of the Royal Academy, and has since received the honour of knighthood.

These are among the principal events of Mr. West's life—it now remains to consider his character more minutely as a painter. The field which he has chosen for the chief display of his talents is history, both sacred and profane, dramatic and domestic; and though he no doubt has greatly excelled in portraits, yet historical painting is unquestionably his forte. To attain eminence in this style is the most difficult effort, while it is the highest ambition of a painter of true genius, for it requires great diversity of talent, as it unites in itself all the varieties of painting. An historical painter must possess in a peculiar degree, a quick invention, correctness of design, bold expression, and finished execution, aided by all the other arts of his profession. His object is to represent some distinguished action, and whatever is thought, felt, said, or done by the personages he would introduce, must glow on his canvass and animate it into life. That West

has succeeded in this the most noble and magnificent style of painting, we need only refer to his works to be convinced of. Examine the "Arrival of Agrippina," "Death of Wolfe," "Departure of Regulus," "Hannibal," and other pictures of this great artist, and the above assertion will be found correct to its utmost limit. The fine prints which have been executed from these paintings, place it in the power of every lover of the art to become acquainted with their distinguished excellence. These prints have been purchased with eagerness in every part of the world, and have extended the reputation of Mr. West wherever art is known, or science has a seat. Scripture has received various illustrations from the canvass of West; and here it is worthy of remark, that the finest productions of the art are those whose subjects are found in holy writ. Among the pictures of Mr. West drawn from this source are, "Joseph's sons receiving the Blessing," "Witch of Endor," "Stephen stoned," "A last Supper," and numerous others. English history rich in materials for the painter, has afforded noble subjects for the pencil of West. In battle pieces he has been peculiarly happy, and has greatly excelled; those of Cressy, Poitiers, Nevis Cross, La Hogue, and the Boyne, are fine examples. Almost all the modern English painters have been ambitious of adding to the glory of Shakspeare, and to their own character, by selecting the principal scenes of his drama as subjects for their paintings; and thus a noble collection has been made, composing what is called the Shakspeare Gallery, originally set on foot by the patriotic Boydell. To this collection West has largely contributed, and among the rest has given elegant illustrations of scenes from Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, &c. his picture of the "Witches" has received great and deserved admiration. It would be endless to enumerate the portraits and pictures he has painted for the royal family, for the nobility, for churches, collections, and individuals; they are to be found in most of the palaces and galleries throughout England. Some have even made their way to this country, they are however rare, and cannot be too highly estimated.

Though past the usual age of man, Mr. West still continues constant to his profession, he has a select collection of paintings which from time to time he still makes his study, and they doubtless add to his improvement, for such is the effect of having what is great and excellent always before us. Mr. West has now in his port-folios a number of drawings and sketches to the amount of two hundred: what a treasure to the world if he should live to finish them! since the first institution of the Royal Academy, his exhibitions have been numerous and constant, and in May last he produced there three pictures, which, in the estimation of correct judges, bore away the palm from all others;

the subject of one of them was "The Bard" of Gray, so elegantly described in the following lines:

" On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of wo,
With haggard eyes the poet stood ;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre."

It is sufficient to say, that West has done full justice to so noble a subject, and has been animated in the execution of it by all the enthusiasm of the poet.

Having finished the examination of the works of Mr. West, we may sum up his character as a painter in a few words ; he combines simplicity with elegance, correctness of design with boldness of expression, dignity, ease, and grace, with delicacy, softness, and exquisite execution.

Of Mr. West's domestic concerns we can say but little, we only know, that soon after his settlement in England, he married a lady from America, to whom he had been early attached, and whom he sent for as soon as he had a prospect of success in his profession.

BAYARD.

CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have observed in your periodical work for July and August, that a difference of opinion exists between two of your correspondents, "Inquirer" and "P. R." as to the authenticity of Brydone's Tour through Sicily and Malta. I believe that there can be no doubt but Brydone, like many others, travelled to Sicily and Malta; but there are, in my mind, great doubts as to the extent of his travels and *researches*, especially of his ascension to the summit of Etna, notwithstanding the glowing colours, in which he has depicted the scenery which is presented, from the top of this gigantic mountain, at the dawn of day. I have fre-

quently heard it asserted at the conversazione at Catania, by gentlemen of the first respectability, that this celebrated traveller did not ascend to the summit of Etna. I must therefore conclude that, the assertion of your "correspondent Inquirer" is not without foundation. Brydone has, I presume, like many others, travelled over a chart of this mountain in his closet, and given us a poetical description of it, the basis of which, he may have taken from the Sicilian historians. To examine this celebrated mountain with accuracy, a mountain whose volcanic productions take in a circuit of a hundred and twenty miles, and on the first region of which, *three hundred thousand* inhabitants dwell, surely would have required more time than Mr. Brydone appears to have allotted in exploring it, admitting the account which he gives to be authentic. What does the learned Abbé Farrara,* of Catania, say respecting this celebrated traveller? "*Il Brydone, nella brillante relazione del suo viaggio in Sicilia, eseguito nell'anno 1770,*" A Tour through Sicily and Malta, in two volumes, London, "*più impegnato a divertire il suo dear Beckford, che a dare una sincera descrizione del Paese che correva, ha tutto scritto a suo modo, e nelle lettere sull'Etna sul poco che ha copiato dagli altri, non ne ha fatto di questa montagna, che una descrizione Poetica. Altri viaggiatori hanno posteriormente fatto la Simia allo Scrittore Inglese senza averne lo spirito, e senza aver potuto render utili le loro relazioni. Il buon Conte de Borch si vide molto impegnato a dover far rilevare gli errori de Brydone;*" &c. which I beg leave to translate. "Brydone, in a brilliant relation of his travels in Sicily, performed in 1770, was more employed in diverting his dear Beckford, than in giving a true description of the country through which he ran; he has described the whole, in his letters on Etna, in a manner peculiar to himself; except the small portion which he copied from others, he has done no more than give a poetical description of this mountain. Other travellers succeeding him have asked the English writer, without having either the spirit or capacity of rendering their relations useful. The good count de Borch is seen assiduously employed in removing the errors of Brydone," &c.

I will not trespass further on your pages, except to request your acceptance of the homage of my high consideration and respect.

E. C.

* A gentleman of this city, is now engaged in translating the Abbé Farrara's valuable history of Mount Etna.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield, concludes his one hundred and eighty-eighth epistle with two words of Greek, *Χάρης Χαρίτων*. Now, sir, to appropriate a very favourite adage of his lordship, *ex pede Herculem*—and I think it may be inferred that he was only a lord among scholars. His lordship certainly meant to use *Χάρης* determinately; and consequently should have prefixed to it the article. I shall not insult his lordship's manes by citing the grammar rule, but quote a passage from Bion which is to the purpose.

Αἱ Χάρης κλαῖοσι "τ νῖα τᾶ Κνύδαο,
Και μὴ ἰπαίδυσιν

I am, sir, &c.

ATTICUS,

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The work called "Reflections on Ridicule," respecting which your correspondent, "The Inquirer," (vol. I. page 509) requests information was written originally in French by the Abbé de Belgrade. A copy of it (12mo. 1707) is now in the library of the library company of this city. In the same valuable collection are two editions of a translation of this work neither of which mention the name of the author or translator. They are both by the same hand, and have an original dedication prefixed, which does, though rather obscurely, acknowledge it to be a translation. One of the editions is in two vols. 12mo. London, 1739; the second volume of which contains a translation of a work by the same author, entitled "*Reflections sur la politesse des mœurs, suite des Reflections sur le Ridicule*:" this I have never seen in the original.

The translations abovementioned are extremely literal, but preserve all the spirit of the original: they are, most probably, also by Collier, as they abound with the same Gallicisms mentioned by your correspondent.

Jeremiah Collier I imagine to be the same, who, in the beginning of the last century, published a work on the immorality and prophane-ness of the English stage, which involved him in a controversy with several of the wits of that period. He was the author of a number of original works, and of several translations from the French and Latin. He appears to have been very desirous that this translation should have the credit of an original work, without at the same time expressly avowing it as such.

There is a short account of the Abbé given in the "*Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*:" &c. his biographer says that he was a Jesuit, but that after he was obliged to leave that society, on account of his attachment to Cartesianism, "*il ne cessa d'enfanter volumes sur volumes*:" that he produced translations of many of the works of the fathers, and of the prophane authors "*pour la plupart infidèles*," et "*pas plus estimées*;" and concludes by saying, he had a facility and something of elegance in his style, "*mais ses réflexions ne sont que de mortalités triviales, sans profondeur ni finesse*."

INDAGATOR.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—LETTER VI.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, March 1804.

ON a future occasion as my information extends, I shall furnish you with some biographical sketches of the most important personages among the Haytians. As the sphere of my acquaintance is yet limited, I shall take every opportunity to procure such particulars as will enable me so to do. At present you must be satisfied with an introduction to a few who may be called *little great men*.

Richard, commandant of the place, is an African negro, ignorant and stupid, and a villain of the first order. It is his duty to examine all vessels on the morning of their departure, to see that no person, white, coloured, or black, belonging to the island, is on board,—to regulate the police of the town, and to hold courts. All petty prosecutions and disputes are decided before him. He also furnishes the passports, with which every person travelling from one part of the island to another, must be provided. He never refuses a bribe, and whenever he has it in his power to extort money, he never fails to do it. His opportunities of extortion are frequent. When he is on board examining a vessel at her departure, and while she is under way, the scoundrel pretends that he has discovered something in the manifest, the exportation of which by a late order is prohibited; he then orders the captain to heave his vessel to, and cast anchor. It must at once strike you that a delay, even of a few hours, is a very serious inconvenience, and that the sacrifice of a few dollars to avoid one, is

VOL. II.

Q q

a comparative trifle. Thus the villain imposes upon strangers, and seldom fails to receive eight or ten dollars, as a compromise. *Richard* can read and write after a manner, but the principal part of his business is transacted by *Rimet* his colleague, and a white clerk. The perquisites of his office, added to his extortions, are not sufficient to support him in style, and he consequently lives in rather an obscure state, and cuts but a mean appearance.

Felix Ferrier, administrator, or *ordonnateur general*, is a dark mulatto of about thirty years of age. He was formerly a saddler in the Cape, but being too indolent to work, retired from his trade, and set up a gambling house. By cunning and artifice *he played his cards so well*, as to gain the confidence of some of the great men, and was by degrees promoted to his present station. His power over commercial regulations is so great, that he can establish such as he pleases, and his influence with *Christophe* is so extensive, that his will becomes a law. Without his permission not a pound of coffee can be purchased, and he has declared that until he sells a large parcel which he has on hand, he will permit no person to buy but of him.

The *ordonnateur* is a civil officer acting under the *minister of finances*. There is one in each department, and a deputy under these again, called a *proposer*, generally resides in each sea-port town. His duty is to purchase provisions, clothing, ammunition, &c. for the troops, and generally to furnish all articles which are wanted for the use of government. As the purchases made for government, are all contracted to be paid in produce, principally coffee (for not a dollar that enters the public coffers ever finds its way out) each administrator and *proposer* has a public store in which he deposits that portion of it belonging to the state, which is brought to the town within his jurisdiction. Thence it is carried to that port of delivery, at which the payment is to be made.

Ferrier lives in handsome style—has his *gens d'armes* at his door—wears a blue coat trimmed with gold lace, and a cocked hat with a long scarlet plume. He is excessively proud and haughty, and treats the Americans with studied insolence. Few in the island, can lay a better claim to the first rank of scoundrels.

Raphael, collector of the port, is an old negro, of perhaps near sixty years of age, of a venerable and respectable appearance, and is one of the very few of the Haytians who are possessed of principle. But he is not a proper man for the office he holds; he is rather thick-skulled, and so slow in the performance of his duty, that it requires more than common patience to bear with him.

In the custom house, as in most of the public offices, there is a white clerk, yet notwithstanding his assistance combined to that of several mulattoes and blacks, the affairs are so slowly conducted, that

it occupies *three* days to clear a vessel out, besides the necessity of *complimenting* many of the officers. This system of delay occasioned one day a ludicrous circumstance. A Baltimore captain entered the custom-house in great haste, and asked for a permit: the great pressure of business prevented the collector from immediately attending to his demand: the captain enraged at his delay, swore, stamped, and danced about the room like a madman. Raphael seeing him impatient, but not understanding the abusive language he used, said to him in a civil good-natured manner, "*Tout à l'heure capitaine.*" "D—n your *toot allures*," replied the captain, "if you don't give me a permit, I'll kick you to the devil." In this manner he continued blustering and swearing, until a friend whispered him, that if the collector should perchance discover the purport of his language, he would be in a sure way of visiting the inside of the *cachot*.

A man may be placed in a situation so precarious, that for the preservation of his life, a little finesse, flattery, or even pretended adulation might be pardonable, but what must be thought of a wretch, who voluntarily becomes an *intrigant*, who builds his whole prospect of success upon the misfortunes of others, and who endeavours to ingratiate himself into the favour of his superiors, by calumniating and misrepresenting the actions of others? such men exist, and even in Hayti, where the machinations and artifices of the profound courtier, could yet scarcely have been introduced, many of the vices so familiar to him, are daily put in practice. Citizen A—, whom I have noticed on a former occasion, is of this class. As the public interpreter he has intercourse with all strangers, and from the nature of his office, has a fine opportunity for speculation. All invoices of imported cargoes pass through his hands for translation. The duties are payable on the invoice value, five per cent; this value he diminishes in his translated copy, receives however the full amount from the importer, and defrauds the government of the balance. He is a perfect slave to Christophe, and is forever cringing behind his chair with, "General, I hope you are well today," "I hope the general has had a good night's rest," and "I am extremely glad to see the general's health is good." He is at Christophe's house the principal part of his time—follows him like a shadow—and at entertainments devotes his whole attention to the *black genry*, frequently disdaining to notice persons of his own colour. He is an adept in deception and intrigue, and as the general's evil counsellor I fear he has too much influence. By his machinations vessels have been detained many days from sailing, under the pretence of having goods on board which were prohibited by government, although those very goods had been shipped by regular permits issued from the custom-house. This fact was fully tested upon one occasion.

An American captain received orders from the general to reland a small quantity of iron which had been put on board his vessel for ballast, although regularly permitted, and this too when the vessel was loaded and ready for sea. Exasperated at such base treatment, and suspecting Monsieur A—— as the author of his misfortune, the captain resolved upon a bold expedient to prevent a delay. He waited upon the interpreter, and stated to him in plain but resolute language, that “he was satisfied this villainy was of his devising,” and, added he, “if my vessel is detained and I am compelled to discharge the cargo, I will blow out your brains.” This menace, accompanied by the manly firmness with which it was uttered, had the desired effect. The *citizen* was alarmed, and immediately procured liberty for the vessel to depart. The object of the interpreter was either to obtain satisfaction for some affront offered him by the captain, or to extort a *douceur*, under the impression that he would prefer making a handsome present, to being subjected to the inconveniences and expenses of a detention. Most probably the latter, but the citizen found himself mistaken in his man. Thus you see in a country where the will of an individual is law, and where this individual is liable to be exposed to the designs and influence of wicked men, all pretensions to regularity and system are at an end, and the security of the persons and property of strangers may very well be questioned. A merchant is permitted one day to ship an article which is the next day prohibited, and in fine, laws are only made as occasions require, and exist just as long as the private interest and views of the general and his advisers demand.

Monsieur A—— to his other amiable qualities, has combined the virtues of a common spy. As an eavesdropper he is continually listening to the conversations of others, that he may have some important intelligence to communicate, and every expression he hears reflecting upon the blacks or their government, is carried to head-quarters.

Christophe was once informed that a certain English merchant residing in the Capc, had said that “he thought it dangerous for the French whites to remain in the island.” This is what any man might have said with propriety, for the fact is incontrovertible. The general sent for the gentleman, and stated to him the charge. Mr. B—— denied it, and asked the name of the informer: this Christophe refused, and in a harsh and threatening tone, dismissed him from his presence, with the following words, “If I ever hear of your uttering such an expression again, I will go myself to your house, drag you out of it, and cut you up with my sabre like an ox; (*comme un bœuf*) I hereby order you to leave the Island in *eight days*.” This Mr. B—— was compelled to do.

The general had a private secretary, a Frenchman, of the name of Tourke. This unfortunate man had a quarrel one evening at the

theatre, which was represented to Christophe very much to his disparagement. On the following morning early the general ordered him to prison, but no sooner was the mandate pronounced, than the report of a pistol was heard from Tourke's apartment. Upon entering it, he was found dead. Desperation, it appears, upon hearing the order for his imprisonment (for here, to a Frenchman, that dreadful word is almost synonymous with death,) drove him to the fatal deed. The interpreter was by every body considered as the informer in both these cases. He is detested by all the whites, French as well as strangers, and I have some doubts whether the partiality which is apparently entertained for him by the sable grandees extends further than his utility. As a spy he is extremely convenient to them. The heads of the government find in him a safe channel through which the opinions of foreigners, as well as of the unhappy Frenchmen within their power, are conveyed to them.

DEDICATION TO MY WIFE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I KNOW of no species of composition so universally attractive to readers of unvitiated taste, as pictures of conjugal attachment and felicity. Such a state constitutes so decidedly the largest portion of all possible happiness upon earth, that descriptions of it, call forth the most natural, the most affecting, the most tender, and the most virtuous of our associations. How familiar to every reader are the delineations of happy marriage, by Thomson, by Dr. Cotton, by John Gilbert Cooper, by his prototype the author of Winifreda, by Mr. Bishop, and by Dr. Aikin! All collections contain them in part. *Æquè pauperibus prosunt locupletibus æquè*, to the poor and to the rich in poetical taste they are equally attractive. How very interesting is the account given us by that excellent woman, Mrs. Reiske, of her husband and his literary labours! How honourable is the attachment of a man so eminently learned as Reiske to every conjugal feeling! And how admirably was he supported through a life of prodigious literary labour very ill recompensed, unless by the attentions of that valuable woman! I was much pleased with a similar instance of public acknowledgment to the merit of a worthy woman, by a man not inferior in extent of reading and re-

search, in patient industry and eminent learning to any man of his day. Fanciful, indeed, and visionary in his theory: paradoxical and heterodox is his opinions; but honest, laborious, learned, and profound, beyond any of the French deists, whose chief merit, for the most part, is having stolen from the English deistical writers, from lord Hubert and Blount, through Toland, Tindal, Chubb, Morgan, Bolingbroke, and Dowdswell.

The eulogy on Voltaire, is natural from the pen of a deist and a Frenchman, and therefore may well be forgiven. I neither defend his French prejudices, nor his deistical theories: but it is competent even to a Frenchman and a deist, to be a kind and affectionate husband, as well as a learned and good man. The *Origine de tous Cultes*, in four vols. 4to., was published in the third year of the republic; its author is Dupuis.

DEDICATION TO MY WIFE.

An epistle dedicatory has almost always been a monument erected by Indigence and Meanness to Opulence and Rank. That interested praise, which the servile tribe of authors so lavishly bestow on the favourites of Fortune, raises a blush on the cheek of the Muses; it confers no honour on those to whom it is given, and it degrades those who give it. For my own part, I composed this work, while nobility yet existed, but I never sullied the first pages of my book, with this dishonourable stain. It was under the auspices of Hymen that it was destined to appear; and Erato, the most enchanting of the Muses, engraved on its frontispiece the name of LOVE. Ah! who is so well entitled to receive the homage of my labours, as she who witnessed the first germe of my system, who assisted in its development, who has traced its progress, who consented to expatriate herself that it might issue from the press, who has smoothed the labour, and counteracted the listlessness of sixteen years of painful research, by the sweet charm of her society! Twenty-two years have we been united in the marriage bond, my wife; and you have spread happiness over each moment of the time. A good mother, a good wife, a good friend, a good citizen, unaffected, frank, and generous, you have joined the philosophy of conduct to the philosophy of opinion, and the most perfect equanimity of character, to an understanding the most enlightened. The serenity of your look which designates the tranquillity of your soul, inspires every one about you with a mild and placid good humour. Your husband and your books have constituted your ruling passion: to love him and inform your mind, your sweetest pleasure. The highest eulogium that can be paid to your

taste, is your esteem for Voltaire, to whose works you have consecrated that leisure which your family duties have afforded you; a family, whose good order is the fruit of your superintendence, your industry, and your prudent care. If you can spare any part of your leisure from perusing the works of that immortal genius, of which Nature affords but a single specimen, cast your eye upon the labours of your husband. His mind, like his heart, is yours. His name will, to you, give interest to the perusal, and your regard for the author, will conceal from you the faults of his performance. Read it; and I shall be amply recompensed for the pains I have taken. It is from you the public shall receive this work. But for you, it had been consigned to the flames. To myself, the most interesting part of it is this page of dedication,

DUPUIS,

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MY POCKET BOOK—NO. IV.

“Quicquid agunt homines—nostri est farrago libelli.”

Espriella's Letters.

AMONG the most interesting and entertaining books that have appeared in England for the last twenty years, every man of true taste will readily allow that Espriella's letters may be placed. They are elegant, accurate, and profound in the highest degree. The English national character is drawn with very great ability and correctness. Its bright points are set in a clear light—and the dark ones are exhibited with justice, wholly free from the peevishness, impertinence, and petulance, that disgrace the Welds, the Moores, the Parkinsons, the Buloes, *et hoc genus omne*, who appear to have visited *this* country, merely with a view to exhibit its climate, its soil, its inhabitants, with their manners, and customs, in the most odious point of light.

This work has appeared without its author's name. But there is nothing in it that could render the avowal of authorship either imprudent or inexpedient. It has been, as far as I know, universally ascribed to Southey, the poet, who published a few years since, *Letters from Spain*, one of the most vapid, jejune performances that have appeared for a long time. The two works carry the strongest internal evidence, that they could not possibly have been written by the same person. As

well might we suppose that Seneca had penned the incomparable odes of Horace—or Eutropius written the history of the Catilinian war—or Blackmore the Rape of the Lock, as that the writer of the Letters from Spain were the author of Espriella's letters. Should I be deceived in this idea, and should the two productions actually have been the offspring of one man, it is unquestionably the most miraculous event to be found in the history of literature.

—

Edinburgh Review—Celebs in search of a Wife.

There was a time, and not very long since, when the business of reviewing new publications was, in Great Britain, highly respectable, and as highly useful. Associations of men of talents were formed, who, according to their various tastes and pursuits, parcelled among themselves the different branches of literature—reviewed with candor and liberality the books that appeared under each division—and, separating the wheat from the chaff, were regarded as affording “eyes to the blind” to the generality of purchasers, who could, in nine cases out of ten, rely with safety on the verdict of this high court of literature. I say nine cases out of ten—because even in those times, partiality, prejudice, malice, and other sinister motives, would occasionally interfere; corrupt and bias some individual of the jury; and thus produce an erroneous decision on some of the productions which courted the suffrage of the learned, and the patronage of the public. But the instances of this kind were rare.

For the correctness of this statement, I freely appeal to the recollection and knowledge of those men of reading and taste, who can cast their eyes backward for forty or fifty years—and who have witnessed the general correctness, sound judgment, and impartiality that presided over the decisions of the Monthly and Critical Reviews, formerly almost the only umpires in the literary world. Time has set his seal of approbation on their verdicts generally—and for one that has been repealed, twenty have been confirmed.

But alas! *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*. At present the scene is deplorably reversed. The reviews, which have sprung up like mushrooms in the night, and which now are, perhaps, almost as numerous as the daily papers, make, with some few illustrious exceptions, a frightful exhibition of nearly all the vile passions, that disgrace and dishonour human nature. Ambition, avarice, malignant hatred, and faction, alternately domineer over many of the hirelings who write for them. There are numberless instances of the most respectable works being loaded with abuse, and consigned to oblivion, because their

authors happened to differ on some abstract points of religion or politics from the writers, or the publishers of the review; for be it observed, that a considerable proportion of the writers being mercenaries, hired for the purpose, they are too generally obliged to be entirely subservient to the views and passions of the proprietors.

I have been led into this investigation and detail, by the perusal, in the last number of *The Port Folio*, of a critique, extracted from the *Edinburgh Review*, on a most excellent work, lately published by Hannah Moore, called "*Cœlebs, in Search of a Wife.*" In the annals of literature, I know of no greater instance of *charlatannerie* and destitution of truth, than is here exhibited. The accusations brought against the writer, her book, and its principal characters—the opinions and assertions of the reviewer—with his final decision upon the work, are not only not true, but the very reverse of truth. It may seem extraordinary, but it is nevertheless true, that I really cannot persuade myself that the reviewer read *Cœlebs*. Perhaps, when he was yawning under the hands of his friseur, he might have skimmed through a page or two, and from them undertook to decide upon the whole. It reminds me of a story I have somewhere read, of a man who was about purchasing an orchard, in which there was a great diversity of fruits—and sent for a single apple to enable him to judge what sort of fruit it produced. To those acquainted with some of the arcana of the profession of a reviewer, the above opinion will not appear very extravagant. They know that *such things are*. The nature of the case precludes positive evidence. Presumptive is the highest degree that can be obtained, unless by the confession of the party, which is not to be expected. I hope to convince the reader, that there is very strong presumptive evidence in this case.

When a critic utterly mistakes the nature and tendency of a work, and charges opinions and practices upon the principal characters of it, not at all to be found in it—are we not warranted in the belief—is there not as strong presumptive evidence as can be reasonably required, that he has taken his idea of it from hearsay—or if he has looked into it all, that it must have been in the most cursory and superficial manner? I cannot doubt but every candid person will respond in the affirmative.

It remains for me to prove that the author has thus mistated, and thus falsely accused. I shall produce two or three strong instances in which the authoress is made to express opinions, and to lay down dogmas, which the eyes of Argus could not find in her book—and then a hollow deceptious triumph is pretended over those errors, which are the mere fabrications of the critic, and do not at all appertain to the authoress. This is an ancient trick. But its antiquity does not at all diminish its turpitude. It is somewhat analogous to the practice of cer-

tain persecutors, who had the objects of their cruelty disfigured with the skins of wild beasts, and then had them hunted to death by blood-hounds.

On the subject of the dramatic art and the theatre, the critic was desirous of making a pompous display of his profound taste and his extensive reading. From the zeal and enthusiasm with which he is animated, a reader would be led to suppose that one of the chief objects of "*Cœlebs*" was an attack of the most bigoted and illiberal kind against the theatre and the drama in general, in which the immortal works of Shakspeare—the witty, but gross productions of Wycherley, Behn, Farquhar, Congreve, and Cibber—the laughter-inspiring nonsense of O'Keefe—and the chaste and instructive dramas of Addison, Young, and Cumberland, were all assailed with indiscriminating and Vandalic fury. At such an instance of Gothic ignorance and stupidity, he would naturally and inevitably, if possessed of taste, unite with the reviewer in his denunciation of the folly and illiberality of our authoress, and consign her work to what he would suppose its merited contempt and oblivion. But inexpressibly great would be his error. Let the reviewer, however, speak for himself, lest I be supposed to offer him injustice.

"*Cœlebs* and *Lucilla*, her *optimus* and *optima* never dance, and never go to the play. They not only stay away from the comedies of Congreve and Farquhar, for which they may easily be forgiven, but they never go to see Mrs. Siddons in the *Gamester* and *Jane Shore*. The finest exhibition of talent, and the most beautiful moral lessons are interdicted at the theatre. There is something in the word "*Playhouse*," which seems so closely connected, in the minds of these people, with sin and Satan, that it stands, in their vocabulary, for every species of abomination. And yet why? Where is every feeling more roused in favour of virtue than at a good play? Where is goodness so feelingly, so enthusiastically learnt? What so solemn as to see the most excellent passions of the human heart called forth by a great actor, animated by a great poet? To hear Siddons repeat what Shakspeare wrote? To behold the child and his mother, the noble and the poor, the monarch and his subjects, all ages and all ranks convulsed with one common passion, wrung with one common anguish, and, with loud sobs and cries, doing homage to the God who made their hearts? What wretched infatuation to interdict such amusements as these! What a blessing that mankind can be allured from sensual gratification, and find relaxation and pleasure in such pursuits?"

On this single point I would have no hesitation to rest the merits of the case. Here is a strong, clear, and pointed accusation brought forward. I do not, by any means, enter into a discussion of the ques-

tion, which has been so often agitated, and on which excellent men have been arrayed on both sides—I mean the question of the advantages and disadvantages of theatrical representations generally, but our object is to ascertain whether Cœlebs or Lucilla had this abhorrence of “dancing or going to the play-house”—whether they had any conscientious scruples against “hearing Siddons repeat what Shakespeare wrote,” or whether the “word playhouse was so closely connected with sin and Satan, in their minds, that it stood in their vocabulary for every species of abomination.” On this point I join issue with the critic, and on this I am willing to stand or fall.

With what wonder, with what indignation must the reader learn, that, in all the discursive range of conversation, of the most diversified kind, in which Lucilla was engaged, embracing an infinite variety of the most interesting topics relative to morals and manners, neither “dancing nor the playhouse” are once introduced, nor even glanced at—so far is *she*, at least, from “connecting the word playhouse with sin,” and making it synonymous “with every species of abomination!” Surely, it required a very uncommon combination of malignity, effrontery, and folly, thus to fabricate a charge so totally without the shadow of foundation—a charge so easily refuted. Instances of such imposture may, I admit, have occurred before in the republic of letters; but, except Lauder’s vile attack upon the manes of Milton, I know of nothing half so base. This is more profligate; as Lauder might have hoped, from the difficulty of detection, in his references to antiquated authors, to have escaped triumphantly. But our reviewer could hardly have expected to avoid disgrace, in so gross a misrepresentation of a book in almost every person’s hands.

The theatre and balls are, it is true, once introduced. Mrs. Ranby, a woman who, with very gross defects of character, has deluded herself into the belief of possessing an extraordinary degree of sanctity, in eulogizing her daughters, thus addresses Cœlebs :

“There, Sir, are three girls, who will make excellent wives : they were never at a ball or a play in their lives ; and yet, though I say it, that should not say it, they are as accomplished as any ladies at St. James’s.”

On this Cœlebs says,

“I cordially approved the former part of her assertion, and bowed in silence to the latter.”

The declaration of Mrs. Ranby consists of three several points. 1st. That her daughters would make excellent wives ; 2d, that they had never been at a ball or a play ; and 3d, that they were as accom-

plished as any ladies at St. James's. Whether the "cordial approbation" of the hero had reference to the first or second point may be made a matter of dispute. The sentence unquestionably wants precision. But even admitting it to refer exclusively to the second, it is the only instance in which Cœlebs hazarded an opinion on this topic, and indubitably this does not warrant the ranting effusions of the critic respecting Shakespeare and Siddons, "the interdiction of the theatre," the synonymy of "the playhouse" with "every species of abomination," and its "connexion with sin and Satan." Not to repeat what I have already stated, that Lucilla Stanley, who is equally the subject of the reviewer's ire on this point, has not lisped a single word, in any way, respecting either "dancing or the theatre."

"Lucilla is totally uninteresting; so is Mr. Stanley; Dr. Barlow still worse; and Cœlebs a mere clod or dolt."

"The excellent Mr. Stanley is uniformly paltry and narrow, always trembling at the idea of being entertained, and thinking no Christian safe who is not dull."

So far the reviewer. This decision is as totally groundless as the other; but it requires more detail to prove its falsehood. I begin with Mr. Stanley. I have no other way than to quote some of his sentiments, and leave the decision to the reader.

"It is to preserve them from evils which I deprecate," said Mr. Stanley, "that I would consign the most engaging subjects to the best hands, and raise the taste of our youth, by allowing a little of their leisure, and of their leisure only, to such amusements." Vol. II. 21.

"I adopt none of the metaphysical subtilities, none of the abstruse niceties of any party: nor do I imitate either in the reprobation of the other, believing that heaven is peopled with the humble and the conscientious out of every class of real Christians." II. 111.

In giving an account of the management of his daughters, Mr. Stanley says,

"Jane has a fine ear and a pretty voice, and will sing and play well enough for any girl who is not to make music her profession. One or two of the others sing agreeably. The little one, who brought you the last nosegay, has a strong turn for natural history: and we all of us generally botanize a little of an evening, which gives a fresh interest to our walk. She will soon draw plants and flowers pretty accurately. Louisa has also some taste for designing, and takes tolerable sketches from nature. These we encourage, because they are solitary pleasures, and want no witnesses. . . . Thus each girl is furnished with some one source of independent amusement." II. 123.

"While," says Mr. Stanley, "early habits of self-denial are giving firmness to the character, strengthening the texture of the mind, and hardening it against ordinary temptations, the pleasures and employments which we substitute in the place of those we banish, must be such as to raise the taste, to invigorate the intellect, to exalt the nature, and enlarge the sphere of enjoyment; to give a tone to the mind, and an elevation to the sentiments, which shall really reduce to insignificance the pleasures that are prohibited." 215.

In Mr. Stanley's neighbourhood was a family, consisting of a widow lady and her daughters, who had become gloomy and desponding, under erroneous impressions of religion. He waited on them with the benevolent view of affording them consolation, and restoring them to the enjoyments of society, which they appeared to have renounced. He gives the following account of his laudable efforts to exhilarate their spirits.

"We carried Lucilla and Phoebe to visit them. I believe Lady Aston was afraid of their gay countenances. I talked to her of the necessity of literature to inform her daughters, and of PLEASURES to enliven them. The term "pleasures" alarmed her still more than that of "literature." What pleasures were, she asked, allowed to religious people? She would make her daughters as happy as she dared without offending her Maker. I quoted the devout, but liberal Hooker, who exhorts us not to regard the Almighty as a captious sophist, but as a merciful Father. Were God a hard master, might he not withhold the superfluities of his goodness? Do you think he makes such rich provision for us, that we should shut our eyes and close our ears to them? Does he present such gifts with one hand, and hold, in the other, a stern interdict of "touch not, taste not, handle not?"—I suggested to her, to raise the tone of her daughters' piety, to make their habits less monastic, their tempers more cheerful, their virtues more active; to render their lives more useful, by making them the immediate instruments of her charity; to take them out of themselves, and teach them to compare their factitious distresses with real substantial misery, and to make them feel grateful for the power and the privilege of relieving it." 80.

"I entirely agree with you," said Mr. Stanley, "as to the absolute morality of being agreeable, and even entertaining in one's own family. Nothing so soon wears out the happiness of married persons, as that too common bad effect of familiarity, the sinking down into dulness and insipidity; neglecting to keep alive the flame by keeping the temper cheerful by Christian discipline, and the faculties bright by constant use. Mutual affection decays of itself, even where there is no great moral turpitude, without mutual endeavours, not only to improve, but to amuse. This," continued he, "is one of the greatest arts of home enjoyment. That it is so little prac-

used accounts, in a good measure, for the undomestic turn of too many married persons. The man meets abroad with amusements, and the woman with attentions, to which they are not accustomed at home; whereas a capacity to please on the one part, and a disposition to be pleased on the other, in their own house, would make most visits appear dull. A woman, whose education has been rehearsal, will always be dull, except she lives on the stage, constantly displaying what she has been sedulously acquiring. Books, on the contrary, well-chosen books, do not lead to exhibition. The knowledge a woman acquires in private desires no witnesses; it improves herself, it embellishes her family society, it entertains her husband, it informs her children. The gratification is cheap, is safe, is always to be had at home." I. 169.

"The art of poetry," said Mr. Stanley, "is to touch the passions, and its duty to lead them on the side of virtue. To raise and purify the amusements of mankind, to multiply and exalt pleasures, which, being purely intellectual, may help to exclude such as are gross, in beings so addicted to sensuality, is surely not only to give pleasure, but to render service. It is surely allowable to seize every avenue to the heart of a being so prone to evil; to rescue him by every fair means not only from the degradation of vice, but the dominion of idleness."—II. 18.

Did my limits permit me, I might extend my quotations from the conversation of Mr. Stanley to many pages, all of this tenor, all breathing the same delightful spirit of sound sense, rational enjoyment, pure morality, and expansive benevolence. There is not in the whole book a single sentiment delivered by him, that warrants the charge of his being either "paltry or narrow"—or "thinking no Christian safe who is not dull." The charge is, like all the others, without even a shadow of foundation. To the candor of the reader I appeal, to decide upon the fair specimen which I have laid before him.

Mr. Stanley is a character of uncommon interest; as a father of a large family, on whose cultivation he devotes his care, and this on a system truly admirable, he calls forth the strongest sentiments of approbation from every reader. He is equally conspicuous in the character of a disinterested friend.

"*Lucilla is totally uninteresting.*" This is equally absurd with the rest. Lucilla Stanley is an elegant young woman, of first rate respectability; her every action displays beneficence and virtue—her every word benevolence, refinement, delicacy, and all that can charm or captivate, in that last and

"Fairest piece of heaven's workmanship."

- Her time is devoted to the superintendence of the family—to the improvement of her mind—to spreading peace, happiness, and comfort

among the surrounding peasantry—to administering corporal relief to those whose physical wants require her aid—and to soothing the parting soul with

“Religion’s all-reviving strains.”

And although I have not a romantic idea of human perfection, I fondly hope there are numbers to be found who tread the same blessed path, and many who arrive at the same degree of perfection.

“Cœlebs is a clod, a dolt.” After the proofs I have adduced of the folly or malice of the reviewer, I might pass this ridiculous charge over in silence: but I shall lay before the reader a few of the sentiments of Cœlebs, to enable him to decide how far he deserves to be styled “a clod, a dolt.” When reflecting upon the choice of a wife,

“In such a companion,” says he, “I do not want a Helen, a Saint Cecilia, or a Madame Dacier. Yet she must be elegant, or I should not love her; sensible, or I should not respect her; prudent, or I should not confide in her; well-informed, or she could not educate my children; well-bred, or she could not entertain my friends; consistent, or I should offend the shade of my mother; pious, or I should not be happy with her; because the chief comfort in a companion for life is the delightful hope that she will be a companion for eternity.

“After this soliloquy I was frightened to think that so much was requisite: and yet when I began to consider in which article I could make any abatement, I was willing to persuade myself that my requisitions were moderate.”—*Vol. I. p. 20.*

“The other family in which I thought I had secured an agreeable intimacy, I instantly deserted, on observing the gracious and engaging reception given by the ladies to more than one libertine of the most notorious profligacy. The men were handsome, and elegant, and fashionable; and had figured in newspapers, and courts of justice. This degrading popularity had rather attracted than repelled attention; and while the *guilty associates in their crimes were shunned with abhorrence by those very ladies*, the specious undoers were not only received with complaisance, but there was a sort of competition who should be most strenuous in their endeavours to attract them. Surely women of fashion can hardly make a more corrupt use of influence, a talent for which they will be peculiarly accountable. Surely mere personal purity can hardly deserve the name of virtue in those who can sanction notoriously vitious characters, whom their reprobation, if it could not reform, would degrade.”—*Vol. I. p. 45.*

What think you, reader, of those sentiments of Cœlebs? Are they those of a dolt, a clod, or are they not the profound, just, and enlarged sentiments of a man of deep reflection, and most accurate discrimination?

tion? Would they not add to the well-earned laurels of a Samuel Johnson, or a Benjamin Franklin? They are, be assured, of the same cast as those advanced throughout the work by the "dolt" Cœlebs.

"Philippics against frugivorous children after dinner are too common." This is sheer nonsense, and does not convey the idea, which the critic intended. He meant "philippics against the devouring of fruit by children after dinner." This is not the only instance that proves the critic was resolved to find subject of censure in every part of the work. The fact is, that Mr. Stanley was ~~opposed~~ to introducing a number of boisterous children to the guests after dinner, to witness the bacchanalian scenes that then take place; to be forced to drink wine, and allowed to devour large quantities of fruit; besides disturbing the company by their clamour, as is too frequently the case. The children in his family were sent to the drawing-room with the ladies, who enjoyed their company, and held out no such temptation to excess as they would have met with in the dining-room. Let the candid reader decide between the amiable authoress, and her ill-natured Zoilus, on the correctness of this practice.

"Lady Melbury has been introduced into every novel,"—yes, reader, "into every novel for these four years last past." So says the critic: this is equally correct and just with the rest. There is hardly a character exactly like Mrs. Melbury, to be met with in any novel. But even if there were, what then? in a book intended to delineate human life and manners, it is impossible to follow nature, and have all the characters entirely new.

When I began, I intended to have gone into an examination of the whole of this critique, and to have pointed out its numerous errors, and total disregard of truth and justice. But I have already extended the subject so far, that I must pass over the chief part of the offensive matter, feeling confident that I have satisfied the reader, that Cœlebs has been treated with very uncommon injustice. I proceed to a much more agreeable task, to add a few extracts from the work itself, to induce such of my readers as have not yet had the pleasure of perusing it, to avail themselves of the first opportunity that offers, of procuring such a treasure.

"Let us endeavour to allure our youth of fashion from the low pleasures of the dissolute; to snatch them, not only from the destruction of the gaming table, but from the excesses of the dining table, by inviting them to an elegant delight that is safe, and especially by enlarging the pure range of mental pleasure.

"In order to do this, let us do all we can to cultivate their taste, and innocently indulge their fancy. Let us contend with impure writers, those

deadliest enemies to the youthful mind, by opposing to them in the chaster authors, images more attractive, wit more acute, learning more various ; in all which excellencies our first rate poets certainly excel their vicious competitors."—Vol. ii. p. 19.

"Women, in their course of action, describe a smaller circle than men : but the perfection of a circle consists not, in its dimensions, but in its correctness. There may be here and there a soaring female, who looks down with disdain on the paltry affairs of "this dim speck, called earth"—who despises order and regularity as indications of a groveling spirit. But a sound mind judges differently. A sensible woman loves to imitate the order which is stamped upon the whole creation of God. All the operations of nature are regular even in their changes, and regular in their infinite variety. Nay, the great Author of nature himself disdains not to be called the God of order."—Vol. ii. p. 91.

"In our friends, even in our common acquaintance, do we not delight to associate with those whose pursuits have been similar to our own—and who have read the same books ? how dull do we find it when civility compels us to pass even a day with an illiterate man ? shall we not then delight in the kindred acquirements of a dearer friend ? shall we not rejoice in a companion who has drawn, though less copiously, perhaps, from the same rich sources with ourselves ? who can relish the beauty we quote, and trace the allusion at which we hint ? I do not mean that *learning* is absolutely necessary : but a man of taste who has an ignorant wife, cannot, in her company, think his own thoughts, nor speak his own language. His thoughts he will suppress—his language he will debase ; the one from hopelessness, the other from fear. He must be continually lowering and diluting his meaning, in order to make himself intelligible. This he will do for the woman he loves—but in doing it, he will not be happy. She who cannot be entertained by his conversation, will not be convinced by his reasoning : and at length he will find out, that it is less troublesome to lower his own standard to hers, than to exhaust himself in the vain attempt to raise hers to his own."—Vol. ii. p. 120.

"A man of sense, when all goes smoothly, wants to be entertained ; under vexation, to be soothed ; in difficulties, to be counselled ; in sorrow to be comforted."—Vol. i. p. 167.

"The reading of a cultivated woman commonly occupies less time than the music of a musical woman ; or the idleness of an indolent woman ; or the dress of a vain woman ; or the dissipation of a fluttering woman. She is therefore more likely to have more leisure for her duties, as well as more inclination, and a sounder judgment for performing them."—Vol. i. 170.

"The woman, who, reposing under the laurels of her boasted virtue, allows herself to be a disobliging, a peevish, a gloomy, or discontented companion, defeats one great end of the institution, which is happiness. The wife who violates the marriage vow, is indeed more criminal : but the very magnitude of her crime emancipates her husband : while she who makes

him not dishonourable but wretched, fastens on him a misery for life, from which no laws can free him, and under which religion alone can support him."—Vol. i. p. 69.

I beg leave once more to revert to the reviewer. In closing his criticism, after he had employed his feeble weapons to destroy the work, he very inconsistently declares that he "bears testimony to the talents, the good sense, and the real piety of the writer. There occur, every now and then, in her productions very original and very profound observations. Her advice is very often characterized by the most amiable good sense, and conveyed in the most brilliant and captivating style." With this "good sense," these "talents," and that knowledge of human nature, which furnished these "very original and very profound observations," how excessively and singularly unfortunate must this lady have been, to have made every one of her chief characters so despicable as they are stated by this writer!

To conclude: *Cœlebs* is a work of great merit. It has been objected to it, that it is barren of incident. True, there is no intrigue—no excursion to Gretna Green—no seduction of married women, and abandonment by them of large families of helpless children,—no matter for Doctors' Commons, and suits for crim. con.—no enchanted castles—and none of the like trumpery, with which novels and romances teem. This trash is trite. It costs but little mind. A boarding-school miss, who had been a quarter of a year a subscriber to a circulating library, could write a novel of this kind. But the chief recommendation of the present work, and the highest recommendation that can be given of any literary production,—is its practical usefulness. There is no rank or class in society, but may derive advantage from a careful perusal of it. The characters are ably drawn, and well supported. Never was there a stronger reproof of the folly into which many people fall, of separating morality, or good works from religion, and making religion alone, independent of the aid of its indispensable attendant, all-sufficient. The style is in some few instances careless and defective, and wants a little more of the *limæ labor*. And the authoress is not very happy in her introduction of French phrases—"her affairs are *delabrés*," &c. &c. But there are specks in the sun: and the faults of this work are of that kind. Such is its excellence, that I entertain a hope, that when the crude effusions of the "beardless boys" who manage a part of the *Edinburgh Review*, are consigned to the gloomy caves of oblivion, *Cœlebs* will be a standard work, and read by our children with pleasure and profit.

I cannot resist the impulse of stating that it is a proud triumph and a proof of the correct taste and sound sense of the American people, that

while the booksellers' shelves groan under the weight of inferior works, *Cœlebs*, although first published in this country a few weeks since, has already undergone a third edition.

. The writer of "My Pocket Book," began two other sets of papers, "The Inquirer," and "The Monitor," which he intended to have continued regularly in conjunction with the present series. But from the increase of the correspondence of *The Port Folio*, and the consequent interruptions in the chain of connexion, he has been induced to combine the three sets into one—and introduce the whole of the matter intended for the others under the present head.

THE SENTENTIOUS, OR SERIOUS WORLD.

Concise maxims, like the following, if they do not always sparkle with wit are generally replete with wisdom. All of them deserve to be read, many of them deserve to be remembered.

TREAT every man with civility, but very few with familiarity. The advice of Polonius is admirable.

The theory of virtue is good, but the practice is a great deal better.

If your son is incorrigibly vicious, the army or the navy are the best schools you can send him to.

Before you can be considered as a man of sound judgment, you must be able to see an object in every point of view, and then without partiality, to give a clear and decisive opinion.

Nothing teaches the method of detecting cheats with so much certainty as the knowledge of slight of hand. Without jesting, the noted Breslaw would have made an excellent magistrate.

Give praise where praise is due, but deal out censure with a sparing hand.

Pay your debts of sin at different times. A death-bed repentance is too great a sum to pay at once.

If you are a wise man, turn your literary labours to account; and if you are rich, you will find poor in abundance to take off your profits.

When you mean to do a good action, do not deliberate about it.

Never go into company when you are drunk, unless you know that the company is as drunk as yourself.

When you have many strangers at table, avoid introducing a forward blustering man. His noise and nonsense will effectually seal up the mouths of the company, and you will have the mortification of passing an unpleasant day from your own want of discernment.

When you are at another person's table, never call for bread, beer, or wine, in an authoritative manner.

Truth is clothed in white. But a lie comes forth with all the colours of the rainbow.

It is observed that in those countries where God does most for man, that man does least for himself.

Before you make a promise, consider well its importance, and when made, engrave it upon the tablet of your heart.

A woman without a heart, has generally a good heart, which serves her to plague every person who is so unfortunate as to have any concern with her.

Eat and drink with moderation, keep the body open, rise early, take moderate exercise, and you will have little occasion for the doctor.

Where there is one man honest from principle, there are ten men honest from prudence.

It is often more politic to give money than to lend it.

A wife, who is only mistress of a frivolous style of conversation, is a poor companion over a dull fire in a long winter's evening, *unless her husband be as foolish as herself.*

When a woman means to engage in a second marriage, having young children dependent upon her, she ought to make an honourable and suitable provision for them, previous to her intended *act of folly.*

A dull man, who reads a great deal and has a retentive memory may be an instructive companion for a lively youth, who wishes to be thought learned without the trouble of reading.

What a time-serving man gains by assiduity, he loses in reputation.

We can bear with a man who is only peevish when the wind is in the east; but it is intolerable to live with a man who is peevish in every point of the compass.

Keep to your parish church, though your parson may be a block-head.

When you are about doing a dishonourable act, consider what the world will think of you when it is completed.

Obstinacy and Ignorance are twins.

Without the free use of the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water, man could not possibly exist. And yet he is at perpetual variance with three of them. It rains too much, the air is foggy, and the heat of the sun is intolerable.

We are never contented but when our wishes are gratified, and yet what a strange world would it be if all our wishes were to be gratified.

Your future character in life greatly depends on the company you associate with at the university. The idlers flock about a fresh man like so many recruiting serjeants.

Man, with all his skill and industry, is to be told that in skill and industry, he is outdone by the humblebee, whose labours are regular and incessant.

We ought not to behold the sun with indifference, for were he suddenly withdrawn from our system, all nature would instantly become a solid mass of ice, which would remain so, till the day of general conflagration.

Were it possible for us to examine the human body through the skin and integuments as a watchmaker does a watch, we should be struck with astonishment at so much wonderful machinery, confined in so small compass.

A good countenance is a letter of recommendation, though an irregular set of features should not always raise our prejudice.

Chew a bit of anchovy, and it will instantly restore the tone of voice, when lost by public speaking.

An artful woman soon gets the better of an artless man. The story of Sampson and Delilah is managed with extreme delicacy.

When you make a visit of ceremony, take care not to make it too long.

A vulgar way of speaking, loud talking, and an awkward display of his person, make a young man appear in an unfavourable light.

A man who takes the trouble of writing a book, should take the further trouble of making a good index for the benefit of reviewers, who have occasion to look no further.

A lie in a newspaper makes two paragraphs.

It is with men as with barrels, the emptiest make the most sound.

From habit the fingers are taught to run rapidly over a musical instrument. May not habit be made to do the same thing with the imagination.

It is a great misfortune to be tired of home.

The atmosphere is a compound; and as its component parts are different in different countries, the air, of necessity, becomes healthy or otherwise.

THE LAUGHING WORLD.

THE russet leaves of autumn falling fast on the plain, the moaning of sullen night winds, and all the presages of gloom and desolation, and winter now conspiring to make *melancholy man* still more melancholy, it imports us, by every laudable device, to dispel the influence of the depressing Power of the Season. Spleen, assisted by Autumn, too often exhibits before the terrified eye a dismal *Phantasmagoria* of hideous objects, and the tortured heart shrinks at the horrible spectacle. Let us avert our regards from these phantoms of terror, and console ourselves in the absence of jocund Spring and Summer, with the company of Wit and Merriment, those boon companions, who, in the decline and even the darkness of the year, are always as lively as Youth, and as brilliant as Hesper. Seated before ruddy fires, surrounded by mirthful friends, and illuminated by the lamps of Radiance, let us *laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair*, and *chuckle over Drollery*, like the following, which, trust us, gentle readers, will cause you to forget the decay of the year, and the flight of Time.

QUIZZICAL CRITIQUE ON THE SONG OF "BILLY TAYLOR."

"Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri:

"Telephas ac Peleus, quum pauper et exul uterque

"Projicit ampullas ac sesquipedalia verba

"Si curat cor spectantis, tetigisse querela."

Hor. Art. Poet.

I hope that I shall not appear to degrade the office of criticism by making a ballad the subject of it, especially since that now before me is of so excellent a nature. If it is objected to, I must shelter myself under the authority of Addison, who has written a critique on Chevy-Chace, to which, I venture to affirm, this ballad is infinitely superior. That I may not appear too presumptuous in my assertion, let us proceed to the examination of this justly celebrated poem. I call it a poem—I had almost called it an epic, seeing it has a beginning, middle and end: the action is one, namely the death of the hero Taylor: it is replete with character, and full of sentiment, not delivered with the laboured declamation of Luçan, but suggested by incidents the most interesting and touching. Let us first examine it verse by verse. The author has no tedious prelude, not even an invocation; but, like Homer, immediately enters into the middle of his subject, and in a few words gives us the name, character and amour of his hero. Observe the gayety of the opening:—

"Billy Taylor was a brisk young feller,

"Full on mirth and full on glee."

How admirably, how judiciously is this jocund beginning contrasted with the melancholy sequel! how affecting to the reader's feelings when he reflects how soon Billy's joy will be damped! Unhappy Taylor!—Let us proceed to the next lines:—

" And his mind he did diskiver
 " To a lady fair and free."

Taylor was a bold youth ; he feared not to tell his mind to the lady ; he did not stand shilly-shally, like a whimpering lover. But we are here presented with a new character, a lady fair and free. Some commentators have thought that she was a lady of easy virtue, from the epithet free ; and indeed the violence of her love and jealousy seems to favour the suspicion : but let us not be too severe ; free may signify no more than that she was of a cheerful disposition, and thus of the same temper with her lover : *concordes animæ* ! Thus far all is pleasant and delightful ; but the scene is now changed,—and sorrow succeeds to joy.

" Four and twenty brisk young fellers,
 " Drest they vas in rich array,
 " They kim and they seized Billy Taylor
 " Preas'd he vas, and sent to sea."

Taylor, the brisk, the mirthful Taylor is pressed and sent to sea. I cannot help observing here the art of the poet in letting us into the condition of Taylor ; we may guess from his being pressed that he was not free of the city, and was most likely a journeyman-cobler, cobblers being famous for their glee. I will not positively say he was a cobbler : Scaliger thinks he was a lamp-lighter ; "*adhuc sub judice lis est.*" But to proceed—Taylor is on board-ship : what does his true-love ?

" His true-love she followed arter,
 " Under the name of Richard Car ;
 " And her hands were all bedaubed
 " With the nasty pitch and tar."

Many ladies would have comforted themselves with other lovers ; not so Billy's mistress, she follows him ; she enters the ship under the name of Richard Car. She condescends to daub her lilly-white hands with the pitch and tar. What excessive love, and how ill rewarded ! I have two things to remark here. 1. Her disregard of herself in daubing her hands. When I consider a lady in Juvenal who did the same, I am led to think she was Billy's mistress. But then Billy disregards her ; this makes me think again she was his wife. Yet perhaps not ; Billy had now got another mistress. 2. The second observation is upon the name she assumes, Richard Car. Commentators are much divided upon this head ; why she chose that name in preference to any other. I must confess they talk rather silly on this topic ; I conjecture the name was given here because it was a good rhyme to tar : this is no mean or inconsiderable reason, as the poets will all testify. But let the reader decide this at his leisure ; let us now proceed :—

" An engagement came on the very next morning ;
 " Bodd she sit among the rest :
 " The wind aside did blow her Jacket,
 " And diskivered her lilly-white breast."

Here was a trial for the lady: but she sustained it; she fought boldly, fought like a man. But mark the sequel; the wind blows aside her jacket; her lily-white breast is exposed to the lawless gaze of the sailors! Here was a sight! no doubt it inspired them with double valour and gained them a victory: for they certainly were victorious, though the poet judiciously passes over this inferior topic, and hastens to his main subject.

The captain gains intelligence of her heroism, or, in the musical simplicity of the original, "kims for to know it:" with honest bluntness he exclaims, "Vat vind has blown you to me?" The character of the sea-captain is well supported: he does not say, "how came you here?" but in the characteristic language of his profession, "vat vind has blown you to me?" The classical reader will be pleased also with the similarity this expression bears to a passage in the *Æneid*; it is in the speech of Andromache to *Æneas* on a like occasion of surprise:

"Sed tibi qui cursum venti, quæ fata dedere?"

"Aut quisquam ignarum nostris Deus appulit oris?"

It must be confessed, that the Latin is more pompous, perhaps more elegant; but what it gains in refinement, it loses in simplicity. The chief thing however to be remarked is, that the same language always suggests itself on the same occasions. But let us attend to the lady's answer:

"Kind sir; I be kim for to seek my true-love,

"Whom you press'd and sent to sea."

The pathos of this speech is inimitable. Observe with what art, or rather with what nature, it is worked up, so as to interest the feelings of the captain. First let us take a view of the speaker; a woman, and her breast discovered: she begins with, "Kind sir," which shows the gentleness of her disposition, and that she forgave the captain though he had pressed her true-love: she proceeds, "I be kim for to seek my true-love:" who could resist this affecting narration? A lady braving the dangers of the sea and an engagement, to seek her true-love! The last line has suggested to the commentators that the captain had headed the press-gang himself. This is a matter of too much consequence for me to decide. But what effect has the speech on the rugged nerves of the captain? All that could be expected and desired. He breaks out—observe the art of the poet!—no frigid preface of "he said," "he exclaimed," but, like Homer, he gives us the speech at once—

"If you be kim for to seek your true-love,

"He from the ship is gone away;

"And you'll find him in London streets, ma'am,

"Valking vith his lady gay."

The captain's feelings are taken by storm; he makes a full discovery of the retreat of the youth, and the company in which he is to be found. Some have thought it very odd that the captain should be so well informed of Billy's re-

treat and company ; and are of opinion that he connived at it : but the captain might from his knowledge of human nature, and especially of sailors' nature, guess where and in what company Billy would be. Let not then the honest tar be condemned. As the poet has put down none, we may suppose the lady to be too much oppressed to make any answer to a speech so cutting and afflicting. Overwhelmed with anger, jealousy, and desire of revenge, she could not speak. Admirable poet, who so well knew nature ! "*parvæ curæ loquuntur, ingentes silent*:" and is not this silence more eloquent, more expressive, nay more awful, than all the angry words that could have been uttered ? It is the silence before the tempest : the awful stillness of revenge and death.

"She rose up early in the morning,
"Long before 'twas break of day."

Mark the impatience of revenge ! she will not even wait till day-break ; she gets (as we may suppose, though it is not declared,) leave of absence, and goes on shore,

"And she found false Billy Taylor,
"Valking vith his lady gay."

Infamous Billy Taylor ! while your mistress was braving for you the dangers of the ocean, you were reveling in the arms of another ! But your hour is come ! The character of Billy is inimitably well supported throughout, or, as Horace says,—

"Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constat."

'Tis true, he deserts his mistress ; but 'tis for a lady of similar disposition ; it is a lady *gay* with whom he walks : thus, though he is false, he shows himself *full of mirth* : he is still Billy Taylor. Mark the artifice of the poet ! Like Virgil who drops the epithet "*pious*" on a similar occasion, the poet here calls Billy by the appropriate epithet "*false*." There is an elegance and simplicity perfectly Homeric in the repetition of the line, "*Valking with his lady gay*."

"Strait she call'd for swords and pistols,
"Brought they vas at her command."

Let not the sceptical reader sneer, and ask where she got, or who brought the swords and pistols. Some kind deity willing to assist the purposes of her just revenge interposed, and brought her arms. Surely Horace would allow that this was "*dignus vindice nodus*." But to proceed :—

"She fell on shooting Billy Taylor
"Vith his lady in his hand."

Here is an interesting incident ! here a melancholy subject ! what a scene for a picture ! On one side, a lady impelled by jealousy with a discharged pistol in her hand, and a face expressive of the triumph of revenge ; on the other, Billy Taylor, stretched on the cold ground, with his hand in that of his lady,

now we may suppose no longer gay, and perhaps weeping! Observe, Billy died in the situation in which Tibullus wished to die: he held his mistress, "*deficiente manu*." O! come here all ye young men! ye Billy Taylors, for the world is full of you! ye deserters of true-lovers, ye walkers with ladies gay, come here and contemplate! Taylor who a few days before was gay like you, is now alas "stone dead," or, to use the pathetic and expressive language of Falstaff—who by the bye, was like Billy, a gay deceiver—is now no better than a "shotten herring!"

"When the Captain he kim for to know it;

"He very much applauded her for what she had done."

From this passage, some have taken occasion to accuse the captain of a connivance with Billy's escape and connexion with a lady gay, that he might enjoy Billy's first mistress. But surely this is unfounded: the captain saw this mistress of Billy's by chance alone; and could not therefore be supposed to have a longing for a lady whom he had never seen till Billy had left the ship. Some have also accused the captain of cruelty, for applauding the lady for killing her lover. But these are unfounded and calumnious charges: it was a love of justice which induced the captain to applaud her: not that I positively say, that he might not also be swayed by the lady's beauty. The vehemence of the captain's applause is admirably displayed by the quantity of dactyls in the second line of this stanza. Let us proceed:—

"And he made her first lieutenant

"Of the valiant Thunder-bomb."

Many are shocked at the apparent indifference of the lady; and foolishly condemn the poet for inconsistency. Such ignorant critics know nothing of the matter. Our poet, who is the poet of nature, did not mean to draw a perfect character, a "*sine labe monstrum*," but, like Homer and Euripides, which latter he greatly resembles in his tenderness of expression, draws men and woman such as they are. Still there is another objection started: how could a woman be made a lieutenant? It must be confessed that though such things are not entirely unprecedented, that they are very singular: some have therefore thought this a decent allegory of the poet to express that she was the captain's chief-mistress, his sultana; and we must remember that she was a free lady, and after the murder she had committed glad of the *protection* of a captain. I hope the ladies will not be offended at this interpretation, and since a recent inquiry, will pardon me the expression that conveys it.

It remains now to say something concerning the sentiments, characters, incidents, moral, and diction, of the poem. and, *πρῶτον ἀπὸ πρῶτον*, let us speak of the sentiments. These, as I observed before, are not like Lucan's, obtruded upon the reader, but suggested by incidents. For instance, does not the circumstance of the lady's going to sea after her true-love suggest more than the most laboured declamation on the force of love? When the

* *Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.*

captain is melted by the pathetic address, and lily-white breast of the lady, is it not clearly and expressively intimated how great is the power of weeping beauty pleading in a good cause, over even the boisterous nature of a sailor? Again, when the lady shoots Billy Taylor, what a fine sentiment is to be discovered here of the power of jealousy! and in the death of Billy contrasted with his former gayety, who is there whose soul is of so iron a mould as not to be touched by the implied sentiment of the short-livedness of human pleasure and enjoyment, when even the gay Taylor is overtaken by fate? This is a most masterly piece of nature; and I venture to pronounce that the man who is uninterested by it must have been born on Caucasus and nursed by she-wolves. I come now to the characters; and here it is that the chief art of the poet is displayed. It is wonderful to observe how many and how different characters are to be found in this short poem. To say nothing of the four and twenty "fellers" who are admirably characterized by the epithet "brisk;" we have the mirthful Taylor and the rugged sea-captain, the lady fair and free, and the lady gay. It may be objected that there is too great a sameness in the female characters: but no; the lady fair and free is brave and revengeful; the lady gay is simply gay, a mere insipid character, and introduced by the poet no doubt as a contrast to the turbulent and busy character of the other lady. The boisterous captain is a well-drawn and well-supported character. He is rugged, honest blunt, illiterate and gallant. But it is the character of the hero Taylor, which is drawn and sustained with the most art and nature. In the first place he is brave, although some have contradicted this, by saying that he did not go to sea voluntarily but was pressed, and then run away the night before the engagement. But I will not believe he was a coward: no; let the critics remember that Ulysses did not go voluntarily to the Trojan war, and was always willing to escape when he could; and yet surely he was a hero.—Thus have I proved the bravery of Taylor. He had also other requisites for a hero; he was amorous, like Achilles and Æneas, and he deserted his love like the latter. Then he was brisk and gay. I do not remember any hero exactly of this character. To be sure, Achilles laughs once in the Iliad, and Æneas in the Æneid; but it does not appear to have been the general character of either of them, and especially of the latter, who was a whimpering sort of hero. It does not appear that Taylor resembled Æneas in piety; but that is a silly kind of antiquated virtue, of which heroes of modern days would be ashamed, and which our poet has most judiciously omitted in the catalogue of Billy's qualities. Again, he resembles the heroes of antiquity in his untimely end, and in the cause of it—a woman. Thus Achilles was shot in the heel; Ulysses was killed, though not very prematurely, by his son; Æneas was drowned like a dog in a ditch; and Alexander was poisoned. Then as to the cause: Sampson (though to be sure the polite reader will call that fabulous, and think me a fool for quoting such an old wife's tale) owed his death to a woman; Agamemnon was even killed by a woman; Hippolitus lost his life by a woman; so did Bellerephon; and Antony lost the world and his life too by a woman. Upon the whole Billy's is a

mixed sort of character, composed of good and bad qualities, in which, according to the established character of heroes, the bad predominate. Thus, in the character of Achilles, it would be difficult to find a single good quality: he is "impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer," and a great deal more of the same sort. Æneas is indeed pious; but then he is a perfidious deserter of an injured lady; he invades a country where he has no right, and kills the man who has the audacity to oppose the usurper of his own throne, and the ravisher of his own wife. And as to Alexander, he was a mere brute: he overthrew cities, as children overthrow houses made of cards, for his mere amusement; and, like the same children, wept when he had no more to knock down: he killed some millions of men, for the same reason that country 'squires shoot swallows, for exercise, and because they have nothing else to do: and, in the time of peace and conviviality, he slew two of his best friends, merely to keep his hand in practice. Compared to these heroes, Billy is a perfect saint: and indeed I have often thought that he is too good for a hero; and that a few rapes, and thefts, and murders, would have made a very proper and interesting addition to his character. As to the incidents, I shall merely observe that they are numerous, well-chosen, interesting, and natural. Let me next speak of the moral to be drawn from the poem. Whether the poet, according to Bossu's rule, and Homer's and Æsop's practice, chose the moral first, I cannot pretend to say, though some, who resolve the whole poem into an allegory, favour that opinion. Certain it is, the moral is excellent, the ill effects of inconstancy; and I am sure the fair sex will be obliged to the poet's gallantry. There are also some of what I may call collateral truths to be derived from the poem; such as not to trust too much to prosperity, exemplified in the mirth and downfall of Taylor; and the reward of virtue, in the lady's being made a first lieutenant. I shall conclude with a few remarks on the diction, or, to speak metaphorically, the dress in which the story is clothed. It has all the requisites of a good style; it is concise, perspicuous, simple, and occasionally sublime. The poetry is not of that tumid nature which Pindar uses, but of the graceful simplicity of Homer's verse. The poet has diversified the language by the intermixture of the Doric dialect, in imitation of the Greek tragedians; of this kind are the expressions, *oat vind*; *discovered*, *I be him*, and *for to know*. But what strikes me most is, the solemn, mournful, and pathetic beauty of the chorus, *Tol lol de rol de riddle iddle ido*. The *At, as*, and *qaw, qaw*, of Euripides and Sophocles, the *ess* and *oro ro toi totos* of Æschylus, are comparatively frigid and tasteless. Yes; this *Tol lol de rol de riddle iddle ido* is so exquisitely tender, and so musically melancholy, that I dare affirm, that the mind and ear that are not sensibly affected with it, are barbarous, tasteless, and incapable of relishing beauty or harmony.

THE POET AND PAINTER COMPARED.

ONE of the most admirable of Dryden's prose performances, is a dedication to the duke of Dorset, in which runs a very elegant parallel between the sister arts of Painting and Poesy. We earnestly advise the polite scholar, after he shall have finished the perusal and *meditation* of the ensuing essay, to refer to Dryden's celebrated tract, where may be found specimens of beautiful language and brilliant imagery, and of wit, always sparkling, if not of argument, always convincing. But although this far famed parallel is a splendid monument of the genius and acuteness of its author, we think its glory is not a little eclipsed by the talents of a more modern writer, who has maintained the *superiority* of the Painter to the Poet, we think, with a force of logic which cannot be defeated. The old, and as it was imagined, the settled opinion among the amateurs, was the very reverse of the present thesis. The reflecting reader will please to remark, that the author of the subsequent article is one of the most eminent of the royal academicians,* that his reputation as a painter is singularly excellent, and that in a late literary publication, the legitimate offspring of taste and genius, his *poetry* emulates that of POPE, and his prose is not less eloquent than that of BURKE. He paints and speaks and writes with consummate ability. We think him a very impartial judge, and he is indubitably a most eloquent advocate. He who is not convinced by our author's reasoning, will certainly be dazzled and delighted by the splendor of his fancy, the beauty of his illustrations, and the elegance of his style. For our own part, we do not hesitate to declare that it would puzzle all the poets, in verses either logical or epigrammatic, to successfully demolish, or deride the hypothesis of our accomplished painter. EDITOR.

WHAT has been said of madness may also be said of painting, there is a pleasure in it which none but painters know. The painter enjoys moments of delight in the practice of his art, if he truly loves it, which more than compensate for its anxieties, and cheer with a ray of consolation even the gloom of neglect and obscurity.

Accustomed to direct his attention to all that is picturesque and beautiful in nature or in art; in form, character and sentiment, his ideas are exalted, his feelings are refined beyond the comprehension of common minds, or the attainment of ordinary occupations; he is, as it were, led into a new world, and looks around him with an eye conscious of the wonders he beholds; he is an enlightened spectator in the vast theatre of the universe, un-

* Martin Archer Shee, Esq.

der whose critical eye the great drama of human life is performed; he observes, with discriminating accuracy, the actions, passions and characters, the manners, scenery and situations; and though the wants of nature, and the duties of society oblige him to mingle occasionally in the busy group before him, yet the world is not his element; he is not at home on the stage of active life; his mind is ever struggling to escape the chains of common incident, and soaring to those heights of abstracted contemplation, from which he may view the actors and the scene with the calmness of a looker-on.

The painter derives pleasure from a thousand sources which are not only unknown to

“ The plodding herd, of coarser clay compos'd:”

but even generally unappreciated by the most enlightened minds devoted to other occupations; his art may be said to furnish him with a new sense, through which new qualities appear to exist in things; objects are invested with new splendors, and the whole face of nature seems to wear an appropriate charm, whether dressed

In smiles or frowns, in terrors or in tears.

Beyond the poet in the strength of his conceptions as well as in the force and fidelity with which they are expressed, he is more alive to what passes around him; external objects take a stronger hold of his imagination; the impressions of beauty, of grandeur, of sublimity, sink deeper into his soul. His art, estimated according to its noblest examples, considered in every view of mental or manual ability, appears to be the most arduous enterprise of taste, and, without injustice to other pursuits, may be termed the most extraordinary operation of human genius; in its theory and principles unfolding the most subtle refinements of the intellectual power, in its practice displaying the most dextrous achievement of mechanical skill.

The only character, indeed, that can pretend to rank with the painter in the great scale of human ingenuity, is the poet: but *he* has not been satisfied with equality, he has commonly contended for a higher station; and having been usually judge and jury in the cause, he has always taken care to decide it in his own favour. Yet an impartial investigation, by abilities competent to the task, of the powers displayed in both arts; of the qualities from nature and education which they respectively require, would, perhaps, amend the record, if not reverse the decree. What is there of *intellectual* in the operations of the poet, which the painter does not equal? What is there of *mechanical* which he does not surpass? He is also one “*cui sit ingenium, cui mens divini*or.” The “*os magna sonaturum*” indeed, is not his; but he has a language more general, more eloquent, more animated; as much more arduous in its attainment as it is more extraordinary in its effect. Where their arts resemble, the painter keeps his level with the poet; where they differ, he takes a more elevated ground.

The advantages which poetry possesses over painting, in continued narration and successive impression, cannot be advanced as a peculiar merit of the poet, since it results from the nature of language, and is common to prose.

The eye of the painter is required to be as much more sensible and acute than the eye of the poet, as the accuracy of him who imitates should exceed that of him who only describes. What is the verbal expression of a passion compared to its visible presence; the narration of an action to the action itself brought before your view. What are the "verba ardentia" of the poet to the breathing beauties, the living lustre of the pencil, rivalling the noblest productions of nature, expressing the characteristics of matter and mind, the powers of soul, the perfection of form, the brightest bloom of colour, the golden glow of light? Can the airy shadows of poetical imagery be compared to the embodied realities of art?

Where the poet cursorily observes, the painter intensely studies. What the one carries loosely in his memory, the other stamps upon his soul. The forms and combinations of things, the accidents of light and colour, the relations of distance and degree, the passions, proportions and properties of men and animals; all the phenomena of "the visible diurnal sphere," the painter must treasure up in his mind in clear, distinct, indelible impressions, and with the powers of a magician call them up at a moment's warning like spirits from "the vasty deep" of his imagination,

"To do his bidding, and abide his will."

From the nature of the medium through which the poet operates, he has an advantage over the painter, which considerably facilitates his progress. As verse is constructed of language, modified by number and measure, the poet may be said to pursue, in some degree, a preparatory course of study from his cradle; he never talks but he may be considered as sharpening his tools and collecting his materials; his instrument is never out of his hands, and whether he reads, writes, or converses, he exercises his faculties in a way that appears to have a direct reference to his art, and to be a prelude to his performance.

The painter, on the other hand, makes use of a medium that has no analogy to speech, no connexion with any of his ordinary habits or acquirements; his art speaks a language of the most uncommon construction, and most comprehensive influence; demanding the unremitting application of a life to produce that facility of expression, that fluency of graphic utterance, by which only he can hope to address himself effectually to the passions and understandings of men.

If to become familiar with the writings of the ancients, to comprehend their beauties and compose in their language be the proudest attainments of the scholar and the poet; how much more worthy of admiration is the skill of him who pours forth his ideas in the glowing language of nature! who

becomes familiar with all her beauties, who learns by heart all her characters, though numerous and varied to an extent that reduces the amplitude of the Chinese tongue to a contracted alphabet; and who can trace them through all their combinations, from the simplest blade of grass in the field, to the most complex example of her power, in that Alpha and Omega of her hand, the hieroglyphic miracle, man.

Such instances of premature excellence as we often see with surprise in the other pursuits of genius are entirely unknown in the annals of painting; the difficulties of his art, while they condemn the painter to unremitting exertion, at least spare him the mortification of finding himself outdone by rivals from the school-room or the nursery: no spring from inspired infancy, no sallies of premature vigor can snatch from his astonished hopes those wreaths, which are never yielded but to the patient energies of time and toil.

The citadel of an art is not to be taken by a coup de main; no forced march of the faculties can surprise it; we must besiege it in form, proceed by regular approaches, and depend more on persevering, vigilant investment than sudden or violent assault.

The head and the hand are required to act with such equal influence, the intellectual and mechanical to combine in such cordial cooperation, that the most exalted genius must submit in the arts to be indebted to long and laborious application for those powers, which no precocious ability can attain.

If we remark the different periods at which poetry and painting have respectively adorned the progress of society it may still further illustrate the characters of the two arts. Poetry appears to be the first powerful product of human genius,* painting the last and most delicate of its offspring. The one is a plant that shoots up, often to its greatest luxuriance, in the open field of society; the other a flower never produced till the soil has been long laboured and purified, till the field has been converted into a garden.

Poetry attained to its greatest perfection in times comparatively simple and rude, when man was little more than emerging from the shepherd to the agricultural state. Hesiod poured forth his strains while tending his flocks on Mount Helicon, and Homer exhausted all the treasures of the Muse some ages before the combined operations of Nature and Cultivation had produced an Apelles, a Parrhasius, or a Zeuxis.

The works of taste seem to be performed by the last and highest process of the human intellect, when in the full maturity and expansion of its powers, sifted and refined through a long succession of ages: they are enjoyments only to be obtained, when a full supply of all our coarser necessities

* Voltaire, Age of Louis XIV. remarks "such has been the fate of the human mind, in all countries, that verse has every where been the first child of Genius, and the parent of Eloquence."

has impelled us to look for higher gratification; when long possession of the useful has excited a demand for the ornamental, and ease has left us leisure for elegance.

Great poets, like the stars of the morning, are often seen to shine in the early dawn of cultivation, great painters gild the horizon of society only in its meridian blaze.

The influence of the poet is more general, more commanding, more important in the great concerns of life; but the task of the painter appears more arduous, is more out of the high road of human ability, and demands a more extraordinary combination of natural and acquired powers.

The painter may be said to unite the talents of the poet and the actor; he composes the scene, and fills up the characters of the drama; he realizes the visions of Fancy, and not only recalls the exploits of antiquity, but revives the heroes by whom they were performed.

His are the superiorities of Imitation over Description, of Sensation over Reflection: he writes in the characters of Nature the language of Action and Expression, and approaches nearest to the powers of the Creator in the noblest imitation of his works.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara,
In the autumn of 1803.

By the Author of American Ornithology.

(Continued from page 278.)

ALL day up winding solitudes we past,
Steep hung o'er steep, as if at random cast;
Through every opening tow'ring groups were seen
Pil'd to the clouds, with horrid gulfs between;
Thus (as the bard of old creation sings,
'Mongst other marvellous scenes and mighty things),
When squabbling angels rais'd in heav'n a rout,
And hills, uprooted, flew like hail about,

VOL. II.

U U

Thus look'd, in those tremendous days of yore,
Their field of battle when the fight was o'er,
Impending cliffs, with ruin'd woods o'ergrown,
And mountains headlong over mountains thrown.
One vast pre-eminent ascent we scal'd,
And high at last its level summit hail'd,
There, as we trod along fatigued and slow,
Through parting woods the clouds appear'd below,
And lo! at once before our ravish'd view,
A scene appear'd astonishing and new.
Close on the brink of an abyss we stood,
Conceal'd till now by the impending wood,
Below, at dreadful depth, the river lay,
Shrunk to a brook 'midst little fields of hay;
From right to left, where'er the prospect led,
The reddening forest like a carpet spread,
Beyond, immense, to the horizon's close,
Huge amphitheatres of mountains rose.
Charm'd with this spot, our knapsacs we resign'd,
And here, like gods, in airy regions din'd;
Like gods of old the cordial cup we quaff'd,
Sung songs to Liberty, and jok'd and laugh'd;
Huzza'd aloud—then listen'd from on high
If haply slumbering Echo would reply,
A long dead pause ensued—at once the sound
In tenfold shouts from distant hills rebound;
Not Polyphemus' self e'er louder roar'd,
When burning goads his monstrous visage gor'd.
Huzza! huzza! the echoing mountains cry;
Huzza! huzza! more distant hills reply,
And still more distant, till the faint huzza,
In lessening shouts, successive, died away,
Surpriz'd, astonish'd! heedless of our meal
We seiz'd our muskets for a nobler peal,
Fill'd their dark bowels with the glistening grain,
And, facing, pointed to the extended scene,
Then at the word their fiery thunders pour'd,
That through the wide expanse impetuous roar'd.
Deep silence hung———The loud returning roar
From bellowing mountains thunders o'er and o'er;
Peal after peal successive bursts away,
And rolls tremendous o'er the face of day;

From hill to hill the loud responses fly,
 And in the vast horizon lessening die.*
 Thus from Olympus, o'er a prostrate world,
 The fabl'd Jove his bolts imperious hurl'd;
 Earth heard, and echoed back the peals profound,
 And heaven's exalted regions shook around.
 With deep reluctance, ne'er to be forgot,
 And many a lingering look, we left this spot,
 Since call'd *Olympus*, worthier of the name
 Than that so blazon'd by the trump of fame.
 Ye souls! whom nature's glorious works delight,
 Who chance to pass o'er this stupendous height,
 Here turn aside; and, if serene the day,
 This cliff sublime will all your toils repay,
 Here regions wide your ravish'd eye will meet,
 Hills, rivers, forests, lying at your feet:
 Here to COLUMBIA make your muskets roar,
 While heaven's artillery thunders back *encore*.

'Twas now dull twilight, trudging on we keep,
 Where giddy Breakneck nods above the steep;
 And down the darkening forest slowly steer,
 Where woods, receding, show'd a dwelling near,
 A painted frame, tall barracks filled with hay,
 Clean white-wash'd railings rais'd along the way,
 Young poplars, mix'd with weeping willows green,
 Rose o'er the gate, and fring'd the walk within;
 An air of neatness, gracing all around,
 Bespoke that courtesy we so quickly found;
 The aged Judge, in grave apparel dress'd,
 To cushion'd chairs invites each weary guest;

* This echo may be considered as one of the greatest curiosities of this part of the country. After more than a quarter of a minute had elapsed, the sound was reverberated with astonishing increase, at least ten successive times, each time more and more remote, till at last it seemed to proceed from an immense distance. The word, or words were distinctly articulated; as if giants were calling to one another from mountain to mountain. When our guns were discharged at once, the effect was still more astonishing, and I scarcely believe, that a succession of broadsides from a train of seventy-fours, at like distances, in any other place, would have equalled it. The state of the atmosphere was very favourable; and the report roared along the clouds in one continued peal.

O'er the rich carpet bids the table rise,
With all the sweets that India's clime supplies ;
And supper served with elegance, the glass,
In sober circuit was allowed to pass.
The reverend sire, with sons and grandsons round,
Ruddy as health, by summer suns embrown'd,
Inquires our road and news with modest mein,
Tells of the countries he himself had seen ;
His Indian battles, midnight ambuscades ;
Wounds and captivity in forest glades,
And with such winning, interesting store,
Of wild-wood tales and literary lore,
Beguiled the evening and engaged each heart,
That though sleep summoned, we were loathe to part ;
And ev'n in bed reposed, the listening ear
Seem'd still the accents of the sage to hear.

The morning came ; ye gods ! how quickly hies
To weary folks the hour when they must rise !
Groping around we fix our various load,
And full equipp'd forth issue to the road ;
Inured to toil, the woods-slide swiftly past ;
O'er many an opening farm our eyes we cast.
Here rich flat meadows most luxuriant lie,
Some glowing orchards gladly we espy,
Full-loaded peach trees drooping hung around,
Their mellow fruit thick scatter'd o'er the ground ;
Six cents procured us a sufficient store,
Our napkins crammed and pockets running o'er ;
Delicious fare ! Nor did we prize them less
Than Jews did manna in the wilderness.
Still journeying on, the river's brink we keep,
And pass the *Narrow's* high and dangerous steep,
That to the clouds like towering Atlas soars
While deep below the parted river roars,
Beyond its eastern stream, on level lands,
There Athens (once Tioga) straggling stands ;
Unlike that Athens known in days of old,
Where Learning found more worshippers than gold,
Here waste, unfinished, their sole school-house lies,
While pompous taverns all around it rise.

Now to the left the ranging mountains bend,
And level plains before us wide extend,

Where rising lone, old Spanish-Hill, † appears,
The post of war in ancient unknown years ;
Its steep and rounding sides with woods embrowned,
Its level top with old entrenchments crowned ;
Five hundred paces thrice we measure o'er,
Ere all their circling boundaries we explore ;
Now overgrown with woods, alone it stands,
And looks abroad o'er open fertile lands.
Here on the works we ruminating lay,
Till sudden darkness muffled up the day ;
The threatening storm soon drove us to the plain,
And on we wandered through the woods again.
For many a mile through forests deep we pass'd,
Till girdled trees rose to the view at last ;
The fence and field successively appear,
And jumbling cowbells speak some cottage near ;
Anon the sounding axe, the yelping dogs,
The ploughman's voice, the sight of snorting hogs,
And sudden opening on the ravish'd eye,
Green fields, green meadows, gardens, orchards, lie
In rich profusion round the cottage neat,
Log-built ; but Peace and Industry's retreat.
Here down green glades, the glittering streams descend ;
Here loaded peach trees o'er the fences bend ;
Deep flowery pastures clothe the steeps around,
Where herds repose, and playful coursers bound,
The groaning cider-press is busy heard,
The fowl's loud cackling swarm about the yard,
The snowy geese harangue their numerous brood,
The flapping flail re-echoes through the wood,
And all around that meets the eye or ear,
Proclaims the power that spreads its influence here.
Hail Rural Industry, man's sturdiest friend,
To thee each virtue must with reverence bend,
To thee what heart denies spontaneous praise,
From gloomy woods such glorious scenes to raise !
Great giver of God's gifts to man below !
Through whose rough hand all human blessings flow,

† This detached mountain stands near the line which separates New-York from Pennsylvania, not far from the public road, is of a conical form, and may be between two and three hundred feet high.

Here, as in ancient and illustrious Rome,
 May chiefs and heroes cheer thy humble home ;
 The wise, the brave, from public broils retreat,
 To walk with heaven and thee through arbours sweet,
 To share thy toils ; thy little plans inspire,
 And joke at night around thy glowing fire.
 Still, near thy hut, upon the flowery green,
 May Temperance, Hope, and Cheerfulness be seen,
 Health, Plenty, Innocence, thy temples crown,
 And Peace, each night, embosom thee in down,
 And still, where'er thy humble roofs arise,
 In northern climes, or under burning skies,
 May guardian Liberty thy fields enclose,
 Befriend thy friends and baffle all thy foes.

Cheered with the rural sweets on every side,
 Slow through this charming vale we gayly glide.
 Delightful spot ! from stormy winds secured,
 By mountains sheltered and in wilds immaured ;
 Still as we pass rich level fields appear ;
 Chemung's huge barns and fertile farms draw near,
 How changed those scenes from what so late they were !
 Ere Freedom's banners waved triumphant here !
 While o'er our coasts a powerful foe prevailed,
 Here from behind the savages assailed ;
 In bloody bands ransacked our weak frontier,
 Fire, rapine, murder, marked their fell career.
 Amid his corn the gasping planter fell,
 Deep sunk the axe and direful rose the yell ;
 The midnight cottage, wrapt in sweet repose,
 In flaming ruins with the morning rose ;
 There slaughtered corpses, babes and fathers lay,
 The naked mothers driven mid fiends away.
 To thee, brave Sullivan ! who scourged this crew,
 Thy country's gratitude shall still be due ;
 And future ages on these summits rear
 Honours to *him* who planted freedom here.

• We pause to mark amid this valley green
 How changed the tenants, how improved the scene !
 Where wretched wigwams late like kennels stood,
 Where bark canoes stole skulking o'er the flood,
 Where mangled prisoners groaned, and hatchets glared,
 And blood-stained savages the fire prepar'd,

There glittering towns and villages extend,
 There floating granaries in fleets descend,
 There ploughmen chant, and mowers sweep the soil,
 And taverns shine, and rosy damsels smile;
 Thanks to the *brave*, who through these forests bore
 Columbia's vengeance on the sons of gore;
 Who drove them howling through th' affrighted waste,
 Till British regions sheltered them at last.
 Here, on the heights, where, suddenly array'd,
 These hordes their last despairing effort made,
 Where still the mouldering breastwork meets the view,
 From whose defence as suddenly they flew,†
 Here, on th' approach of night, we lodgings found,
 And buried all our toils in sleep profound.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Tribute to the memory of Anna Smedley.

Where twilight's sad and ling'ring ray,
 With faint flush tints yon shad'wy hill;
 The gravestone marks the tear-dew'd clay,
 O'er which Affection muses still.

Enshrin'd within its bosom cold,
 The corse of buried Anna lies;
 Ne'er did sepulchral shroud infold,
 A lovelier form, a fairer prize.

† In this expedition against the hostile Indians, which was committed to the management of general Sullivan, and crowned with the most complete success, the only stand made by the savages was at this place, August 29th, 1799. After a short skirmish they were driven from this their last hold, and pursued beyond the Genesee river. Forty of their towns, and upwards of one hundred and sixty thousand bushels of Indian corn were destroyed. The remnant of the tribes took refuge in Canada; and thus an immense extent of the most fertile country of the United States was laid open to the enterprise of our active and industrious settlers. The white population of these parts of the State of New-York, settled since, may be fairly estimated at three times the number of all the Indians within five hundred miles of the place.

But what avails each polish'd grace?
 An eye where sparkling glories dwell?
 A seraph smile, or cherub face?
 When solemn tolls the requiem knell.

Though Candor, Sweetness, Truth combining,
 By Vestal purity refin'd;
 Tho' beauty all its blushes join,
 Chaste emblems of a richer mind.

Yet vain the magic these can boast,
 In vain each charm to virtue dear;
 The sweetest spell of youth is lost,
 And Virtue wept o'er Anna's bier.

The spoiler came—ah! what avail'd
 A gentle, kind, and gen'rous heart?
 Relentless Death his prey assail'd;
 No angel's arm repell'd the dart.

Vain prov'd a mother's soothing care,
 Her streaming tears, her anguish wild;
 In vain a father breath'd his pray'r,
 To save a fond and fav'rite child.

The spirit fled its fragile frame,
 Her tomb the mourning cypress shades:
 Thus droops the laurel wreath of fame,
 And thus the rose of beauty fades.

Serene within the peaceful urn,
 She sleeps from worldly cares at rest:
 Ne'er did a purer soul return,
 To bloom upon a Saviour's breast.

When ling'ring pains her bosom tore,
 Resign'd she kiss'd the chast'ning rod;
 Each mortal pang with meekness bore,
 And smil'd, in death, to meet her God.

E.

New-York, 24th June, 1809.

FOR THE FORT FOLIO

To Miss ———

TOUCH not again thy sacred lyre,
 Forbear that melting hallow'd strain;
 'Twill reillumine my bosom's fire,
 'Twill wake my heart to feel again:
 That heart which once, with youthful glow,
 Felt all that love could ever know.

Impassion'd thought and joy were there,
 And mazy Hope's enchanting dream;
 But Hope was frighten'd at Despair,
 And with her fled the lovely theme:
 What then my wretched breast beset,
 O Memory! forbear to tell.

Now cold that heart, to passion dead,
 No longer fires my lukewarm mind;
 Its pangs, its pleasures, all have fled,
 And left a dizzy dream behind;
 Alike reliev'd from joy and care,
 Vibration only flutters there.

Then rouse it not with heav'nly sound,
 Forbear that melting hallow'd strain;
 To wake my bosom is to wound,—
 O wound it not to die again:
 For he whose vernal hour is o'er,
 Must fly from love's enchanting shore.

FOR THE FORT FOLIO

MOONLIGHT.

THERE is a bland and pensive hour,
 Endearing, soothing is its power,
 'Tis when the sun
 Has shed his fading, ling'ring rays,
 And when the doubtful light betrays
 That day is done.

'Tis when Cynthia's rising beam,
Sheds on lake or rippling stream
Her silver gleams,
When some pale lover, wand'ring far,
Seeks the bright Hesperian star,
In fancy's dreams:

'Tis when the rais'd romantic mind,
To peace, to love, to heaven resigned,
Loves to repair
To some wild fragrant myrtle cove,
And there in contemplation rove
Released from care.

'Tis when the fairy orb, serene,
Divinely blends each rural scene
Of hill and dale,
When by the heav'nly visioned light,
From perfum'd spray, the bird of night
Descants his tale.

'Tis when the grief-worn pilgrim hies
To commune with his kindred skies
To seek relief
In pious pray'r— and fancy tells
That there the form regretted dwells,
Releas'd from grief.

'Tis when the sentient, wounded heart,
Pierced by Slander's keenest dart,
O'erwhelmed with woes,
Flies from the busy haunts of men,
Eager t' escape their vulgar ken,
And seek repose.

'Tis that blest hour when lovers stray
To taste those joys that shun the day,
Congenial hour,
When timid maids their lovers bless,
When by this light they first confess
Love's gentle power.

'Tis when the poet, Passion's child,
In Fancy's world now wanders wild,

With soul on fire,
The strain of epic praise prolongs,
Or tunes to melancholy songs
His pensive lyre.

'Tis when, as fabled poets say,
The woodland fairies, sylph or fay,
Weave their light dance,
And revel all the live-long night,
But vanish at the earliest light
Of morning's glance.

'Tis when, as Superstition says,
The soul departed oft betrays
Some secret crime,
Holds converse with its mutual heart,
Or leaves Elysium to impart
Some truth sublime.

Oh, still I love thy tranquil light,
Nor noontide sun, nor morning bright,
With thee compare,
For e'en when sorrow swells my breast,
Thy beams can sooth my soul to rest,
Sweet orb! most fair.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAM.

Written in a volume of Pratt's Gleanings.

TRUTH, master Pratt, I've toil'd, in vain,
Through these same "Gleanings" more than half;
And quit them:—for there's little grain,
But, zooks! a nation deal of chaff.

VARIETY.

THE celebrated Constantina Philips, one of the most fascinating courtezans of the age; the envy of one sex, and the admiration of the other, after witnessing the decline of her charms, the perfidy of mankind, and the malice of fortune, died miserably at Kingston in the island of Jamaica, without a single friend to attend her to the grave! What an instructive lesson to imprudent beauty!

THE following statement may be profitably perused by the managers of some of our American theatres, which to the confusion of the audience, and the disgrace of the comedians, are most pitifully and penuriously lighted up.

On the opening of Drury Lane Theatre in the year 1765, the audience were agreeably surprised to see the stage illuminated in a clear and strong manner, without the assistance of the rings, hitherto used for that purpose. This is done by the disposition of lights behind the scenes, which cast a reflection forwards, exactly resembling sunshine, greatly to the advantage of the performers, but more to that of the spectators, who have now no longer the air they breathe tainted with the noxious smoke of between two and three hundred candles, nor their sight obstructed by them and the rings supporting them. The French theatre has been long illuminated without those offensive rings, though not to that perfection attained by Mr. Garrick, who, however, is supposed to have taken the first hint from it.

Lord Henry Poulet, says a necrologist, was a captain in the British navy, but whose exploits, while in that service, did not entitle him to rank with our naval heroes. He was at the siege of Carthage in South America, in 1743, where SMOLLET has consigned his memory to posterity though not in the most flattering colours. He is the *captain Whiffle* of Roderick Random. The ridiculous republican doctor in Peregrine Pickle was unquestionably *Akenside*, whose factious sentiments and conversation fully justified the accuracy of Smollet's sketch.

Thomas Campbell, who has immortalized himself by his beautiful poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*, has lately produced *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which the reviewers rank with Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, and Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. They conclude their eulogium in the following style, which must undoubtedly animate an ambitious author.

We close this volume with feelings of regret for its shortness, and of admiration for the genius of its author. There are but two noble

sorts of poetry; and we think he has given very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both. There is something too, we will venture to say, in the style of many of his conceptions, which irresistibly impresses us with the conviction, that he can do much greater things than he has hitherto accomplished; and leads us to regard him, even yet, as a poet of still greater promise than performance. It seems to us, as if the natural force and boldness of his ideas were habitually checked by a certain fastidious timidity, and an anxiety about the minor graces of correct and chastened composition. Certain it is, at least, that his greatest and most lofty flights have been made in those smaller pieces, about which it is natural to think he must have felt least solicitude; and that he has succeeded most splendidly where he must have been most free from the fear of failure. We wish any praises or exhortations of ours had the power to give him confidence in his own great talents; and hope earnestly, that he will now meet with such encouragement, as may set him above all restraints that proceed from apprehension; and induce him to give free scope to that genius, of which we are persuaded that the world has hitherto seen rather the grace than the richness.

North and South Wales, Switzerland and Scotland, are justly described by a majority of travellers, as remarkably *cheap* countries. An interesting section of France, according to the report of a recent tourist, rivals the above regions in this particular so completely, that an economist, living upon a moderate annuity, ought to make Tours his *domicile*.

Tours is justly called the garden of France, from the mildness of the climate and from the fertility of the soil. Tasso has very well described Touraine and its inhabitants, in the two following beautiful lines:

La terra molle, lieta, e diletta
Simili a sè gli abitator produce.

Indeed the abundance of all the productions of the earth, the excellency of its fruits, its richness in corn, wines, cattle, game, and poultry, present a view of prosperity, which inspires, no doubt, the inhabitants, with that natural cheerfulness, which is displayed in every countenance. The better to support this opinion, I shall only say that being desirous to know, with precision, the expense of living at Tours, I gave a dinner to two friends, and I calculated the expense. We had soup and *bouilli*, a course consisting of *herdis aux choux*, a hare, a roasted fowl, with vegetables, a plentiful desert of the best fruits in Europe, and two bottles of excellent wine. The whole cost me *five shillings* English! twenty years have elapsed since, and, in spite of

all the miseries of the French revolution, every thing has remained there in exactly the same state, which is owing to that province being in the centre of France, and not subject to the changes and calamities which have desolated the frontiers. I should add that I had an apartment of seven rooms on a floor, properly furnished, two rooms for servants, and a kitchen, at twenty-five louis, for six months.

A COLLEGE recluse, in that hermitage, his cloister, studious to be married only to *immortal verse*, and striving to suppress the warmer sensibilities of his soul, thus fervently expresses his creed of celibacy.

"I shall never, never marry. It cannot, must not be. As to affections, mine are engaged as much as they will ever be, and this is one reason why I believe my life will be a life of celibacy. I pray to God that it may be so, and that I may be happy in that state. I love too ardently to make love innocent, and therefore I say farewell to it. Besides, I have another inducement; I cannot introduce a woman into poverty for my love's sake, nor could I well bear to see such a one as I must marry, struggling with narrow circumstances, and sighing for the fortunes of her children! No, I say forbear! and may the example of St. Paul, of St. Gregory, of Nazianzen, and St. Basil support me."

As the ladies will deem the above little better than heresy, by way of atonement we copy from the same writer, the following animated eulogium upon marriage and its multiplied blessings.

"I hope you will soon find that a wife is a very necessary article of enjoyment in a domesticated state; for how indeed should it be otherwise. A man cannot cook his dinner, while he is employed in earning it. Housekeepers are complete *helluones rei familiaris*, and not only pick your pockets, but abuse you into the bargain. While a wife, on the contrary, both cooks your dinner, and enlivens it with her society; receives you, after the toils of the day with cheerfulness and smiles, and is not only the faithful guardian of your treasury, but the soother of your cares and the alleviator of your calamities. Now, am I not very poetical? But on such a subject, who would not be poetical? A wife! a domestic fireside! the cheerful assiduities of love and tenderness. It would inspire a Dutch burgomaster! and if with all this in your grasp, you shall still choose the *pulsare terram pede libero* still avoid the *inepta copula*, still deem it a matter of light regard to be an object of affection and fondness to an amiable and sensible woman, why then you deserve to be a Fellow of a College all your days; to be kicked about in your last illness by a saucy bed maker; and lastly to be put in the ground in your college chapel, followed only by the man who is to be your successor."

THE following hint may prove very salutary to juvenile students, who are too impatient to sit long with nothing before them but *the tough meat* of literature.

"In reading, I am upon the continual search for improvement. I thirst after knowledge, and though my disposition is naturally idle, I conquer it when reading a useful book. The plan which I pursued in order to subdue my disinclination to dry books was this, to begin *attentively* to peruse it, and continue thus *one hour* every day: the book insensibly by this means becomes pleasing to you; and even when reading Blackstone's Commentaries, which are very dry, I lay down the book with regret."

Among the poems of White, England's second Chatterton, we find the following, written when he was a mere boy. Few productions of a maturer age have more merit. The interest which this little poem excites in every breast of sensibility is greatly heightened by the plaintive air which the *invalid* bard, prescient of his early doom, has given to his mournful thoughts.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

I.

Sweet scented flower, who art wont to bloom
 On January's front severe,
 And o'er the wintery desert drear
 To waft thy waste perfume!
 Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
 And I will bind thee round my brow;
 And as I twine the mournful wreath
 I'll weave a melancholy song,
 And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
 The melody of death.

II.

Come, funeral flower, who lov'st to dwell
 With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
 And throw across the desert gloom
 A sweet decaying smell.
 Come, press my lips, and lie with me,
 Beneath the lowly alder tree,
 And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
 And not a Care shall dare intrude,
 To break the marble solitude,
 So peaceful and so deep.

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

III.

And hark! the wind god, as he flies,
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,
 And sailing on the gusty breeze,
 Mysterious music dies.
 Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
 It warns me to the lowly shrine,
 The cold turf altar of the dead.
 My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
 Where, as I lie, by all forgot,
 A dying fragrant thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

MORTUARY.

Died, on the 10th of January last, on his passage from Charleston, (S. C.) to the Bahama islands, for the benefit of his health, Dr. JOHN SHAW, Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of Baltimore, aged 31 years. To the most exalted mental attainments Dr. Shaw united every social virtue. His widow, oppressed with accumulated wo, an aged parent, and affectionate brothers and sisters, have to deplore his early fate; but the recollection of his excellent virtues will mitigate the severity of their suffering, and reconcile them to the Divine will, in the full confidence that he now enjoys that reward promised to the just. It is a feeble tribute paid to the memory of this beloved and accomplished man to say, that in him society has lost a valuable member, the Profession of medicine a splendid ornament, science a successful votary, virtue and religion a zealous friend and supporter.

"Nor farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God."

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum.

PRINTED FOR BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, NO. 4, SOUTH THIRD-
 STREET, BY SMITH AND MAXWELL.



XXIV. 17

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty may be indulg'd.

Vol. II.

NOVEMBER, 1809.

No. 5.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

HORATIO GATES was a native of England, and was born in seventeen hundred and twenty-eight. Of the place of his birth, the condition of his family, the incidents and prospects of his youth, and his education we are not able to communicate any particulars. There is reason to believe that he entered the army pretty early, and began his career as an ensign or lieutenant, yet, we are told, that he obtained my merit merely, the rank of major, and was aid-du-camp to the British officer, who commanded at the capture of Martinico. At the conclusion of the war in seventeen hundred and forty-eight, he was stationed sometime at Halifax in Nova Scotia. At that period, if the date of his birth be accurate, his age did not exceed twenty years.

He continued in the army, and, probably, in some American garrison during the ensuing seven years of peace. A new war then broke out in Germany, and North America, and Mr. Gates, in quality of captain of foot, attracts our notice in the earliest and most conspicuous scene of that war. He was in the army which accompanied the unfortunate Braddock in the expedition against Fort de Quesne, and, together with the illustrious Washington, was among the few officers, who, on that occasion, escaped with life. He did not escape, however, without a very dangerous wound, which, for a time shut him out from the bloody and perilous scenes of that long and diversified contest. He remained in America to the peace of seventeen hundred and sixty-three, and then returned to his native country with a full-earned reputation, for activity, enterprise, and courage.

Vol. II.

Y Y

At the opening of the American war we find him settled on a farm in Virginia. At what time he laid down the military life, and returned to spend the rest of his days in the new world, we are not informed, but his conduct evinced so perfect an attachment to his new country, and his military reputation was so high, that he was immediately appointed by congress adjutant general, with the rank of brigadier-general, in the new army. General Washington was well acquainted with his merits in his military character, and warmly recommended him to congress on this occasion. They had been fellow-soldiers and sufferers under Braddock.

From this period, he took a very active part in most of the transactions of the war, and his abilities and good fortune placed him in a rank inferior only to Washington, and above any other general. He accompanied the commander in chief to Massachusetts, in July, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, and was employed, for sometime, in a subordinate, but highly useful capacity.

The most vulnerable part of the new states, lay in the north. The large territory still in the hands of the British government, in that quarter, whose frontier was well provided with fortresses and garrisons, enabled them to annoy or invade the revolted provinces, on this side, with peculiar advantages. The congress had, therefore, turned an anxious eye towards Canada at the opening of the contest. Being deeply aware of the danger which hovered over them, on this side, they made strenuous exertions to raise up new enemies in Canada by their emissaries and manifestoes, and to gain possession of the strong and important forts upon the lakes and rivers of that frontier by force, or by surprise.

Their arguments and agents were not likely to meet with any success among a people purely French, and whose only grievance was their separation from their mother country. Their enterprises against the posts upon the lakes were more successful. Crownpoint, Ticonderoga, St. John's and Montreal were conquered by celerity and valor, and a formal invasion of Canada attempted, even in the first year of the war, and when a British army was in possession of the principal colonial towns. This enterprise was unsuccessful. The British were soon qualified, by reenforcements, to act offensively, and to advance against the frontier forts recently acquired by the colonial army. Further operations were suspended on that side till a formidable army might be transported from Europe, adequate not only to defence but invasion.

It was a remarkable proof of the confidence reposed in Gates by the new government, that, on the retreat of their forces from Canada, the chief command in this quarter was conferred upon him. This ap-

pointment took place in June seventeen hundred and seventy-six, and the new general was found nowise deficient in the courage and vigilance, rendered peculiarly necessary by a declining and unprosperous cause.

It was unfortunate that the rivalry, and clashing pretensions of the American officers should add to the natural difficulties of their situation. General Schuyler, a most useful and meritorious officer, had hitherto superintended the forts, and garrisons within the limits usually assigned to New-York. As there was now no American troops in Canada, general Gates's command either superseded that of Schuyler, or was quite nugatory. Thence arose bickering and contention. Schuyler, whose merits and services were very great, and generally acknowledged, was degraded by the new appointment to a subordinate station, when he deemed himself rather entitled to additional dignities. He made vehement complaints to congress, and prepared, unless his injuries were properly redressed, to relinquish the service altogether: an alternative by which the common cause would have suffered very heavily.

Congress were unwilling to cancel their commission to Gates, and at the same time were fully sensible of the loss they should incur by the resignation of Schuyler. They laboured, therefore, with much pains to reconcile their adverse pretensions, and by leaving the two officers with jurisdictions in some degree independent of each other, they succeeded imperfectly, in satisfying both. Great credit is due to both these eminent persons, and, especially, candor requires us to say, to general Schuyler, for acquiescing in terms, by which their country continued to be benefited by their services.

From projects of conquests in Canada, the American government had been compelled to give their whole attention to schemes of defence. The communications between Canada and the maritime and Hudson country was chiefly maintained by a chain of lakes and rivers. The intermediate land was overspread with forest and marsh, and nearly impracticable to the ponderous accompaniments, in artillery, ammunition and baggage, of a modern army. The command of the lakes and rivers, therefore, was absolutely necessary, and quite sufficient to repel an invasion. This could only be obtained or held by means of a naval armament, and to provide and equip this was the peculiar province of Schuyler, while Gates was called upon to cooperate in this service to the utmost of his power.

The British commenced the naval preparations on their side with great alacrity and success. But the Americans had every obstacle but the want of zeal, to encounter in preparing for defence. General Gates cooperated cordially with Schuyler, but there was a miserable

and irreparable deficiency in cannon, in the materials of ship building, and even in the necessary workmen. The country had been hitherto a desert. Colonization in its natural progress had not approached these solitary shores. Nothing but the exigencies of the former war with France had occasioned this region to be traversed or inhabited. A few forts, with suitable garrisons, were all that could be found in it, and that abundance of workmen, vessels, and prepared timber which a well planted country would have spontaneously furnished, was unknown. Schuyler, indeed, was not destitute of a naval armament, but it was insufficient to cope with the greater preparations of the enemy. With all the exertions of the two commanders, they were merely able to equip about fifteen vessels, half of which were little better than boats, and the largest carried only twelve small guns very ill supplied with ammunition.

The wisdom and discernment of general Gates were shown by the recommendation of the intrepid, and as yet unsuspected Arnold, to the command of this little armament. The first operations of the campaign consisted in a contest between these vessels under Arnold, and a much superior force under Carleton, in which the land forces had no concern.

On the land side, the great drama opened very inauspiciously. The American commander instead of waiting at Crownpoint, for the assault of the enemy, abandoned that place, before he was summoned to do so by an hostile army. The Americans had a more formidable enemy to encounter, in the small-pox than in British soldiers. This and other sicknesses made such havoc among them, not only during the expedition to Canada, but after their retreat to Crownpoint, that general Gates thought it eligible to evacuate that fortress of his own accord, and concentrate his army at Ticonderoga. For this purpose he was even obliged to countermand the advance of large reinforcements.

Such voluntary retreats are always extremely perilous to the reputation of a general. The congress had entertained hopes of advancing and of conquering by means of this army. This retreat surrendered to the British without an effort, the whole important navigation of Lake Champlain. General Washington, after a full statement of the motives of the measure warmly disapproved it; all the field officers in like manner, loudly condemned it. The commander had only to plead the opinion of a council of officers, his own superior opportunity of knowing the actual state of his affairs, and ancient proofs of his patriotism and military skill. Whatever sentence has been passed on the wisdom of this measure, we have never heard that any imputation rested on the fidelity of the general.

Gates and Schuyler with eight thousand men well provisioned, determined to defend Ticonderoga to the last extremity. All the efforts of Arnold merely served to delay without being able to prevent the approach of Carleton with a formidable army to this post, and all parties naturally expected to witness a long, obstinate, and bloody siege. Some causes, not well understood, though the lateness of the season must be doubtless numbered among them, induced Carleton to disappoint these expectations, by leaving the fortress unmolested, and retiring in search of winter quarters into Canada. In a mere wilderness, where all the waters are frozen for five or six months in the year, this was absolutely necessary. This retreat enabled general Gates to march southward with a considerable detachment of his army to assist general Washington in his operations in the middle colonies.

The ensuing year was passed in a great variety of movements and skirmishes in the lower districts of New-York, Pennsylvania and Jersey, between the principal commanders. In the ordinary records of the time, we meet with no splendid or conspicuous part performed by the subject of this narrative, though there is sufficient reason to believe that his services in that motley warfare were active, strenuous, and useful. We may suspect that the evacuation of Crownpoint did not operate on the public feelings to his advantage, in a new scene, especially as Schuyler his great competitor, condemned that expedient. That general continued on the northern waters, anxiously employed in preparing against a formidable invasion of the enemy, designed to take place on the next summer, while the garrisons, in the absence of Gates, were superintended by general Wayne.

We need not dwell on the difficulties under which the new states laboured in the forming of an army sufficient to resist the shock of the veterans of Britain. They issued decrees, directed levies, organized regiments, and ascertained numbers, pay and equipments. All this was easy, but the deficiency of the public funds on the one side, and of public spirit on the other, rendered these solemn arrangements quite nugatory. The absolute uncertainty whether in the next campaign, the British would attempt to penetrate to New-York by the lakes and the river Hudson, or by a coasting voyage from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, with the greater probability that attended the latter scheme contributed to dissipate and enfeeble the exertions, which the states, with fixed views, and a traced path before them, would have been qualified to make.

There is some obscurity in this period of the life of general Gates. In the spring of seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, he was appointed with Schuyler, for a subordinate, to the chief command on the northern frontier. In May of the same year, he was superseded

by Schuyler, nor was it, until after Burgoyne with his well appointed legions had reached Ticonderoga, that he resumed the command. This place, commanded by Sinclair, was evacuated without a siege on the fifth of July. The retreating army under Sinclair, was hotly pursued, overtaken, and defeated. Fort Ann and Skeensborough were occupied by the enemy, and all attempts to check his further progress appeared wholly desperate.

At this crisis a small delay in the advance of Burgoyne from Skeensborough, rendered necessary by the natural difficulties of the country, was diligently employed by general Schuyler. That meritorious officer contrived to raise the most formidable impediments to the further progress of Burgoyne, by breaking down the bridges, obstructing the navigation of Wood-creek, choking up the roads or rather pathways through the forest, by felled trees, and by driving off all the cattle of the neighbouring country. These obstructions were so formidable that Burgoyne did not arrive at Fort Edward on the upper branches of the Hudson, till twenty-five days after his pause at Skeensborough. Here, a painful, unseasonable, and dangerous pause, was again necessary, in order to procure provisions from the posts in the rear, and to collect the boats and other vessels necessary for the navigation of the Hudson.

The progress of Burgoyne was arrested at the very point where it should seem all obstacles of any moment were fully surmounted. He had reached the Hudson, by a most painful and laborious march through the forest, and a detachment of his army under St. Leger, who had been directed to approach the Hudson by another road, had nearly effected this purpose. St. Leger had gained a battle, and was now besieging Fort Schuyler, the surrender of which was necessary to the further cooperation of the British generals, and was confidently anticipated. The tide of events, however, now suddenly took a new direction.

Fort Schuyler refused to surrender, and the assaults of the besiegers made very little impression on the works. The Indians who composed a large part of St. Leger's army, began to display their usual fickleness and treachery, and after many efforts made by the British general to detain them, finally resolved to withdraw. This created an absolute necessity for raising the siege, which was done with great precipitation, and with the loss of all their camp equipage and stores.

On the other side, the strenuous exertions of Schuyler had deprived Burgoyne of all those resources which the neighbouring country might have afforded him. After a fortnight's labour he had been able to collect only twelve boats, and five day's provisions for his army. An

attempt to obtain possession of a depository of provisions at Bennington, had failed, and two detachments, sent on that service had been defeated. The militia of the eastern and lower country were rapidly collecting, and threatened to raise obstacles still more formidable than those of nature.

Schuyler was extremely unfortunate. A peculiar malignity seemed to cleave to his fate. With zeal, enterprise, and diligence, surpassing that of most others engaged in the service, he was doomed to labour under the suspicion of negligence or treachery. As Gates had suffered in the public opinion, by the evacuation of Crownpoint, Schuyler and St. Clair had incurred still greater odium by their hasty flight from Ticonderoga. This odium, even when removed from the minds of the rulers of the state, was not to be banished from the feelings of the people, and made it necessary to assign the management of this war to other hands. Gates was appointed to succeed Schuyler, and arrived at the scene of action on the twenty-first of August.

It was fortunate for general Gates that the retreat from Ticonderoga had been conducted under other auspices than his, and that he took the command when the indefatigable but unrequited labours of Schuyler, and the courage of Starke and his mountaineers had already insured the ultimate defeat of Burgoyne. The very obstinacy of Burgoyne, who, notwithstanding his unfavourable prospects, would not think of saving his army by a timely retreat, was highly propitious to the new American commander.

After collecting thirty days' provision Burgoyne passed the Hudson, and encamped at Saratoga. Gates, with numbers already equal, and continually augmenting, began to advance towards him with a resolution to oppose his progress at the risk of a battle. He encamped at Stillwater, and Burgoyne hastened forward to open the way with his sword. On the seventeenth of September the two armies were within four miles of each other. Two days after, skirmishes between advanced parties terminated in an engagement almost general, in which the utmost efforts of the British merely enabled them to maintain the footing of the preceding day.

Burgoyne, unassisted by the British forces under Clinton at New-York, found himself unable to pursue his march down the river, and in the hope of this assistance, was content to remain in his camp, and stand on the defensive. His army was likewise diminished by the desertion of the Indians and the Canadian militia, to less than one half of its original number. Gates finding his forces largely increasing, being plentifully supplied with provisions, and knowing that Burgoyne had only a limited store, which was rapidly lessening, and could not be recruited, was not without hopes that victory would come, in time,

even without a battle. His troops were so numerous, and his fortified position so strong, that he was able to take measures for preventing the retreat of the enemy, by occupying the strong posts in his rear. Accordingly nineteen days passed without any further operations, a delay as ruinous to one party, as it was advantageous to the other. At the end of this period, the British general found his prospects of assistance as remote as ever, and the consumption of his stores as alarming, that retreat or victory became unavoidable alternatives.

On the eighth of October a warm action ensued, in which the British were every where repulsed, and a part of their lines occupied by their enemies. Burgoyne's loss was very considerable in killed, wounded, and prisoners, while the favourable situation of Gates's army made its losses in the battle of no moment. Burgoyne retired in the night to a stronger camp, but the measures immediately taken by Gates, to cut off his retreat, compelled him without delay to regain his former camp at Saratoga. There he arrived with little molestation from his adversary. His provisions being now reduced to the supply of a few days, the transport of artillery and baggage towards Canada being rendered impracticable by the judicious measures of his adversary, the British general resolved upon a rapid retreat, merely with what the soldiers could carry on their backs.

On a careful scrutiny, however, it was found that they were deprived even of this resource, as the passes through which their route lay, were so strongly guarded, that nothing but artillery could clear them. In this desperate situation a parley took place, and on the sixteenth of October the whole army surrendered to Gates. The prize obtained consisted of more than five thousand prisoners, some fine artillery, seven thousand muskets, clothing for seven thousand men, with a great quantity of tents, and other military stores. All the frontier fortresses were immediately abandoned to the victors.

It is not easy to overrate the importance of this success. It may be considered as deciding the war of the revolution, as from that period the British cause began rapidly to decline. The capture of Cornwallis was hardly of equal importance to that of Burgoyne, and was in itself an event of much less splendor, and productive of less exultation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOR THE FORT FOLIO.

MAN CONSTITUTIONALLY MORAL.

(Concluded from page 307.)

SUCH is the tendency of our emotions to associate, to blend, to link themselves with all that surrounds us, particularly when we are happy, that in it lies the *principal cause of our attachments*. They spring from ourselves infinitely more than from the nature of the object which awakens them.

During long confinement a man becomes attached to his fellow prisoners, if he has any; to the mouse that feeds with him, to the spider, to the bare walls, if he has nothing else; and all this the more the warmer his feelings and the more agreeable the train of ideas which float habitually through his mind. It is his own soul which dignifies ennobles, animates, appropriates, endears whatever exists habitually with him.

Thus every one who is happy likes his own home. Thus old people regret the times when they were young, because their pleasurable sensations had become associated with objects which exist no longer. Those before them do not awaken these sensations. They do not interest. Thus whatever is fashionable appears handsome; and the ugly females on the northwest coast of America would have less cause to be jealous of the charms of a Circassian woman than of those of their own companions. How can it be otherwise? What pleasurable emotions their lovers ever felt, have become associated with their own hideous forms.

Nothing is absolutely ugly. Man is so constituted that he may be happy whenever he happens to grow up—provided he is healthy and at peace with himself.

For the same reason jealousy is the natural companion of affection. We often feel more correctly than we think; we are sensible that chastity is the principal support of attachment, without being able clearly to account for it to ourselves. The charms of a wedded beauty are not less attractive for having been yielded to another, yet the pangs, the regrets of the husband are just. Before this event he was himself her god. In him centered, with him originated, what she had felt and known most exquisite and delightful. The breach of duty breaks the spell. She learns to distinguish between the individual and the man; between pleasure itself and its ministers. The new connexion introduces new associations; and with the *old* the *habitual* associations, the glory of her first idol must vanish.

There is therefore much good sense in the practice which used to prevail, and perhaps still prevails in some parts of Switzerland. If a married couple wished to be divorced no objection was made to their intention, but they were obliged previously to submit to close confinement in a small room during two weeks. While thus confined, they were only allowed one table, one chair, one plate, one knife and fork, one spoon, one tumbler, one bed, and that narrow, in order to make them dependent for comfort on amicable arrangements between themselves. If after the termination of the mentioned period they still persisted on being separated, they were divorced without further difficulty; but it generally happened that they agreed to continue to live together. New associations were formed during the confinement.

If then, as appears from the instances given, and which might be multiplied without end, our feelings and emotions become associated, not only with ideas, but generally with all the circumstances which habitually accompany them, and if sympathy is nothing else but the excitement of such feelings and emotions by the witnessed or released affections of others, through the medium of impressions on our senses, and ideas, it will follow that a strong and energetic sympathy requires

1, A quick and accurate conception.

2, A nervous system easily excited.

3, Habits of life which have been favourable to what may be called the natural and uncorrupted—the standard association between ideas and emotions.

4, A favourable situation at the moment when the impressions are received.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on these several points. Where conception is dull and heavy no correct ideas can be formed; and these ideas, the causes of emotion in ourselves, consequently operate but feebly; and a feeble effect will be the result.

Where the conceptions are correct and just, but the sensibility of the nervous system is deficient—a combination not very common—the emotions produced by the thoughts will be weak, and no action will follow from want of sufficient inducement.

If bad habits of life, or other unusual circumstances, have prevented the due combination of thoughts and feelings; if, instead of the correct associations, which constitute the *healthy mind*, corrupt associations have been formed—a deficiency of sympathy must be the consequence.

Finally, if all other requisites exist but the situation of the individual, at the moment he is operated upon, is such as to interrupt the *regular play* of his intellectual faculties—no proportionable reaction, which is sympathy, can follow.

If to these observations we add, that the efforts to resist and shorten painful, to invite and prolong pleasurable sensations, constitute the prime motive of all voluntary action, and the law of animal nature to which the philosopher and the clown, the christian and the unbeliever, are equally subject; and if we then examine the reasoning of Mr. *Analyticus*, brought forward to prove that the theory of *Adam Smith* does not bear him out, we shall easily discover that, so far from having a tendency to invalidate that theory, it, on the contrary, serves to confirm it.

If sympathy, says *Analyticus*, depended on fancy and susceptibility of pain and pleasure, we should not see so frequently that persons possessed of both are deficient in it.

But, if the individual possessed of both and deficient in sympathy, was born, for instance, the son of a jailer, and is employed by his father from his infancy to aid him in the execution of his official duties—what will be the result of being brought up in this manner? The law of animal nature just mentioned, will have impelled him to resist the pains of sympathy, by calling forth and gradually acquiring a different train of associations when seeing the prisoners and their sufferings—such as, “they deserve no better,” “it is their own fault,” “it is good for them”—associations which will finally destroy all sympathy, at least with regard to the unhappy people constantly before him.

With regard to the description of *poets*, to which *Analyticus* alludes, or *philosophers* of the visionary cast, however so well organized, they may be deficient in sympathy, because they can hardly be considered as living among their fellow beings. They enter not into their concerns. The ordinary mortals of the day appear to them undeserving of attention. Their thoughts, their associations, their feelings lie perhaps in Greece or Rome; are engaged and linked with times and events long passed, or still to come. Or else they dwell among the stars, or arrange imaginary republics. They have habitually steeled their feelings against being affected by sublunary occurrences, unless indeed their own individuality happens to be immediately interested.

The constant spectators of distress, particularly of distress beyond their power of relieving, such as overseers of the poor in Europe, could not possibly endure their situation long if they found not the means of counteracting and weakening their feelings of sympathy by new associations—a measure into which they are driven by the impulse of self protection against pain. Constantly to contrast their own situation with the situation of those whom they see wretched, to learn to see in their misery only a cause of self-gratulation is one of these expedients.

Thus it often happens that sympathy is extinct with regard to some subjects; while it remains perfectly alive with regard to others.

No surgeon would be adequate to the duties of his profession, if his associations of ideas and feelings in using the surgical knife were the same as those of the bystanders. In his mind the severing blade of the instrument, and the useful purpose for which it is employed, have become so intimately blended as to be inseparable. He sees in the cancer he is about to eradicate only the enemy to be subdued; the groans of the patient to him are only the symptoms that he is at last at issue with him; to operate is not with him a painful task, but, like the business of battle to the warrior, an amusemeut. The writer of these remarks has himself known an eminent surgeon in Paris, who, in all unprofessional concerns, was distinguished as a man of tender sensibility, and yet, being at the head of a hospital, would daily cut and dig in human flesh with the same unconcern as he could have done in a leg of mutton.

It happened on the continent of Europe, in a town where the sashes of windows open to the outside like folding doors, that a fond mother, who had an only son about four years old, returned on a morning from a visit to a friend. She flew up to the study of her husband in the second story. The little boy, playing about in the room while his father was writing, had got up into the window, which had not been properly fastened, and was leaning against it. The motion he made when his mother entered the door, aided by the current of air, pushed and opened the window. Falling back he struggled for a moment to recover his balance. The mother, screaming sprung towards him, but missed her grasp, and the idol of her heart, blooming and healthy an instant before, lay dead and crushed on the pavement!

Is there an American mother whose bosom will not feel a pang when reading this anecdote? but if it had been told to one of those wretched females of Pekin, who consider children only as inconveniences to be got rid of, and are in the habit of throwing their infants into the river, or, what is worse, into the streets to be devoured by dogs, in order to prevent them from dying with hunger—how would she have been affected? She would have heard the story with indifference, and perhaps would have thought, the mother had been easily relieved of her burden!

The circumstance that the multitude is attracted by the spectacle of public executions, which is also stated by *Analyticus* as a proof of the incorrectness of the ideas of Adam Smith, does not absolutely imply a want of sympathy. Those most active to this affection are not on that account averse to tragedy. The explanation of this phe-

moment lies in this, that of the various kinds of unpleasant existence the state of languor, arising from the want of excitement (*ennui*) is one of the most irksome, most insupportable. Our nature tells us, that even to suffer transitory painful emotions, and to be stimulated by them, is more agreeable than to exist in apathy. Even painful agitation is less obnoxious than perfect rest. Our mental, like our physical constitution, demands excitement, pleasurable, if it can be had, but even that of pain rather than apathy, for apathy is mental death, as want of motion is death of the physical system.

Sometimes then the absence of sympathy, when, according to Analyticus, it should show itself if Adam Smith were right, may be accounted for from the peculiar associations of the individual, arising from his education, habits, and other circumstances. At other times the absence is not real, since it has appeared that we often court painful agitation to get rid of a more painful calm. It still remains to say a few words in explanation of the case when sympathy, though strongly called for, remains deficient on account of the unfavourable situation of the individual at the moment when the impressions are received.

The excitement of sympathy, though certainly owing to the association of certain emotions with certain ideas, requires, like any other result or effect, a favourable condition, suitable circumstances, or else, though the cause may exist, the effect will not follow. No just conclusion can therefore be drawn in this case from the inconsistency of that effect against the insufficiency or irrevalence of the cause assigned.

I mentioned, above, the pleasure I felt when witnessing on the wharf, the joyous meeting of long separated friends at the return of a vessel from the East Indies. If the same scene had fallen under my observation half an hour before the closing of the bank, when a note I had to take up remained, in consequence of some disappointment, unprovided for—would it have produced the same effect?—certainly not. The emotions of uneasiness and apprehension already excited would have excluded or weakened every other. The scene would have conveyed nothing to my mind except perhaps, the idea that in the merchant whose vessel had just arrived, I might find a person disposed to relieve me from trouble.

In the same manner the man in anger, while inflicting chastisement on another, feels no sympathy for his pains, because the previous irritation of his system counteracts that emotion. Thus fanaticism, religious or political, steels the heart against emotions of compassion and too frequently causes even the generous and good to sully their lives by acts of cruelty. And thus it happens that regret, which springs from sympathy, never restrains us from acts of violence and

passion, but is felt only when the stronger irritation, which prompted us, has subsided.

It seems obvious then that the degree of sympathy felt, when seeing others affected, depends on quickness and accuracy of conception, on a due share of sensibility, on the nature and strength of the associations previously formed, and on the absence of any other strong excitement, at the moment when impressions are received.

We can therefore not be surprised when we sometimes find that the painful or joyful emotions of sympathy are stronger than the actual feelings of the person affected who causes them; for these feelings likewise depend on the susceptibility of the person, which is again determined by irritability, the state of previous associations, the absence of previous excitement, &c.

One of the ladies of Philadelphia would not, perhaps, 'for a week recover from the shock she would receive on seeing a slave chastised after the West India manner, when the slave himself will forget it in a few hours.

When the Indian smiles under tortures it is because the pleasurable emotion associated with the idea of acquiring glory by showing indifference obliterates, nay, destroys in him, the susceptibility of pain.

All those who act from principle, as it is called, are enabled to do so in consequence of so firm an association in them of pleasurable emotions with the ideas of what is virtuous and dignified, as not to feel the sacrifices a conduct of strict principle may require. The pleasure on the one hand overbalances the pain on the other; and it is because they have been made susceptible of that pleasure, that they must so act.

Religion promotes virtue, because it increases the number of pleasurable emotions associated with its practice, by extending their sphere beyond our present existence. Its essential business is therefore with the *feelings*, and those understood little of human nature who pretended to purify by divesting it of what seizes on and captivates the imagination.

Strength of mind implies strength of associations^a; and therefore strong minds will be more capable of virtue and every species of heroism, than those who are feeble.

Heroism in fact is nothing else than an association between the idea of acting like a man of honour and the pleasurable emotions connected with it, sufficiently strong not to be interrupted by pain or danger.

It is well known that we feel not what we do not *attend to*; and not attending to is to resist the association which certain impressions

would call forth by awakening a different train of ideas. With them different emotions will take place, and thus we cease to feel what we think ought not to be felt.

In this manner we must account for what we read of Sir John Moore. A cannon ball knocked him off his horse and took away his arm at the shoulder, yet he rose from the ground, and only missed his arm when in the act of remounting his horse he was going to use it. The soul of the hero was too much intent on his duty, too much absorbed in the issue of the battle to allow him at the moment to be susceptible of pain.

Thus in a cord one set of vibrations disappears when stronger touches agitate it in a different point.

I must observe generally that there runs through all the arguments of Analyticus against sympathy, as explained by Adam Smith, a confused idea respecting the part which the imagination acts on this occasion. A point on which the ideas of Adam Smith himself seem not to have been sufficiently clear.

It is supposed that when we see another person affected we put ourselves, by an effort of the imagination in that person's place, and that, in consequence of this effort, we become sensible, we are enabled to conceit, how he must feel.

Were it so, your correspondent would be right when he observes that only a faint and feeble sentiment could be the result of this mental operation, and that of course vigorous sympathy, such as we see it in life, must have another source.

But it is not so. A person before me makes a certain impression on my senses; I see how a nail, on which he trod with his bare foot while running, has perforated from the sole to the opposite side. At the same instant I hear his scream and perceive the contortion of his face. These impressions give ideas. These ideas excite associated, corresponding emotions. I therefore find myself to a certain degree in the same state with him. I feel as he does. The only difference between us is that he receives his impressions from the nail in the foot direct, while I receive them indirectly through the medium of my eye. I am in unison with him just as, when an instrument is struck, corresponding cords will, of their own accord, begin to vibrate on another. My intellectual system, affected by impression on the senses, ideas and corresponding emotions, begins, in the first instance, to be put into a similar state of agitation with himself, and therefore I find myself in his place. I find myself in his place because I am in virtue of my organization, and of my associations, drawn into a similar state of affection. I do not begin by dint of imagination to place myself in his situation, and feel

afterwards. No, my sensibility is directly excited in the first instance, and because it is thus excited, I know *how he* must feel.

Imagination in fact is more frequently a *result*, an effect of the laws of association, than an operative cause. It is a consciousness of the state of others derived from attention to the emotions associated with certain ideas in ourselves.

Thus I imagine that I am a prince if I assume a conduct and demeanor suitable to the state of feelings associated with the idea of a prince; and I am relieved from pain and sickness by metallic points, magnetic manipulations, or the touch of a miraculous hand, provided I have *faith*, in a great measure, if not intirely, because in this case the idea, *now I shall get well*, produces its associated train of feelings and motions in the system, which prove not less salutary for having been called forth by *imagination*, than if they had been occasioned by a *blister*. The rationale of their operation is the same, and therefore both prove frequently ineffectual.

But this imagination is different from poetic fancy, which consists in a rapid, brilliant, and delicate combination of ideas.

Since then sympathy depends in a direct manner on "a union of nervous affection," we see again why it will be the stronger the less the mental fabric is previously excited, the more it is at rest. The man agitated by the fear of being protested at bank cannot possibly sympathize with the joy of the meeting friends.

Simple relations, therefore, in life; the absence of want and perturbing passions—a regular course of activity—are congenial to morals.

What associated emotions effect in a moral sense—the perception of resulting pain or pleasure, of right or wrong—that associated ideas produce in the operation of judging.—Judging is nothing else but reviewing ideas and watching their associations. Therefore to judge well we must be calm. Therefore our bursts of brilliant thoughts occur most frequently when we first awake in the morning. Therefore to think well and to see clear we must have thought much and seen much; there must have been a mass of relative ideas previously conceived and connected. Therefore wrong associations constitute a wrong head.

If we view sympathy in the light above stated, viz. as a union of nervous affections with those of another, which, under favourable circumstances, must inevitably result from the operation of the laws of association—the vigor of these emotions of sympathy, and that they most powerfully propel to action, is not to be wondered at.

The humble retainer in king Lear, when they were putting out the eyes of the old man, did not begin with saying or thinking, "if I

were that old man, how would I feel, and consequently what ought I to do? That would be a miserable sympathy indeed which stood in need of this mental process! No: the sight of the deed made him thrill with horror, and the pain he felt made him do what he would have done had his own eye been in question, made him draw his sword and attack, regardless of consequences, those engaged in the barbarous act.

It appears then, to resume the whole subject, that man, like other animals, is propelled to action by pleasure and pain. He is further so constituted that frequently coexisting ideas and emotions become associated and mutually reproduce each other. In consequence of this last feature in his nature, he involuntarily participates in the feelings of others, and is thereby prompted to promote their pleasures and relieve their pains; for, in so doing, he gratifies or relieves himself. *He cannot help* therefore delighting in good and being averse to evil. He is *constitutionally*, that is, in virtue of his organization, *moral*, and will be so, unless forced out of his *natural* existence by *unnatural* circumstances.

Is not this reasoning founded on facts and correct observation? Is it not *plain and obvious*? and if so, if the simple laws of association bear me out when I wish to conceive how man comes to be a moral being, why have recourse, with Mr. *Analyticus*, to a *deus ex machina*, to an *occult, primary, instinctive and inscrutable qualification in the soul of man, implanted for the most happy and obvious purposes by a direct law of the Creator*?

Yet, if the explanation were harmless, I would let it pass. It sounds sublime. It seems full of high meaning! I should be sorry to put the writer out of humour with his grand concluding sentence—but not only does it tell me nothing; the sentence is hostile. It knocks me down! The world around me is full of evil I fain would mend; full of vice and wickedness I fain would banish. If morality springs from sympathy, and sympathy is an occult, primary, instinctive and inscrutable qualification, nothing remains for me but to heave a deep sigh, take care of myself, and let things run their wicked courses!

How different when a just conception of the laws of association and their influence on intellectual man develops to my mind the true nature of sympathy! *Da punctum*, I exclaim with *Archimedes*—Oh that I were a man of influence and fortune! and though I should not attempt to *move* the earth, yet I should *remove* from that portion of it where I dwell much that now disfigures it—much that is abominable and vile!

Here is a downright wicked fellow, bent upon mischief and immoral throughout—what will you do with him Mr. *Analyticus*?—You shrug your shoulders; you declare that he must be deficient in that

occult, primary, instinctive and inscrutable qualification which the Creator, from motives we must not presume to scan, suffered to become stunted in his breast. You determine once more to endeavour to rouse him by giving him a terrible lecture, and if your efforts should not be blessed with success, to consider the case as hopeless and to ship him off to the East Indies that he may not disgrace his family.

The lecture is administered, but the fellow makes faces while you are preaching. He cannot be brought even to listen to you; and the lecture over, he proves more wicked than before. Thus he goes to the East Indies, before the mast, and dies a few weeks after his arrival in that country.

A similar one falls into my hands. On examining the history of his life I find that he lost his mother when an infant, and that his father's second wife, vexed to hear the first, whom the boy resembles, frequently mentioned as a very superior woman, persuades herself and her husband *the lad has a bad heart*. In consequence of this he was severely rebuked for every little mistake or oversight; was constantly treated with coldness and suspicion; was kept at a distance, and becoming the regular butt of his stepmother's ill humour, the odious reproaches of his baseness and perversity never ceased to ring on his ear while in the house. His bad name, spreading thence through the village, the same reproaches pursued him in the countenance and manner towards him of all the inhabitants and even of his playmates. Hence he never tasted the satisfaction of being approved of, and sought for relief from the mortification of being disliked, first in the pleasure of plaguing others, and afterwards in the immoderate indulgence of sensual gratifications. Hence a chain of vitious associations throughout, and the result—*depravity!*

To attempt whether he may perhaps be reformed, I begin with presuming him possessed of qualities in which I know he is deficient. I tell him that I am glad to find people had formed erroneous ideas of him; that his natural disposition was excellent, though he had unfortunately acquired some bad habits; and that he possessed much more capacity and energy than many of those mean and tame people who blamed him. I trust him, though I know that he cheats. I confide in him, though I know that he is habitually faithless. If he behaves amiss, I pretend not to know it. I allure him to the virtues he wants by giving him a foretaste of the gratifications which would attend their acquirement. I make much of him when he merits praise, and often bestow it, if it can only be done with a colouring of propriety, when in reality he was deserving of censure. I secretly prevail on some friends to join me in this method. By these means I make him of consequence; I make him respect himself. I change by slow degrees

the whole train of his associations. He becomes a new man—he thanks me for having made him so, and continues to live a useful member of society, beloved and respected by all who know him.

A gentleman at *New York* had a clerk who kept his books and papers. After some months, on settling the bank account he discovered a deficiency of five hundred dollars, and it appeared that this sum had been drawn from the bank by means of a forged check. The clerk immediately on the discovery left the office; but the gentleman suspecting the place where he would probably endeavour to hide himself, followed him instantaneously, entered the room, found him; upbraided him humourously for having left the office when he must know how much he was wanted, took him home and gave him among other papers the forged check, with a request to enter it, since it had been neglected to enter it when it was drawn.—The astonished clerk received it trembling, and did as he had been told. He perceived his employer was determined not to see what he had done! The gentleman continued to treat him with marked politeness, and even with confidence. The \$ 500 were by degrees replaced by the clerk from his salary. Not a word was ever said on the subject; and he lives now a man of worth and respectability in that city.

What associations must have been produced in the mind of the clerk by this conduct! How deeply must he have been moved by this forbearance and delicacy! What a new and elevated tone must his mind have taken! How incapable must he have become of a similar transgression; and how different would have been the result had he been arrested, imprisoned, tried and branded by an ignominious sentence!

Is not many an unfortunate female—are not most of them driven to prostitution because their first false steps do not meet with indulgence and forgiveness? *We constantly create vice by not knowing how to treat error!* Self-love, the fundamental principle of human nature, and the repugnance to pain constantly produce a reconciliation between ourselves and our faults. In a continued self-disapprobation, no human being can exist. If the fallen therefore can no longer live among the virtuous, because these do not know to forgive, and still to love and to honour,—they must needs seek new sources of satisfaction in a new train of associations, and among new comrades. The circumstances in which they are placed work this change; and thus we see why *love* and *charity* are so strongly enforced in the sacred writings. They are not only virtues in themselves, they are the support of virtue, the antidote to degradation in their effect upon others.

The rogues of England become respectable men at Botany Bay. There is honour among thieves. Every where the vitious are only

the unfortunate, the spoiled; by false treatment and bad situation. Religious fanaticism or visionary ideas of liberty, by destroying the *sound associations* and establishing those which might be called *morbid*, will convert the humane into tigers, the reasonable into fools; and in the same manner what is virtuous and honest, what is dignified and honourable, what is graceful and polite may be found to disappear in a whole nation under a long continued, mean and clownish administration.

If those who educate youth, who organize institutions, who preside at public amusements, who give a tone and impulse to society—if those who govern, if those who legislate—but silence! I forget that wealth and party zeal as yet are thought sufficient to qualify for such situations in this country!

RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LECTURE V.—ON PAUSES,

The judicious observance of which gives expression and animation to the subject discussed.

GENTLEMEN,

I NOW proceed to the consideration of that essential principle in the art of reading, the proper use of pauses.

The two principles of pause and tone are more intimately connected together than any other two of the five which constitute the correct pronunciation of written language; and they mutually affect each other; nor is there any thing which contributes more to the just and forcible expression of sentiment, than the proper observance of them. I shall in the present lecture confine myself to the consideration of the former.

Pauses in reading and speaking are equally necessary to give precision and expression to the sentiment. Their use, in both cases, is too obvious to need much recommendation or explanation. Rhetoricians, however, have been greatly perplexed about their nature and application. While some consider them as altogether arbitrary, depending upon the taste of the reader; others confine them to those grammatical rules, by which certain parts of speech are kept

together, and others divided, in order more fully to ascertain the sense or meaning of an author; without regard to those colloquial pauses and tones, by which the energy of sentiment is most forcibly conveyed. In this, as in most other cases of similar opposition, the golden principle of *mediocrity* should be observed.

Punctuation therefore, or pauses, should be considered as relating both to grammar and to rhetoric. A system of punctuation may be sufficient for the purposes of grammar, or, in other words it may be sufficient to clear and preserve the sense of an author, and at the same time be a very imperfect guide to the pronunciation of it. The art of reading, though founded on grammar, has principles of its own: principles which arise from the nature of the human voice, from the perception of harmony in the ear, and from a certain superaddition to the sense of language, of which grammar takes no notice. These principles naturally and necessarily influence our pronunciation, and direct us to pauses, which are intirely unknown to every system of punctuation now in use: except that of the ingenious and elaborate Mr. Walker, who has investigated this subject with much critical skill and accuracy. He treats, in his *Rhetorical Grammar* as well as in his *Elements of Elocution*, of *grammatical* and *rhetorical*, or *visible*, and *audible* punctuation; and has given copious examples of their application. To these valuable effusions of judgment, taste, and genius, I refer you, for a more minute discussion than the usual limits of a lecture will permit.

Pauses are equally necessary to the *hearer* and to the *speaker*. To the *speaker*, that he may take breath, without which he cannot proceed far in delivery, and that he may, by these temporary rests, relieve the organs of speech, which otherwise would be soon fatigued by uninterrupted action: to the *hearer*, that the ear also may be relieved from the fatigue which it would otherwise endure from a continuity of sound, and that the understanding may have sufficient time to mark the distinction of sentences, and their several members.

The pauses, necessary to be observed in reading, are of two kinds; first, those which mark the divisions of the sense, and are therefore called grammatical or sentential pauses, such as the comma, the semicolon, the colon, and the period. To these are to be added the note of interrogation, the note of exclamation, and the parenthesis. These three being expressed not so much by the length of time to be observed in pausing, as by the tone of voice.

Secondly. Emphatical pauses, which are made, when something is said of peculiar moment, on which we wish to fix the hearer's attention. These sometimes coincide with the sentential stops; but more frequently occur where they are not expressed. I shall make some *brief* remarks on each of these in the order I have mentioned them.

And first of the comma.

The comma usually separates those parts of a sentence, which, though very closely connected in sense and construction, require a short pause between them, and only a short one, without any change of tone; the sentiment, or enunciation of thought never being *completely* expressed under their restriction.

With respect to a simple sentence or that which consists of one subject and one finite verb, the several words of which it consists have so near a relation to each other, that in general no points are requisite except a period at the end, as "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "A wise man governs his passions."

A simple sentence, however, when it is a long one, and the nominative case is accompanied with inseparable adjuncts, may admit of a pause immediately before the verb: as, "The good taste of the present age, has not allowed us to neglect the cultivation of the English language." "To be totally inattentive to praise or censure, is a real defect in character."

In the generality of compound sentences, commas are multiplied according to the sense, grammatical construction, and extension of the sentence. The rules for their application are very copiously, explicitly, and accurately laid down in Murray's large Grammar; and by Mr. Walker in his Elements of Elocution, as well as in his Rhetorical Grammar.

The semicolon is used for dividing a compound sentence into two or more parts, not so closely connected as those which are separated by a comma, nor yet so little dependent on each other as those which are distinguished by a colon: as, "Experience teaches us, that an intire retreat from worldly affairs, is not what religion requires; nor does it even enjoin a long retreat from them."

A colon is used to divide a sentence into two or more parts, less connected than those which are separated by a semicolon; but not so independent as separate, distinct sentences: as, "A Divine Legislator, uttering his voice from heaven; an Almighty Governor, stretching forth his arm to punish or reward; informing us of perpetual rest prepared hereafter for the righteous, and of indignation and wrath awaiting the wicked: these are the considerations which overawe the world; which support integrity, and check guilt."

A period should be used when a sentence is complete and independent, and not connected in construction with the following sentence. Some sentences are independent of each other, both in sense and construction: as, "Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king." Some are independent only in their grammatical construction: as, "The Supreme Being changes not, either in his desire to promote our happiness, or in the plan of his administration. One light always shines

upon us from above. One clear and direct path is always pointed out to man." A period may also sometimes be admitted between two sentences, though they be joined by a disjunctive or copulative conjunction: as, "He who lifts himself up to the observation and notice of the world, is, of all men, the least likely to avoid censure. For, he draws upon himself a thousand eyes, that will narrowly inspect him in every part."

The *dash*, when properly used, indicates a sudden interruption, or fragment of a sentence, or where an emphatical pause is required. There is no mark in the whole system of punctuation applied with such frequent impropriety as this; some unskilful writers using it even instead of the comma. It is properly introduced in such sentences as this, where the dead body is supposed to contradict the assertion on the tomb.

"Here lies the great—False marble, where?"

"Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here."

The note of interrogation is used after the expression of a question: as, "Where are you going? How far is it from Philadelphia to Baltimore?" A note of interrogation should not be used in cases where it is only said a question has been asked, and where the words are not used as a question: as, "The disciples of John inquired of Jesus, who he was." To give this sentence the interrogative form, it should be expressed thus. "The disciples of John said unto Jesus, who art thou?"

The note of exclamation is applied to express sudden emotions of the mind indicative of surprise, joy, grief, &c. as, "Really! How animating the thought!"

"Fare well! a long farewell to all my greatness!"

The interrogation and exclamation points are indeterminate as to their quantity or time, and may be equivalent in that respect to a semicolon, a colon, or a period, as the sense may require. They mark an elevation of the voice. The observation with respect to the quantity of time in pausing is equally applicable to the other pauses; the rest which they imply depending altogether on the nature of the composition: the pause at the comma, semicolon, &c. being greater in serious and solemn compositions, than in gay: though the exact *proportion* between them should *always* be observed.

A parenthesis marks a clause containing some explanatory information or remark, which may be omitted without impairing the sense of the sentence: as,

"Know then this truth (enough for man to know)

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

The parenthesis requires a moderate depression of the voice at its commencement, which should be continued in a quickened pace till it terminates; when the same tone should be resumed which you observed before its commencement. As the words contained in a parenthesis occasion an interruption in the current of the sentiment they are always justly considered as blemishes in composition. In the following sentence of Mr. Addison, the parenthesis is striking:

"Notwithstanding all this care of Cicero, history informs us that Marcus proved a mere blockhead; that nature (who it seems was even with the son for her prodigality to the father) rendered him incapable of improving, by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation of Athens."

Such are the sentential pauses.

An emphatical pause is made after something has been said, or is just about to be said, to which we desire particularly to call the hearer's attention. This pause produces the same effect as a strong emphasis, and is subject to the same rules. The same caution is necessary also in the use of it, viz. not to repeat it too frequently. For as it excites uncommon attention, and of course raises expectation; if the importance of the matter be not fully answerable to such expectation, it occasions disappointment and disgust.

When properly applied, the emphatical pause gives great energy to the expression. In the fourth commandment of the decalogue, an emphatical pause after the first word, "Remember," gives great force and expression to the precept; "Remember—that thou keep holy the sabbath day," &c. In the soliloquy of cardinal Wolsey, an emphatical pause is properly introduced into the first metaphor.

"And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 "His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
 "And then—he falls as I do."

And again in the same soliloquy,

"I have ventur'd,
 "Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 "These many summers in a sea of glory,
 "But—far beyond my depth."

So in the address of Sempronius to the Roman senate

"Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 "Or—share their fate."

Such are the pauses proper to be observed in the reading of prose: in addition to all which, verse, whether blank verse or rhyme, requires the strict observance of what are called the harmonic pauses, viz. the cesural and final pauses. These sometimes coincide with the sentential pauses, and sometimes act independently of them; that is, exist where there is no stop required to designate the sense.

The *final* pause takes place at the end of the line, closes the verse, and marks the measure, by a certain number of feet. The *cesural* divides the line into equal or unequal parts. The final preserves the melody, and produces the harmony of verse, without interfering with the sense. For the pause itself perfectly marks the bound of the metre, and being made only by a suspension of the voice, not by any change of note, it can never affect the sense. This is not the only advantage gained to numbers by this final pause or stop of suspension. It also prevents that monotony, that sameness of note at the end of lines, which, however pleasing to a rude, is disgusting to a delicate ear. For, as the final pause has no peculiar note of its own, but always takes that which belongs to the preceding word, it changes continually with the matter, and is as various as the sense.

It is the final pause alone, which, on many occasions, marks the difference between prose and verse. This will be evident, if we read the following passage from Thomson, with regard only to the sentential pauses:

“Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt, I stray, regardless whither;
till the sound of a near fall of water, every sense wakes from the charm of
thought. Swift shrinking back, I check my steps; and view the broken
scene. Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood rolls fair and placid;
where, collected all in one impetuous torrent, down the steep it thundering
shoots, and shakes the country round.”

A person hearing this read without regard to the poetical pauses, would not suppose it to be verse, but only what is called poetical prose, or, as Hervey's *Meditations* and similar productions have been sometimes called, “prose run mad.” But, by properly observing the *final* pause, the passage appears to be, what it really is, correct and polished blank verse, having five iambic feet in each line; as thus,

“Thus, up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
“I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
“Of a near fall of water, every sense
“Wakes from the charm of thought. Swift shrinking back,
“I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
“Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood

“Rolls fair and placid; where collected all
 “In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 “It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.”

Thomson's Descrip. of a Cataract.

The truth of the assertion is, I think, more strikingly evinced by the following passage from Akenside.

“For, since the course of things external acts in different ways on human apprehensions, as the hand of nature temper'd to a different frame peculiar minds; so haply where the powers of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge the images of things, but paint in all their genuine hues the features which they wore in nature; there, opinion will be true, and action right.”

The true reading is thus;

—————“For since the course
 “Of things external acts in different ways
 “On human apprehensions, as the hand
 “Of nature temper'd to a different frame
 “Peculiar minds; so haply where the pow'rs
 “Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge
 “The images of things, but paint in all
 “Their genuine hues the features which they wore
 “In nature; there, opinion will be true,
 “And action right.”

Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

These examples show the necessity of reading blank verse in such a manner, as to make every line sensible to the ear: for, what is the use of melody? where can exist the harmony? or for what end has the poet composed in verse, and fetter'd himself by the laws of numbers, if in reading his lines, we suppress his numbers, by omitting the final pause, and degrade them by our pronunciation into mere prose?

But the harmony of poetic numbers is not complete without the observance of the *cesural* pause, which divides the line into equal or unequal parts, and is generally placed on the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable of heroic verse.

On the fourth syllable, or at the end of the second foot: as,

“Far in a wild” unknown to public view,
 “From youth to age” a rev'rend hermit grew.”

On the fifth syllable, or middle of the third foot.

“The morn was wasted” in the pathless grass,
 “And long and lonesome” was the wild to pass.”

On the sixth syllable, or at the end of the third foot.

"Some to conceit alone" their taste confine,

"And glitt'ring thoughts" struck out at ev'ry line."

A line may be divided into three portions, by two cesuras: as,

"Outstretch'd he lay" on the cold ground" and oft"

"Look'd up to heav'n."

Sometimes a semi-pause, or *demi-cesura* is introduced: as thus,

"Rides' in the whirlwind" and directs' the storm."

"From storms' a shelter", and from heat' a shade."

Such are the stops or pauses made use of in the pronunciation of written language; and one of the most important parts of the art of reading consists in the *proper* application of them. The great error which prevails with respect to the use of them is, that they are more attended to and regulated according to the rules of grammar in the construction of a sentence, than to the customary modes of speaking: that is, certain parts of speech are kept together and others divided by stops, according to their grammatical construction, without reference to the pauses used in discourse. Whereas, the ear being much more accustomed to the tones and pauses of colloquial, than to those usually observed in written, language, a rigid observance of the latter, occasions a stiffness, that produces a degree of monotony which soon fatigues the ear, and consequently by continuance becomes disgusting.

Of one of the best readers ever known in England, I have heard the following anecdote.

"Mr. John Rice, who in the year 1765 published an octavo volume on the Art of Reading, obtained a very handsome income by the instruction which he gave privately to individuals. When Dr. Rush was in England, he was invited to dine at a gentleman's house, where, during the course of dinner, Mr. Rice came to instruct a young lady in the art of reading. The gentleman, thinking it might be agreeable to Dr. Rush and some other Americans who were there to hear Mr. Rice read, desired him to return when the lesson was over, and read to them. He did so; and the guests were astonished at the force of expression and elegance of manner with which he read some of the most difficult passages of that sublime author, Milton. Dr. Rush assured me he never had heard the poem of *Paradise Lost* read in so superior a style; and one of the company asking Mr. Rice what that peculiarity of manner was owing to, he replied: "Sir, I always make it a rule in reading, to *disregard the sentential stops*, and to be governed

only by those *colloquial* pauses and tones, which would most naturally and forcibly express the sense, were the sentiments the spontaneous effusions of my own mind. The *sentential* pauses in all books, being so mechanically, and consequently so injudiciously placed, as frequently to obscure the brilliancy of the sentiment, and always to communicate a stiffness to the enunciation."

Punctuation is a modern art. The ancients were intirely unacquainted with the use of our comma, semicolon, &c. and wrote not only without any distinction of members and periods, but also without distinction of words; which custom, historians inform us, continued till the hundred and fourth olympiad. During which time, the sense alone divided the discourse. How the ancients read their works written in this manner, it is not easy to conceive. After the practice of joining words together ceased, notes of distinction were placed at the end of every word, generally a mark like our small v. This appears from many ancient manuscripts still preserved in public libraries, and in the cabinets of the curious. This was the mode while manuscripts and monumental inscriptions were the only known methods to convey knowledge. The fourteenth century, to which we are indebted for the invention of printing, did not however bestow those appendages which we call *stops*: whoever will be at the pains to examine the first printed books will discover no stops of any kind; but arbitrary marks here and there, according to the humour of the printer. In the fifteenth century we observe their first appearance. Nor were they all produced at the same time: the comma, parenthesis, interrogation and period, being then all. The colon was afterwards introduced, and lastly the semicolon, and note of admiration. "Pauses in discourse, says Mr. Sheridan, answer the same end that shades do in pictures; by the proper use of which, the objects stand out distinctly to the eye; and without which, were the colours to run into one another, it would be difficult to discriminate the several figures of the composition. In order to get the better of this bad habit of running sentences and their members too quickly into one another, he recommends it to every reader to make all his pauses longer than is necessary, till by degrees he brings them to their due proportion.

The use of pauses being not only to elucidate the meaning, but to give expression to the sentiments of an author, taste as well as judgment is essentially necessary in a reader; and this taste must be founded upon an active sensibility of the author's feelings, and the most natural and consequently the most forcible mode of communicating them agreeably to the nature of the subject discussed.

The necessity of correct punctuation, expressing the force of sentiment, or the true meaning of the author, will be evident by an omission of the stops, or an improper collocation of them ; as in the following sentences:

“ My name is Norval on the Grampian hills:

“ My father feeds his flock a frugal swain ;

“ Whose constant care,” &c.

Again,

“ We fought and conquer'd ere a sword was drawn.

“ An arrow from my bow,” &c.

Very closely connected with, and in some degree dependent upon, punctuation, is the proper use of tones, or the modulation and operation of the human voice in forming by its inflexions those many expressions of sentiment and passion which give energy to language, and efficacy to thought.

To this important topic I shall solicit your attention in my next lecture.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

Westminster, Frederic County, Maryland, May 20th, 1809.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I VISITED a curiosity a few days since, which the pen of many a traveller has celebrated as among the most beautiful of nature's vagaries. The description of the scenery from the hand of Mr. Jefferson in his Notes, was among the strongest inducements which led me to undergo the fatigue of travelling over so rugged and cheerless a path as the road to Harper's Ferry : but when I arrived there, I found that the scenery and the objects of earth, rock and water, afforded a view, grand, magnificent and highly picturesque, yielding pleasure, surprise and food for speculation, fully compensating the exertion and labour of the jaunt ; even when made by so sluggish and inert a crea-

ture as myself. The theoretical account of the phenomena of this scene, which Mr. Jefferson gives, is highly beautiful, rich, and interesting; but it has more, in my eye, of the rich and luxurious exuberance of fancy, than the strength or force of probability. The idea of the conflicting land and water; of the rushing of the confluent currents of the Shenandoah and the Potomac against the mountain; and the victorious forcing of a passage, interest and please the "mind's eye," with the splendid display of beautiful imagery and rich invention; but the talismanic touch of probability subvert the dazzling fiction, and leaves the mind of the traveller willing to gaze, with pleasure and delight, upon the gay and tasteful features of the scene, which nature, in a frolic mood, has scattered around Harper's Ferry; content with the ecstasy of seeing, without the vain wish of erecting theories, to account for the vagaries of so wild a prank.

The approach to the ferry is through a rugged, broken, and mountainous country; with all the bleak and verdant variety of hill and of valley. The passage is in many places narrowed by jutting approaches of the bold rocks on either side, whose protruded prows impend, with threatening destruction, over the head of the terrified traveller, and inspire him, with a fearful awe and admiration of the sublime works of nature's hand.

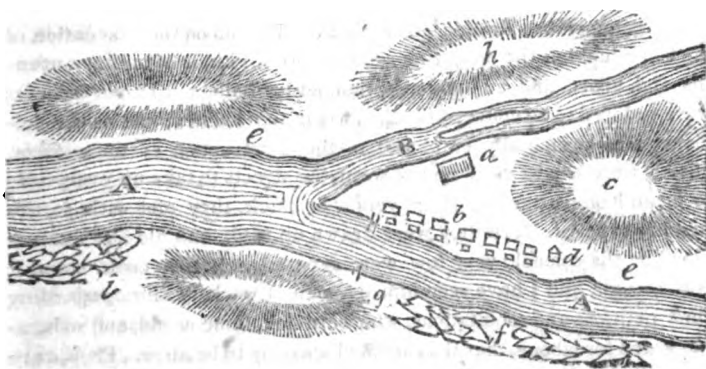
On arriving at the beach of the ferry, his eye is hailed with the view of two grand and noble streams, rushing with ardent velocity to a meeting of each other's currents; their wedding each other's waters, and gliding, after their union down the deep straits between the mountains, hurrying on their journey to the ocean. The confluence of the Shenandoah and the Potomac, forms a beautiful spectacle: in the union, the Shenandoah becomes immersed in the greater current, and loses its name; the aggrandized Potomac, with a force accelerated by its new auxiliary, proudly pursues its rapid, resistless race, down through the mountains, leaving on either side a bold and aspiring bluff of immense altitude: the western bank enriched with a luxuriant verdant garb; the eastern made grand by a rugged, terrific, perpendicular rock. Upon the headland, which the rivers leave between them, have been erected arsenals and public workshops* for the structure of arms, which are well organized and conducted: in their rear and retired a little distance from the angle of the headland, stands a lofty, extensive mountain, which from its projecting brow, seems as intended to protect the pigmy works of art, from the rude blast of the north wind: and to look down with super-

* Planned and erected by Mr. John Mackie.

intending guardianship upon the limpid efforts of its busy little protégées. Upon this mountain, the curious traveller clammers, and from the sublime observatory of its summit, commands a full and picturesque view of the grandeur and beauty of this fascinating prospect. He hears at a distance the anxious roarings of the Shenandoah, seeking, in its rapid course, the bosom of its noble spouse: he sees the meeting and the incorporation of these bold tributaries of the Atlantic; he sees the eager river god Potomac, encircle in his watery embrace, the yielding Shenandoah, and hurry, with his pure and precious burden, down to his grand and capacious reservoir. Nature has nowhere offered to the eye of the curious a more beautiful, enrapturing prospect, of her amusements and her pastime, than she presents in the scenery which surrounds Harper's Ferry; and it has well been said, "that a view of its beauties would afford full compensation for an Atlantic voyage."

MARCELLUS.

A draught of the confluence of the rivers Shenandoah and Potomac.



A A Potomac,

B Shenandoah,

a Arsenal,

b Manufactories,

c A lofty observatory mountain,

d A tavern,

e Virginia side,

f Maryland side,

g Harper's ferry,

h A rich mountain from 600 to 1000 feet high,

i Rocks.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—LETTER VI.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, March, 1804.

Colonel Noailles Joysin is a young negro of about thirty years of age, of a savage and fierce physiognomy, and of a mind perfectly correspondent with his countenance. On the departure of the general from town on the 21st of February, the command devolved upon him, and he consequently became from his authority, a person of magnitude. His cruelty and insolence are without moderation, and as his power is very extensive, he exercises it with all the severity of a tyrant. This man was formerly a slave; he was once a private in the same troop of dragoons, with Christophe, and by his bravery, assisted by his intimacy with his old comrade, has by degrees been promoted to his present rank; I was once in company with this officer at the house of a French lady, when in the course of conversation, he mentioned that he recollected when his *master* used to visit her. He spoke of him with a degree of affection and respect, and in conclusion observed that he was "*un bon diable*."

I mentioned in a former letter, that the French on the evacuation of the Cape had left the magazine replete with all kinds of military utensils and arms, and an immense number of bullets. These articles were ordered to be conveyed to the forts in the country; and as the soldiers were principally employed in the construction of those forts, guards were almost daily sent to scour the streets to take up every idle or mean looking person, white, yellow or black, they met with, to the arsenal to assist. Here they were drawn up rank and file and examined by the colonel; very few were excused. If they could stand it was enough, and I have seen him set men at work, without regarding their petitions and solicitations, who were sick, lame or old, and so incapacitated for labour, that they seemed scarcely to be alive. They were compelled to draw heavy wagons loaded with cannon or other warlike apparatus, carry muskets, or convey utensils in wheelbarrows, into the country.

One morning I was informed that the steward of my vessel, who was a black man, had been taken up by the patrol and confined in a guard house. I went to the place, and found him locked up in a small shed with several others. He informed me that on his way to market he had been seized, and notwithstanding his repeated declarations that he was an American, they would not discharge him. I then applied to the officer of the guard for his release; he shrugged his shoulders, and answered *il faut demander le colonel*." I accordingly waited up-

on his honour, and when the prisoners arrived, and were arranged for adjudication, I stated to him my business. He conducted himself in a haughty and insolent manner, and after muttering some things about *foutres Americains*, dismissed the steward. The fellow however was arrested again on the following day, and kept at hard work. Another negro also belonging to an American vessel, was seized in the same manner, and though his captain applied repeatedly for his enlargement, he was detained upwards of a month.

A few days previous to the fifth of the present month, a proclamation was issued by Joysin, commanding, under penalty of imprisonment, all the women, except those who were old, sick, or infirm, to meet at the arsenal on that day before sunrise, for the purpose of carrying bullets to a fort in the country. In consequence of this order, about five thousand of all colours from white to black assembled at the appointed place. During the preceding night there had been a violent rain, and in consideration of that circumstance, Christophe sent a request to the colonel to postpone the ceremony, as the roads were scarcely passable. The inhuman wretch excused himself by replying that "the women were all assembled, and it was hardly worth while to put them to the trouble of coming again." Accordingly at about 8 o'clock, the procession moved, accompanied to the edge of the town by a band of martial music, to keep up their spirits. Each one carried about eighteen pounds weight, the distance of the fort was fifteen miles, (two or three of which were up a steep mountain) the heat of the sun excessive, and the mud very deep. The consequences to some of the poor creatures might easily have been predicted, many of them dropped down upon the way, with fatigue, and others actually died in consequence of it. The great body arrived at the end of their journey early in the afternoon; they were obliged to stay there the remainder of the day, and at night to lie down upon the miry ground in the open air. During their absence from town, scarcely a person was to be seen in the street except the patrolling guards, for those of the inhabitants who had neglected to obey the colonel's orders, shut up their houses, and kept themselves closely confined. On the following day, the women returned in a deplorable state, muddy, hungry, worn down with fatigue, and scarcely able to drag one foot after another. The sight was enough to have melted the most obdurate heart to pity; a brute would have relented; but our gallant colonel was not so effeminate as to suffer his feelings to be moved by the complaints and groans of females suffering under severe and insulting hardships. He resolved to try it again, but not upon quite so brutal a plan. He ordered all the inhabitants, both male and female, to attend at the magazine and receive a certain number of bullets, which they were to deliver at the fort.

Those only who could afford the expense of hiring others to do it for them, of consequence escaped the labour. The cause of this amelioration was, that the women had suffered so severely on the former occasion, they were unable to conduct business; their shops were shut, and the commerce of the whole city was suspended for several days.

The colonel, with all his imperfections, deserves credit for his industry. He spends the chief part of his time at the arsenal, to see the soldiers perform their duty, and to set the vagrants at work, but he is so severe that he is dreaded by every one under his command. I once saw an instance of his cruelty exercised towards a negro whom he met in the street whilst riding. He asked the man "who he was?" the fellow very respectfully told him his name, and observed, "colonel, you know me, I once lived with such a person," mentioning the name. Whether Joysin took this for impudence, or presumption in the negro for using too much familiarity with him, I cannot pretend to say, but without any further ceremony, he attacked him with his whip, and beat him over the head and face in a most violent manner; for a considerable time. The poor devil bore this treatment patiently, without a single murmur, or even attempting to save his face from the blows, and finally by order of the colonel, was seized by a soldier standing by, and carried to prison. Such brutal severity as this, without any cause but the simplicity of an ignorant man, may serve to give some idea of Joysin's character. Certain it is that he is one of the greatest villains in the island, and what is not at all surprizing, is the bosom friends of citizen A. and Felix Farrier, with both of whom I have made you acquainted.

I have once mentioned that the French who remained in the Cape after its surrender to the Indigenes, were cordially invited so to do by Dessalines, under the most sacred assurances that they should be protected as his subjects, and should enjoy the same right and privileges as their fellow citizens, the Haytiens. This promise was soon violated, and with the exception of a very few who courted the friendship of the Grand Dignitaries, the following is the treatment they received. They were in the first place absolutely forbidden to leave the island; but no strict watch was then kept over them, and for the first two or three months they were not prohibited from going on board the vessels in the harbour, either on business or for the purpose of visiting. At this time it was no difficult matter for a person to have made his escape, and many who were courageous enough to hazard the attempt, succeeded in it. This however being discovered, precautions were resorted to, to prevent similar occurrences. Orders were issued, that no Frenchman should leave the shore, or be even permitted to go upon a wharf. Still some few escaped, principally by concealment on board

of American vessels whither they got in the night. New proclamations were then almost daily published by a crier at the corners of the streets accompanied by beat of drum, forbidding under pain of death in case of detection, any subject from leaving the island without a passport, and strictly enjoining all foreigners from carrying away the subjects of the Indigene government, under penalty of confiscation of vessel and cargo. That the possibility of escape by night might be removed, no boat was permitted to be at the shore after six o'clock in the evening, except those belonging to the town, which were locked to the wharf by an officer appointed for that purpose; guard boats also, were kept constantly rowing about among the vessels in the harbour, during the night.

Under these circumstances, you will perceive, at a single glance, that it was almost a matter of impracticability after the beginning of March, to convey a Frenchman on board of a vessel, without detection. But you may ask, why did not those who were disposed to attempt their escape, go out of town during the day and lie concealed until night, when a boat might be sent for them? I answer, that generally so close a watch was kept, that a man would be missed in an hour's absence, and as soldiers were stationed at all the passes that led from the town, it would have been impossible to get by them without suspicion. Still however some few did manage to get off, by bribing the guards, or by disguising themselves in the dress of American sailors, which gave rise to a new order, viz. that in case of a Frenchman's making his escape, his neighbours should be seized and punished for not giving information. This law was actually enforced, and a poor devil of a baker was cast into prison, and had all his property confiscated, because his partner had been so fortunate as to make his escape.

In the mean time they were insulted by the negroes upon all occasions; were called *brigands*, and were under the necessity of being subservient to the humours of their rulers, and servile in their conduct. They bowed to the *great men* as they passed along with the greatest humiliation, and frequently without receiving any return. If they had any property that was wanted by a grandee, he took it from them, under the pretence of paying for it at a future day, or perhaps by the right of requisition. If a dray was wanted for the public service, or even for an individual officer, one was taken into requisition; if a labourer was wanted, he must work for nothing, and in fact the great folks got what they pleased from the Frenchmen and paid them nothing. *Simonet*, a pastry cook, who formerly resided in Second street near Lombard in Philadelphia, is here, and is employed to prepare and furnish all the pastry and confectionary for most of the great entertainments. He has bills against the principal part of the nabobs, but never receives

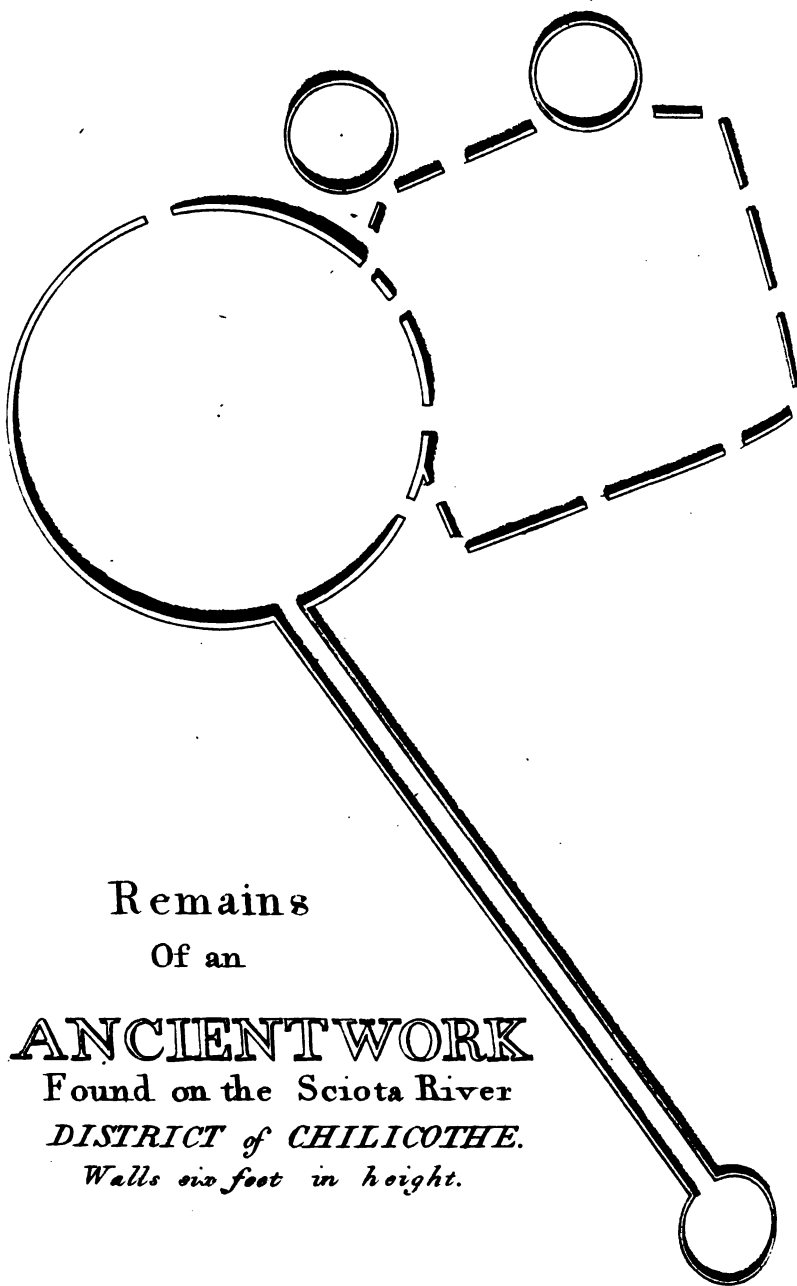
a dollar, and yet he dare not refuse to supply his customers when called upon. A poor fellow by the name of Le Blanc, had three or four drays, which were all taken into requisition and employed in conveying articles to the forts in the country, for a week. During this time, the owner was obliged to feed at his own expense the horses and drivers and as he had a family to maintain, which was dependent upon the earnings of his drays, he stated the hardness of his situation to Joysin. The scoundrel laughed at him and told him, "he was glad they had so valuable a subject in their government, and would be much rejoiced if they had more like him."

Open violations at this time are not common; in fact the only instance I recollect is that of a mulatto officer's stabbing a Frenchman under the ear one morning, merely for coming upon the wharf; whether or no the wound was mortal I could not ascertain, but happening to dine that day at the house of an American, in company with that same officer, I heard him speak of what he had done in the most triumphant blood-thirsty language. Horrible transactions however of a secret nature have been almost *nightly* carried on,

"In the dead waste and middle of the night:"

As soon as it was suspected that a poor wretch wished to escape, perhaps he was overheard telling his friend, or looked pale and alarmed, or only appeared as if he was desirous of leaving the country, or rather, I may safely say, as soon as a miserable victim was suspected of having money, he was seized in his bed at midnight, and carried off. Various were the opinions respecting the fate of those unfortunate people; some imagined them to be sent to the forts in the country to work for life; others thought that they were shot, and others again supposed them to have been drowned. Be that as it may, nothing was afterwards heard of them by their friends, and not the least doubt remains, but that they were put to death in some manner or other. Instances of this kind have been very frequent, and in fact so accustomed have we become to accounts of such barbarity, that they are scarcely thought of after being once mentioned. On the morning following these inhuman transactions, a seal is put upon the door of the unfortunate Frenchman's house, a soldier stationed there to guard it, and all his property is advertized and sold by the *ordonnateur*, as confiscated to the government.

R.



Remains

Of an

ANCIENTWORK

Found on the Sciota River

DISTRICT of CHILICOTHE.

Walls six feet in height.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT WORK ON THE SCIOTA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the remains of the works of past ages, and "the deeds of other times," which derives its source probably from an association of ideas; so that there are few persons who do not find their feelings more powerfully awakened by the rude earthen lachrymal, or the mishapen *Lares* found at Herculaneum or Pompeia, than by the most exquisite piece of sculpture by the hand of a modern artist.

If the ruined abbey or the mouldering castle is able to arouse sympathy and awaken reflection, surely the sad vestiges of unknown and extinct nations are well calculated to call forth these feelings, and while the moralist may indulge in reflection, the philosopher may lanch forth into speculation, and the man of feeling and curiosity be gratified.

The ruins of ancient works scattered over the western country, have excited not a little curiosity and conjecture; several of them occupy an area of more than a hundred acres; they have been but imperfectly described, and the object of their erection still more unsatisfactorily explained. While the elements are daily combining with man to efface these monuments of art, science loudly demands that they should be preserved in some work not of an ephemeral cast. If within the design and plan of The Port Folio, I purpose furnishing you with sketches of several other interesting monuments of the original inhabitants of our country, accompanied with short topographical descriptions, that while they provoke the inquiry, they may at the same time assist the examinations of the curious.

The one accompanying this is found on the Sciota river, on land belonging to colonel Worthington, in the district of Chillicothe—the walls are six feet in height.

J. C.

GRECIAN LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

An Essay on the Greek Aorist Participle of the Active Voice.

BY ATTICUS.

Di coeptis, adspirate meis!

THE Latins have no participle which answers to the Greek aorist participles of the active voice, unless it be in their deponent verbs. Thus, for example, the participle of the second aorist of the verb *εἶδω*, that is, *ἰδών*, may be rendered into Latin by the deponent participle *conspicatus*, and *αἰσών*, from *αἰσίσκω* may be interpreted *nactus*; but, where the Greek aorist finds no equivalent Latin deponent, we are obliged to have recourse to a periphrasis and adopt the plusquamperfectum of the subjunctive in Latin with the conjunction *quum*.

I shall illustrate these observations from the New Testament.

And when he (the priest) saw him, he passed by on the other side, καὶ ἰδὼν αὐτὸν, ἀντιπαρῆλθεν.* Here *ἰδὼν* may be rendered by *conspicatus*. But by the by, the true English of this aorist is not *when he saw him*, but rather, *when he had seen him*.

In the next verse, the participle of the second aorist occurs. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked at him, and passed by on the side Ὁμοίως δὲ καὶ λεῖτης, γαμῖνος κατὰ τὸν τόπον, εἶδεν καὶ ἰδὼν, ἀντιπαρῆλθεν. In this passage, *ἰδὼν*, as I have observed above, may be rendered *conspicatus*, but there being no deponent for *εἶδεν*, it must be translated *quum venisset*. *Εἶδεν* is a participle of the second aorist from *ἵσχωμαι*. It cannot escape notice that *γαμῖνος* is also the second aorist participle of the verb *γινώσκω*.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and, when he saw him, he had compassion, Σαμαρεῖτης δὲ τις ὁδῶν ἦλθεν κατ' αὐτὸν, καὶ ἰδὼν αὐτὸν ἐσπλαγχνίσθη.

The word *ὁδῶν*, in this passage, is a present participle, and implies *iter faciens*. I cite the passage to dwell with delight on the soft, tender cadence at the close of it—*ἐσπλαγχνίσθη*.† I pity the man who, hearing this word pronounced with right accent and grace, is not sensibly moved.

In the foregoing parable the Samaritan appears to have been guided by feelings similar to those of the excellent philanthropist: *Homo sum, humani*

* Observe in *ἀντιπαρῆλθεν* the peculiar beauty of the Greek in its compound words. It is formed by *ἀντι*, *παρα* and *ἵσχωμαι*. Obviously the third person singular of the second aorist tense of *ἀντιπαρῆσθαι*. These compound words make the language of ancient Greece the concise and noblest in the world.

† It is the first aorist tense, third person singular (passive) of the verb *ἐσπλαγχνίζομαι*, *misericordia commoveor*.

nihil a me alienum puto: I am a man, and, as such, I cannot see another suffer without pain.

In pursuing these illustrations I have been incited by the motive of rendering assistance to those, who, like myself, study Greek without a master. Disclaiming all pretensions to rivalry with scholars, I am satisfied with the character of a humble pioneer.

THE DRAMA—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

ACCIDENT a few days since, introduced to my notice a new comedy, called "*Nolens Volens*," or the "*Biter Bit*," written by Everard Hall, a gentleman of North Carolina. For wit, sentiment, and regularity of plot, I have seldom seen its superior, if equal, when it is considered that it is the first *dramatic* performance, composed in North Carolina, a State, as Mr. Randolph would express it, still in the "*hornbook*" of literary taste. Willing to contribute to the success of *The Port Folio*, and the amusement of its readers, I send you the following extract from "*Nolens Volens*," which if it meets your approbation you will please to publish, and oblige

THE DRAMA.

N. B. It is to be observed, that "*Blackletter*" is acting under an assumed name, and his endeavour is to pacify "*Sir Christopher*," who is much enraged with Frederick, his son, for falling in love without his consent. *Blackletter* with a very ordinary understanding, has undertaken a task rather above his capacity, and in his zeal to serve his friend, personates a professor of languages, just arrived from college.

Scene changes to Old Classic's house.

Enter *Sir Christopher* and *Quiz*, in a professor's gown.

SIR CH. And so, friend *Blackletter*, you are just come from college.

QUIZ. Yes, Sir.

SIR CH. Ah, Mr. *Blackletter*, I once loved the name of a college, until my son proved so worthless.

QUIZ. In the name of all the literati, what do you mean? You fond of *books*, and not bless your stars in giving you such a son?

SIR CH. Ah, Sir, he was once a youth of promise. But do you know him?

QUIZ. What! Frederick Classic?—aye that I do—heaven be praised.

SIR CH. I tell you, Mr. Blackletter, he is wonderfully changed.

QUIZ. And a lucky change for him.—What, I suppose he was once a wild young fellow?

SIR CH. No, Sir, you don't understand me, or I don't you—I tell you, he neglects his studies, and is foolishly in love, for which I shall certainly cut him off with a shilling.

QUIZ. You surprise me, Sir. I must beg leave to undeceive you—you are either out of your senses, or some wicked enemy of his, has undoubtedly done him this injury. Why, Sir, he is in love I grant you, but it is only with his book—He hardly allows himself time to eat; and as for sleep—he scarcely takes two hours in the twenty-four. (*aside*) This is a thumper, for the dog has not looked into a book these six months, to my certain knowledge.

SIR CH. I have received a letter from farmer Downright this very day, who tells me he has received a letter from him, containing proposals for his daughter.

QUIZ. This is very strange—I left him at college as close to his book as—oh, oh—I believe I can solve this mystery—and much to your satisfaction.

SIR CH. I should be happy indeed if you could.

QUIZ. Oh, as plain as that two and three are five. 'Tis thus—an envious fellow, a rival of your son's—a fellow who has not as much sense in his whole corporation as your son has in his little finger—Yes, I heard this very fellow ordering a messenger to farmer Downright with a letter, and this is no doubt the very one. Why, Sir, your son will certainly surpass the admirable Crichton—Sir Isaac Newton will be a perfect automaton compared with him, and the sages of antiquity, if resuscitated, would hang their heads in despair.

SIR CH. Is it possible that my son is now at college, making these great improvements?

QUIZ. Aye, that he is, Sir

SIR CH. (*rubbing his hands*) oh! the dear fellow, the dear fellow.

QUIZ. Sir, you may turn to any part of Homer, and repeat *one* line—he will take it up, and by dint of memory, continue repeating to the end of the book.

SIR CH. Well, well, well. I find I was doing him great injustice—however, I'll make him ample amends—oh, the dear fellow, the dear

fellow, the dear fellow—he will be immortalized, and so shall I, for if I had not cherished the boy's genius in embryo, he would never have soared above mediocrity.

QUIZ. True, Sir.

SIR CH. I cannot but think what *superlative* pleasure I shall have, when my son has got his education.—No other man's in England shall be *comparative* with it—of that I am *positive*. Why, Sir, the moderns are such dull, plodding, senseless barbarians, that a man of learning is as hard to be found as the unicorn.

QUIZ. 'Tis much to be regretted, Sir, but such is the lamentable fact.

SIR CH. Even the shepherds in days of yore, spoke their mother tongue in Latin; and now *hic, hæc, hoc*, is as little understood as the language of the moon.

QUIZ. Your son, Sir, will be a phenomenon, depend upon it.

SIR CH. So much the better—so much the better. I expected soon to have been in the *vocative*, for you know you found me in the *accusative* case, and that's very near it—ha, ha, ha.

QUIZ. You have reason to be merry, Sir, I promise you.

SIR CH. I have indeed. Well I shall leave off interjections and promote an amicable conjunction with the dear fellow. Oh! we shall never think of addressing each other in plain English—no, no, we will converse in the pure classical language of the ancients.—You remember the Eclogues of Virgil, Mr. Blackletter.

QUIZ. Oh, yes, Sir, perfectly, have 'em at my finger ends. (aside) Devil a one did I ever hear of in my life.

SIR CH. How sweetly the first of them begins.

QUIZ. Very sweetly, indeed, Sir. (aside) Damn him I wish he would change the subject.

SIR CH. "*Tytere tu fatula recubans*"—faith 'tis more musical than fifty hand organs.

QUIZ. (aside) I had rather hear a jews-harp.

SIR CH. Talking of music, tho'—the Greek is the language for that.

QUIZ. Truly is it.

SIR CH. Even the conjugations of the verbs, far excel the finest strains of Pleyel or Handel—for instance, "*tupso, tupso, tetupha*,"—can any thing be more musical?

QUIZ. Nothing—"stoop low, stoop so, stoop too far."

SIR CH. Ha, ha, ha, "stoop too far!" that's a good one.

QUIZ. (aside) Faith, I have stoop'd too far. All's over now, by Jupiter.

SIR CH. Ha, ha, ha, a plaguey good *fun*, Mr. Blackletter.

QUIZ. Tolerable. I am well out of that scrape, however. (aside)

Sir CH. Pray Sir, which of the classics is your favourite.

QUIZ. Why, Sir, Mr. *Frederick Classic* I think—he is so great a scholar.

Sir CH. Po, po, you dont understand me—I mean which of the Latin classics do you admire most.

QUIZ. Pox take him, what shall I say now. (aside) The *Latin* classics! oh!—really Sir, I admire them *all* so much, it is difficult to say.

Sir CH. Virgil is *my* favourite.—How very expressive is his description of the unconquerable passion of queen Dido, where he says “*heret lateri, letalis arundo.*”—Is not that very expressive?

QUIZ. Very expressive indeed, Sir. (aside) I wish we were forty miles asunder. I shall never be able to hold out much longer at this rate.

Sir CH. And Ovid is not without his charms!

QUIZ. He is not indeed, Sir.

Sir CH. And what a dear enchanting fellow Horace is!

QUIZ. Wonderfully so.

Sir CH. Pray what think you of Xenophon?

QUIZ. Who the devil is he, I wonder? (aside) Xenophon!—oh, I think he unquestionably wrote good Latin, Sir.

Sir CH. Good *Latin*, man?—he wrote *Greek*—good *Greek*, you meant.

QUIZ. True, Sir, I did. *Latin* indeed!—I meant *Greek*—did I say Latin?—I really meant *Greek*—(aside) Zounds I dont know what I mean myself.

Sir CH. Oh!—Mr. Blackletter, I have been trying a long time to remember the name of one of Achilles' horses, but can't for my life, think of it—you doubtless can tell me.

QUIZ. O yes, his name was—but which of them do you mean?—what was he called?

Sir CH. What was he called? Why that's the very thing I wanted to know—The one I allude to was born of the Harpy Celeno—I can't for the blood of me tell it.

QUIZ. (aside) Damme if I can either, (to him) born of the Harpy—oh! his name was—(striking his forehead)—damn me if I dont forget it now—His name was,—was—was—zounds 'tis as familiar to me as my A, B, C.

Sir CH. Oh! I remember—'twas Xanthus, Xanthus—I remember now—'twas Xanthus—curse the name—that's it.

QUIZ. Egad! so 'tis. “Thankus, Thankus”—that's it—strange I could not remember it. (aside) 'Twould have been *strange* if I had.

Sir CH. You seem at times a little absent, Mr. Blackletter.

QUIZ. Zounds—I wish I was absent altogether.

Sir CH. We shall not disagree about learning, Sir—I discover you are a man, not only of profound learning, but correct taste.

QUIZ. I am glad you have found that out (aside) for I never should. I came here to quiz the old fellow, and he'll quiz me I fear. (to him) O, by the by, I have been so confused—I mean so confounded, Pshaw!—so much engrossed with the contemplation of the Latin classics, I had almost forgot to give you a letter from your son.

Sir CH. Bless me, Sir, why did you delay that pleasure so long.

QUIZ. I beg pardon, Sir—Here 'tis. - (gives a letter.)

Sir CH. (puts on his spectacles and reads) "To Miss Clara."

QUIZ. No, no, no—that's not it—here 'tis. (takes the letter and gives another).

Sir CH. What are you the bearer of love epistles too, Mr. Blackletter.

QUIZ. (aside) What a cursed blunder. (to him) Oh no Sir—that letter is from a female cousin at a boarding-school to Miss Clara Upright—no, Downright. That's the name.

Sir CH. Truly she writes a good masculine fist. Well, let me see what my boy has to say.

(reads.)

Dear Father,

"There is a famous Greek manuscript just come to light. I must have it—The price is about £1000, send me the money by the bearer."

Short and sweet. There's a letter for you in the true Lacedemonian style—laconic.—Well he shall have it, were it ten times as much—I should like to see this Greek manuscript—pray Sir, did you ever see it?

QUIZ. I cant say I ever did, Sir. (aside) This is the only truth I have been able to edge in, yet.

Sir CH. I'll just send to my banker's for the money—In the meantime, we will adjourn to my library—I have been much puzzled with an obscure passage in Livy—we must lay our heads together for a solution. But I am sorry you are addicted to such absence of mind at times.

QUIZ. 'Tis a misfortune, Sir, but I am addicted to a greater than that at times.

Sir CH. Ah! what's that?

QUIZ. I am sometimes addicted to an absence of *body*.

Sir CH. As how?

QUIZ. Why thus Sir. (takes up his hat and sticks and walks off.)

Sir CH. Ha, ha, ha—That's an absence of *body* sure enough—an absence of body with a vengeance!—a very merry fellow this!—He will be back for the money I suppose, presently—He is at all events a very modest man, not fond of expressing his opinion—but that's a mark of merit.

~~—————~~

THE NATURALIST, No. V.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF NATIVE ANTIMONY IN THE U. STATES.

If that citizen who makes a grain of wheat grow on a spot of the surface of the earth where it never grew before, deserves well of his country, no less entitled to approbation is he, who, from a part of the interior of the earth which never yielded them before, draws materials of indispensable utility for the existence, comfort and accommodation of man. The riches of the soil, or surface of our country, are well known, and well improved; but the value of that part of it which lies from twenty to five hundred feet from the surface, though doubtless immense, is, generally speaking, as little known to its proprietors as the unexplored caverns in the unfathomable abyss of the Atlantic; and as seldom thought of.

This neglect is at all times a circumstance of regret to the real patriot; but more particularly at the present extraordinary period, in which we live; when the devastations committed on our foreign commerce, by the two gigantic powers who have convulsed all Europe in their struggles for supremacy, threaten its total extermination, and force us to the alternative of curtailing our expenditures for foreign commodities, or of seeking within our own territories for those articles of necessity which, hitherto, we have been accustomed to bring from remote quarters of the globe.

I am led to these observations by reflecting on a fact, lately communicated to me by a friend, viz. that so great is the scarcity, in this country at present, of the mineral called antimony, so indispensably necessary in the manufacture of printing types, that, unless a

supply can be speedily procured from Europe, the proprietors of the type foundry in this city, the largest and most extensive in the United States, will be obliged to discharge one half, or perhaps two thirds of all their hands; and thus will a severe check be given to the present unexampled progress of arts and literature in this flourishing, peaceful and happy country, for want of a single article, which perhaps, lies at no great distance, in inexhaustible quantities, under our very feet. I confess I was less mortified to hear that the exportation of this article had been prohibited by the respective governments of France and Great Britain, than to be told, that *antimony is nowhere found native within the territory of the United States*, and that to procure it, we must submit to the most humiliating impositions. If the first of these assertions were absolutely true, that in an extent of two thousand miles by one thousand, of plains, vallies, mountains and precipices, a single mineral, so common in other parts of the earth, should be entirely wanting in this, it would be a kind of miracle in the mineralogy of our country, without a parallel in any other part of the globe.

But this is highly improbable; nay, I have no hesitation in asserting it as my opinion, that native antimony does actually exist in this country, in as great quantities, and perhaps as much purity, as in any other country whatever; and, that if proper search were made, it would most certainly be found. The facts and circumstances on which this opinion is founded, I shall, for the information of those immediately concerned, and for the encouragement of others, briefly detail.

In the winter of 1808, being in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, I was shown a mineral substance, evidently sulphurated antimony, which was said to have been found in the bed of Saco river, about twenty miles above the town of that name, in the District of Maine. A celebrated mineralogist now, or lately in this city, had been presented with specimens of the same, and directed to that part of the river where it was found; but mistaking the place for the *banks*, instead of *bed* of the river, the waters of which were at that time high; he wandered about for a whole day in the rain in search of the spot, but without success. As the river during my visit was in the same state, I had no better opportunity of examining than my predecessor; and this place remains still unexplored. The land adjoining is the property of a Mr. Nathaniel Parsona, who lives about two miles north west from York court house, in the same district of Maine. At the same time and place I was shown a piece of antimonial ore, said to have been found in the state of Vermont, by a miner of the name of Pitcher. In my way to that state I stopped at Dartmouth college, and in a conversation with Dr. Smith, professor of materia medica there, I was informed that specimens of antimony were deposited in the museum of the college, which had been

found by some labourers, a few years before, in digging the canal at Hadley; but learned, to my astonishment, that no inquiry had been made by the professor or any other person, at the time, as to the precise spot whence this substance was taken; nor, on my arrival there, could I find any person who could throw any further light on the matter than that it was said, that antimony had been dug up somewhere thereabout; and this discovery is also, like the former, still wrapt up in obscurity.

Having been credibly informed, that, some years ago, an apothecary of this city (Philadelphia) had purchased a considerable quantity of what was at that time considered to be black lead, but which, on examination afterwards, was found to be antimony, from a person who said he brought it from North Carolina; I was anxious, on approaching that state, to make some further inquiries relative to this mineral. On the evening of the 29th of January last, I took shelter from a violent snow-storm in the house of a colonel Burwell Mooring, who lives near the Roanoke, about twenty miles below Halifax. From this gentleman I received the following information. That about nine years ago he lived in Wayne county, N. C. and had on his place a mill, now called Thompson's mill, on Nohunta creek, which falls into Contentna creek, and this last into the river Neuse. That the rapidity of the water, after passing through the mill, tore a deep rut in the bank; and boys, while amusing themselves by swimming there, were in the practice of bringing up, from a depth of ten or twelve feet, large pieces of a heavy, black, glittering mineral, so like antimony, that on comparing the substance so found with some antimony they had in the house, and which the lady herself then handed to me, they could perceive no difference in their appearance. Unacquainted with the value of this discovery, no farther attention was paid to it; and to my great regret not a remnant of it had been preserved. The spot, he says, is not more than thirty feet below the mill, on the right hand going down. The present proprietor is a Mr. Zaddock Thompson, who lives on the premises. Col. Mooring added, that in Nohunta run, about a mile below the mill, great abundance of the same substance may easily be found. Such was the information I received from this respectable family. Urgent business prevented me from repairing immediately to the spot, though at a distance of forty miles; but in reply to the letter which I at that time wrote him, Mr. Thompson says, that the substance mentioned was generally supposed to be antimony; and that in an attempt to melt it, it flew off in smoke, or evaporated!

After such highly encouraging proofs, let us hear no more whining, that this valuable mineral *nowhere exists within the territory of the United States*; but let those who have skill and opportunities for mak-

ing excursions, be on the alert, and leave no stone unturned in the pursuit; for, with prophetic certainty, I could almost venture to pronounce in this, as in a much more solemn and important affair, **SEEK DILIGENTLY AND YE SHALL FIND.** W.

THE SENTENTIOUS, OR SERIOUS WORLD.

A PROVERB is the child of experience, says a shrewd Italian, and experience is the guide of life, say a million of wise men; let us therefore, "sometimes court" the company of this child, and though, to the fastidious, his prattle may seem quaint enough, yet, in his most careless talk, he is such a goodly and witty infant, we may find things pleasant and profitable, simple without foolishness, and wholesome without austerity. *Editor.*

My house, my house, though thou art small,
Thou art to me the ESCURIAL.*

He is my friend who grinds at my mill.

He is the best scholar, who hath learned to live well.

When all men say you are an ass, 'tis time to bray.

Enjoy the little you have, while the fool is hunting for more.

Saying and Doing do not dine together.

Go not to your doctor for every malady, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your pitcher for every thirst.

The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron.†

* This is a Spanish saying, and is worthy of all acceptance. It finely depicts the comforts and dignity of independence, and is graphically accurate with respect to the character of domestic bliss; which, in the true estimate of the poet, Cowper, is the chief good below. *Editor.*

† Of all the apothegms of the lighter class, which we have ever perused this is one of the most happy. It is a pungent satire upon those coxcombs, who are captivated by mere show and outside. But, as my master Shakespeare says, let us say to every wise bachelor, or gallant of our acquaintance, "Let not the creaking of shoes, or the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women." *It.*

God keep me from still water, from that which is rough I will keep myself.

June, July, August and Carthage are the four best ports of Spain.

He who will have a *mule* without any fault, must keep none.

Visit your aunt, but not every day in the year.

There is no evil thing in Spain, but that which can speak.

The laws go on the king's errands.

Leave your son a good reputation and an employment.

Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces.

He who marries a widow will have a dead man's head often thrown into his dish.‡

If you would be pope, you must think of nothing else.

Away goes the devil, when he finds the door shut against him.

Choose your wife on a Saturday, not on a Sunday.

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.

Experience and Wisdom are the two best fortune-tellers.

In December keep yourself warm and sleep.

He who will revenge every affront means not to live long.

A mule and a woman do best by fair means.

That which is bought cheap is the dearest.

'Tis more trouble to do ill, than to do well.

While the tall maid is stooping, the little one hath swept the house.

A covetous man makes a half penny of a farthing, and a liberal man makes sixpence of it.

Look upon a picture and a battle at a good distance.

He who has a mouth of his own, should never bid another man blow.

He who depends wholly upon another's providing for him, has but an ill breakfast, and a worse supper.

If folly were pain, we should hear a great outcry in every house.

Make no absolute promises, for nobody will help you to perform them.

He who hath an ill cause, let him sell it cheap.

A wise man never says, I did not think of that.

The clown was angry, and he paid dearly for it.

‡ It would be impossible for the gravest man, either of reflection or experience, to refrain from a sort of *Sardonic* smile, after perusing this proverb, when he adverts to those unlucky and ungracious comparisons which females of the class alluded to, are prone to make, to the very great edification of that woful wight, their *present* partner. *ib.*

Since you know every thing and I know nothing, pray tell me what I dreamed of this morning.

Truths and Roses have thorns about them.

If you are vexed or angry, you will have two troubles instead of one.

There is no more faithful or pleasant friend than a good book.

He who loves to employ himself well can never want something to do.

Men lay out all their understanding in studying to know one another, and so no one knows himself.

Fortune knocks once, at least, at every man's door.

No sensual pleasure ever lasted so much as for a whole hour.

Let us be friends, and put out the devil's eye.

'Tis true, there are many very good wives; but, they are all under ground!

Drink water like an ox; wine, like a king of Spain.

The ass bears his load; but not an overload.

He who would cheat the devil must rise early.

Make a silver bridge for a flying enemy.

He is fool enough who will bray against another ass.

The man is fire; the woman tow; and the devil comes to blow the coals.

Huge long hair, and very little brains.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PORTRAITS OF PITT AND FOX.

Written in 1801.

WE recommend to the perusal of our readers the following article. It is the production of a young American, who, during a residence in London, habitually attended the House of Commons, and listened with an eager attention, to the enchanting eloquence of that celebrated assembly. We do not recollect to have seen before, according to our own conception, the peculiar powers of those "mighty rivals" so accurately discriminated, or well contrasted. If the criticism have a fault, it is, we think, in not giving to Mr. Pitt a more decided superiority. We have long entertained the opinion, very deliberately formed, that the

VOL. II.

3 E.

younger son of Chatham was not only the wisest statesman, and most accomplished debater of his own time, but of any age or country.

Mr. Pitt still rises with an ease, composure and assurance, indicative of former influence, while the house, conscious of his presence, are disposed to give him all that attention as a member, which he once commanded as a minister; and though he is, at present, a fallen statesman, he sustains a character none the less ascendant as a man; so that his enemies are not willing to approach nigher plain Mr. Pitt, than they did the once arbiter of the kingdom.

The station which Mr. Pitt has supported so long has given his eloquence a peculiar turn, and even rendered his character ostensibly cold, hard, and bordering on dry inhumanity. The political calculator, always in search of expedients, from habit regards mankind mechanically, and sooner or later becomes impenetrable to the first dictates of nature, and sublimely overlooks every obstacle which might impede his course. Mr. Pitt's eloquence discovers a frigid, palliating, defensive, yet positive, character. It has ever been sufficient for him to maintain his ground: not to be driven from his post has been to gain the victory. At this day, he addresses the speaker as though the conflict was still between himself and his great antagonist, Fox, while Addington is forgotten, and forgets that he is minister.

Had Mr. Pitt laboured his days in the opposition, he would have discovered himself a much greater orator, and a much nobler man. Ever on the defensive, he has naturally fallen into a confined uniformity, which has seldom permitted him to take excursion beyond the tedious business of office; at the same time, the system of government, forcing the current of business to mingle itself with the sighs, tears and groans of the nation, has rendered him officially obnoxious to the people, and afforded his parliamentary enemies the fairest pretences of attack. Once, indeed, Mr. Pitt found himself on the side of humanity, and shone conspicuously among Fox, Burke, Wilberforce, and others. But, singular as it may appear, he that once found himself in a minority. I speak of the famous motion of Wilberforce, for the abolition of the slave trade.

Under these circumstances, the members of the opposition have every advantage, not only of popular respect but of humanity, and consequently of oratory; for true eloquence must be bottomed on the honest feelings of nature. But a prime minister has already closed every pore to the glow of humanity, before he ventures to open the budget. Hence, he is cut off from the most fruitful source of eloquence. No appeal to the passions, no earnest supplication, no sympathy with distress, no palpitation of the heart, render him dear to the people; and soften his exactions. He comes into the house, impelled by inexorable necessity, and boldly exposes himself to the whole artillery of the opposition, knowing the final result of the question. But all this confidence in his numbers does not suffer him to remit the severest exercise of his

own powers, in order to give, at least, plausibility to his most suspicious measures. Hence, it may be easily imagined that, before any important step is taken, the treasury bench have already been summoned to weigh every difficulty, which the opposition might possibly raise. Thus, such men as Fox, Sheridan, Grey, have the honour of being answered twice. But Fox is so various, rapid, and overwhelming, that he frequently poses the whole ministry, who, long since ripe for the question, are happy to be released by the last resort of the minister—I mean his majority.

Mr. Pitt is the most cool, perspicuous, dignified, and fluent speaker, who ever rose in a deliberative assembly. The moment he is expected, a solemn stillness pervades the house, and while his presence is felt, his adversaries lose all their influence. His manner is gentle and unassuming; his gestures, moderate and conciliatory; his voice, musical, clear, and distinct; his words, most happily selected, without the least appearance of selection, flow in an unruffled, uniform stream, always sufficiently rapid to interest, and, frequently, to command attention. With these advantages, he opens upon the house a mind veteran in politics, and as extensive as the various relations of the empire. Nor is he deficient, though sparing, of the illustrations of modern science, and the embellishments of ancient literature. With a mind thus adorned by nature, thus disciplined by art, and habitually cool and determined, no wonder he discovers, on all occasions, a reach far beyond the attainment of ordinary men. A mighty kingdom he still seems to support, nor does he sink under the weight, while the fallen statesman is yet willing to hazard his former immense responsibility. Doubtless, no mortal, in a British house of commons, could support such a weight of character, unless his preeminent abilities had first given him a necessary weight, and then that weight of character had again seconded his abilities.

Fox appears in the house of commons under the most favourable impressions, which a man ambitious of the orator can desire. He commands the awe, if not admiration of the ministry, steals into the affections of the indifferent, and carries with him the enthusiasm of his friends. How can it be otherwise? His heart is labouring and full, before he rises. Consistent from the beginning, his sincerity is never doubted, and thus is he always in possession of the foreground; and though he frequently breaks out in sudden abruptness, the beginning of his last speech for ever seems the conclusion of his former. So that his whole political life has been one connected flow of eloquence, here only a narrow stream, and there scarcely flowing at all, but on every great occasion collecting itself to a torrent, and wide rushing in a lengthened volume, now breaking over rocks and precipices, and now making its own channel through the labouring mounds, which his busy competitors had reared, sweeping all away, and, and not frequently, overwhelming his enemies, and leaving their dead bodies floating behind.

Though slovenly in his appearance, unwieldy in his person, and ungracious in his manners, though his voice is disagreeably shrill, his words frequently indistinct, and his action generally embarrassed, yet he has scarcely

begun, before you are solicitous to approach nearer the man. In the midst of passion, which sometimes agitates him until he pants high, he discovers so much gentleness of temper, and so little personal feeling, that a stranger might easily imagine he saw this man among the gods, unincumbered with any mortal affection, debating for the good of mankind. So much pure principle, natural sagacity, strong argument, noble feeling, adorned with the choicest festoons of ancient and modern literature, and all these issuing from a source, hitherto inexhaustible, never distinguished a man like this.

With these advantages of consistency, of integrity, of political sagacity, of irresistible, lengthened argument, no wonder, though he never condescends to personality, if all those over whom the influence of corruption has passed, shrink under his presence. They have nothing to fear. Fox never descends from the summit of his reputation; he feels himself in the midst of Europe, he knows he has long been a spectacle both to his own and the neighbouring nations, and, standing in the midst of Europe, he seems to hold in one hand the scroll of his past life, while his eye, accompanied with a great look, pierces down to posterity in pledge of future constancy.

Pitt you are willing to hear until he is exhausted. But Fox first lays down an interesting position, fixes your earnest regard, and attaches you wholly to himself; then, by the rapidity of his utterance, hurries you on, not to immediate conviction, for he is sure the minds of all are pressing forward, and thereby he is enabled, fearless of presuming on their patience, to give a loose to his feelings, to his genius, to his learning, all which united, and mingling and assisting each other, give a force to his arguments, irresistible, and would confound all distinction between his friends and enemies, did not Pitt, at these moments, the sole support of his party, rising midst the calm and silence of the solemn impression, recal to a new conflict the dubious feelings of his majority.

Fox in one respect, will for ever be esteemed above his contemporaries. Though he has grown gray in the opposition, he has never made one personal enemy. At the end of a twenty years contention, he is still considered a man of a noble disposition, and still maintains the influence of his former days, both in the moment of debate, and with the nation at large.

EPISTOLARY.

IN The Port Folio, for May, a friend to modest merit indicated for preservation, an affectionate memorial and a beautiful poem of the late sir John Honeywood. The following letter exhibits no mean proof of his sprightliness and ease in the epistolary style.

The Rev. Mr. Holmes, in his biography of the late learned president of Yale college, remarks that, during an autumnal vacation Dr. STILES made

a tour into the states of New-York and Vermont. In this journey he met with Mr. HONEYWOOD, who had formerly been his pupil at college; and who, as an orphan child, and a youth of fine genius, shared, among many others, the benefits of his patronage. Delighted with the society of his President and Patron, he accompanied him in the northern part of his tour, and became acquainted with his manner of travelling, of which, in a letter, he gives this characteristic sketch.

" This morning I had scarcely opened my eyes on the dawn, when my landlord informed me that the President was in town. I started up, mounted my horse, and found him eating his breakfast in a paltry inn, with as much good humour and contentment as he could have done in a palace. I shall make no apology for sending you a little history of my ride to *Bennington*, whither my dear preceptor allowed me to escort him. As this was a most delightful tour, I dare say that he has furnished you with many curious particulars; but some, which demonstrate the goodness of his heart, I am suspicious his modesty has concealed. These, like his other virtues, must be celebrated by his friends. I shall not tire your patience by a description of the bad roads. In all probability we had reached C—— without a single adventure; but, lo! when we least expected, nature presented a curiosity. The remains of a mighty tree, laid low in dust, true emblem of fallen greatness, called our attention. We alighted in a moment; found it, upon mensuration, to be upwards of four feet in diameter; and next, counting the grains, were delighted to discover that two hundred and forty years had been the years of its pilgrimage. We arrived at C—— about sunset, and, as neither the president nor I, make corporeal suppers, we sat down to a very elegant literary repast. *Heliogabalus*, that imperial epicure, who is said to have expended half a million on a meal, never had any thing to equal this.

" We determined to take in our route the place where Count BAUM, of the Hessians, was defeated in 1777. Here occurred an instance of the president's humanity. At one of the houses where we called to inquire concerning the battle, a gentleman showed us several human bones, which had been picked up in the fields. The tear of pity stole into the eye of my venerable companion. ' These, Sir,' said he to the person who showed them, ' are the remains of some unhappy mortal. The desire of glory, or, perhaps, the commands of a tyrant, led him here. He is now no more. Let us forgive the enemy, and respect the man. Perhaps he has left a mother, a sister, or even a tenderer connexion, who, at this moment, is lamenting his loss. How exquisite must their feelings be, did they know that his bones lie thus neglected and unburied. For the honour of humanity, Sir, I will give your servant a reasonable compensation, if you will let him bury them

in the earth.' The man, to whom this pathetic request was addressed, seemed to feel but little, though he was very affable and obliging. I have, however, the satisfaction to assure you, that, on my return from *Bennington*, I enforced this request, and saw those mortifying remains of mortality deposited in the parent dust. That unfortunate soldier, whose bones, for nine long years, lay bleaching on the heights of *Woolamscocoe*, has now as soft a bed as the *ALEXANDERS*, the *POMPEYS*, and the *CÆSARS*.—While I am among the tombs, let me tell you we paid a visit to the grave of the Count de *BAUM*. He lies buried hard by the river's brink, and a little rising of the turf alone distinguishes his grave. We were disappointed to see the grave of this great commander so wretchedly neglected, and first thought of opening a subscription for the purpose of erecting a decent stone; but being informed that his mother is living in *Germany*, the president adopted the resolution of writing to her, through the channel of Sir *WILLIAM HOWE*.

"The country round *Bennington* is highly romantic. In most places, we commanded an extensive horizon—long tracts of low land, variegated with young orchards, decent cottages terminated by the green mountains, the ascent of which is frequently with a slope, truly picturesque. The mountains here give us not the idea of the walls of a prison, which I have sometimes had in the Highlands, but of vast airy columns, ranged at unequal distances, to support the great vault of heaven. In one of the little drawings I send you, you will find a tolerably good view of the country, and particularly you will observe the slope of the hills, which attracted our admiration so strongly.

"The president fancied this place bore a strong resemblance to his favourite *Palestina*, and drew a beautiful comparison, in terms that were nearly poetical. I have taken the freedom of reducing his observations into verse.

" 'Tis thus, he cried, as hush'd in soft repose,
On *Zion's* plains the sacred *Jordan* flows;
Thus rise his banks, with palms and willows crown'd,
Where *Salem's* virgins, to the silver sound
Of mystic cymbals, danced. On every side,
Thus *Judah's* mountains rise in airy pride.
Thus *Oliver*, where erst the *INCARNATE GOD*,
Retiring with his faithful followers, trod—
Whence, as in dazzling majesty he rose,
He saw the sapphire gates of heaven unclose;
Wrapt in effulgence, met th' angelic throng,
And heard their lyre awake the victor song."

FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS.

In his *self Biography*, a work of signal powers of enchantment, MARMONTEL, biassed by the fervour of friendship, has drawn a very flattering picture of Helvetius, Diderot, and company. While we admire the talents of some of those literary heroes, we deprecate the prevalence of their principles. Mr. Duters, a traveller of the *old school*, was on terms of great intimacy with the Parisian philosophers. Let us dispassionately listen to his story, which we firmly believe is a faithful testimony to the *truth*. The heads of most of the men of letters in France were not scantily supplied with the seeds of Genius and the stores of knowledge, how their *hearts* were governed remains for the *Great Searcher* to analyze. EDITOR.

IN my review of the most remarkable classes of society in Paris, I did not forget the philosophers. I wished to know them intimately, and my character as an author required that I should court their support; for although their suffrage did not positively establish the reputation of literary men, it contributed much to promote or retard it, according as they were well or ill received by the philosophers. I had already known M. d'Alembert several years before my residence in Paris. He invited me to the circle which was held at the house of *his friend*, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, which was the rendezvous of all the philosophical sect, of the wits who were supported by it, and of all those who expected anything by attaching themselves to this sort of society. The graces and intellectual charms of Mlle. de l'Espinasse, a natural and easy air, the manners of the great world, which she had acquired with Madame du Deffant, and the assiduity of d'Alembert, soon made her circle celebrated. A singular conformity of birth, taste, and disposition, seemed to cement the union of these two persons. D'Alembert was the *natural* son of Madame de Tencin, sister of the Cardinal of that name, and of M. Destouches. He was *exposed as soon as he was born*, and was received by the wife of a glazier, who took care of him as if he had been her own son. M. Destouches, however, who had not lost sight of him, provided for his education, and secretly supplied the necessary means for his support. When he became celebrated for his talents and science, he was introduced into the world by the Marchioness du Deffant. M. de Tencin, who adored men of genius, wished to acknowledge him, but he refused her desire, saying that he owned no other mother than her who had taken care of his infancy. In fact, he always respected the poor glazier's wife as his mother, and continued to pay the greatest attention to her till she died. He became acquainted with de l'Espinasse at the Marchioness du Deffant's, who had taken her from the country as a companion. She was

a *natural* daughter of the Marquis du Deffant ; and possessed such an agreeable disposition, that she contributed much to the pleasure of that lady's society ; but having differed with her, d'Alembert espoused her quarrel ; and both having taken apartments in the same house, they established an assembly of wits, which drew away a great part of those who frequented Madame du Deffant's.

This was properly the Temple in which *False Philosophy* pronounced its oracles. D'Alembert was the High Priest. Mademoiselle the Priestess, the Baron de Holbach, Diderot, Helvetius, and several others were the subalterns. There were some other houses in Paris, such as those of Madame Geoffrin, Madame Neckar, &c. where the wits of every sect and of every rank assembled : but these societies were subordinate to that just mentioned, and were regulated by its decisions. The Condorcets, Marmontels, and la Harpes, and an infinite number of subaltern wits, derived their existence and their reputation from this. Thither they went to draw their opinions and their belief, in order to diffuse them throughout those little spheres, of which they were themselves the suns. It was there that the productions of the times were examined, that patents of immortality were distributed to the Genius who showed submission to their judgments, and where the ruin of the untractable was decreed, conformably with the maxim religiously observed among them,

Et nul n'aura d'esprit, hors nous et nos amis.

Voltaire himself flattered them, and was well paid for his praise by the homage which they rendered to him. He became the Divinity to whom they burnt incense in the Temple. Never in any age or any country did any mania spread itself so quickly and so generally as the philosophical mania ; and, to the disgrace of the Throne, some great Princes cringed to these fanatics and seemed to court their approbation. To merit this, it was not necessary to possess talents ; it was sufficient to LAUGH AT RELIGION AND GOVERNMENT, and to have no regard for rank, power, or authority. Those who were able to persecute ; and did so, were placed among the number of the chosen. Madame du Deffant characterised them by the following lines,

On appelle aujourd'hui l'excessive licence *liberté* ;
On pretend établir à force d'insolence l'*égalité*,
Sans concourir au bien, proner la bienfaisance se nomme *humanité*.

D'Alembert, who was short and weak, was one day confounded by the repartee of a lady of great wit. He was warmly defending a state of nature, in order to establish his favourite system of equality. "M.

D'Alembert," said the lady to him, "I would advise you not to be so eager for a state of nature; you would run the risk of holding but a very low rank in it."

The address and industry which these *pretended philosophers* employed in making proselytes, rendered them for some time the masters of opinion. They availed themselves of this dominion to circulate certain works in which their principles were laid down with more or less boldness according to the persons for whom they were intended. They at last went so far as to publish an Encyclopedia; which, among a number of useful things, contained an innumerable quantity of errors and gross blunders. At the same time, another sect, which was a subdivision of the Encyclopedists, sprung up; that was the *Economists*. The Duke de Choiseul called them *The Capuchins of the Encyclopedia*, a crowd of inferior writers appeared upon the scene, *sure of being well received, if they baited their work with some commonplace stuff against the most sacred and most important concerns of mankind.*

The Republic of Letters was inundated by these false coiners, who substituted copper for gold. Voltaire was placed above Racine and Corneille; La Harpe thought he might take the place of Boileau; Marmontel, with Bellisarius in his hand, presumed to occupy that of Fenelon, and Thomas imagined that of Bossuet to be due to him. By degrees, the Academy of Sciences and the French Academy *were infected by these vermin.* By dint of intrigue, D'Alembert, de l'Esplanade, and their friends, succeeded in filling the two societies with *their creatures.*

The end of all this *Philosophy* was to free the mind from the shackles of religion; and as Madame du Deffant has said, to establish equality by the aid of insolence, and to substitute licentiousness for liberty. This was to be effected under the fine name of humanity; but not to him who was refractory to the principles of the sect. A little junto passed sentence upon him summarily; he was denounced by all the satellites; Voltaire covered him with ridicule; he was hooted, mocked, persecuted, and ruined. M. le Franc de Pompignan, a man of fashion and a respectable magistrate, as well as many others whom it would be useless to name, were instances of this. These ideas and principles became so much in vogue that no book could be published without being loaded with them. Every work which was read at the Academy with a varnish of philosophy, was sure of acquiring a fame noisy at least, though short, and was praised in all companies. Histories, which were interspersed with *philosophical* reflections against the *prejudices* of religion and government, were recommended to youth; didactic works, tragedies, comedies, fugitive pieces, all bore the stamp

of the new philosophy : it was of little consequence that the existing system of morality was overthrown ; indeed that was the constant end to which all these productions were directed. The facts of history, the manners of the times, the customs of nations, were disguised to make them subservient to the principal design and to illustrate some fine philosophical maxims.

When I was at Paris, a laughable scene occurred, which is not inapplicable to this subject. M. de la Harpe had composed a tragedy upon the misfortunes of the family of Menzikow, filled with those philosophical notions of which I have been speaking. Every one, acquainted with history, knows that Menzikow was very conspicuous in Russia at the commencement of the present century. The author read his piece before several companies in Paris, at which some Russian noblemen happened by chance to be present. I one day asked the count Schouvalow what he thought of M. de la Harpe. It is enough to make one die with laughing, said he. Upon my expressing my surprise that a tragedy, which was favourably spoken of should have such an effect: how can it be otherwise, replied the count, when we see an author emphatically holding forth to us, as received maxims among us, things which are directly opposite to our customs and manners; and citing, as fundamental laws of the Russian empire, principles, which are directly opposite to those which have ever been established there? Besides, even the history of the subject is entirely altered in the tragedy: the most notorious facts are disguised; the persons in it are so unlike themselves, that we, who have seen them, do not at all know them. A prince, Alexander Menzikow, is made to die in Siberia, at the age of fifteen, whom I saw alive, at the age of seventy, in St. Petersburg. As to the young princess Menzinkow, who, in the tragedy, dies at five years old, and to whom a tomb of marble, which her parents bathe with their tears, is erected in Siberia. She was at Paris only two years ago, enjoying perfect health, and was very near being at the reading of this tragedy, in which she would have been very much surprized to hear her funeral eulogy, composed by M. de la Harpe.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following short account of a celebrated traveller and poet, will be not unacceptable, I trust, to some of your readers. To the admirers of French literature I hope it will be interesting.

JOHN FRANCIS REGNARD was born at Paris, of a good family, in 1647. In infancy he evinced a strong propensity for travelling. Escaped from home, he went across the Alps to Italy, and on his return to France embarked immediately on board an English ship bound to Marseilles. This vessel was captured by two Algerine pirates, and the crew was conducted to Algiers. Regnard was an epicure, and his fondness for good cheer made him an excellent cook : he was consequently placed in the kitchen of the master who purchased him, and soon became a favourite. Regnard was not destitute of other accomplishments. There are some which ladies prize more highly than cooking. His master's mistresses were impressed by the elegance of his manners and the accomplishments of his person, with feelings too favourable towards the young slave. He listened to their passion ; was discovered and imprisoned. He was condemned to be punished by the law which declares " that any Christian taken with a Mahometan lady shall expiate his crime in the flames, or become a Mussulman." The French consul, however, interfered, and by paying a considerable sum obtained his ransom. Regnard, liberated, returned to France, and took with him, as a memento of his adventure, the chain with which he had been confined.

In the year 1681 he again left France, and visited Flanders, Holland, Sweden and Denmark. The king of Sweden advised him to proceed to Lapland. Regnard embarked at Stockholm with two other French travellers, and went to Torno, a small town situated at the extremity of the gulf of Bothnia. He proceeded from the river Torno into the Frozen Ocean, and being there arrested in his progress by the ice, when he could go no further, he engraved on a stone the following verses :

" Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa ; Gangem
Hansimus, Europamque oculis lastravimus omnem :
Casibus et variis ac iis terraque matique,
Sistimus hic, tandem nobis, ubi defuit orbis."

The following hasty translation will be of use to some of your readers.

France gave us birth ; from France we strayed ;
All Europe's wonders we've surveyed ;
On Afric's golden sands have trod ;
And quaffed from Ganges' sacred flood.

O'er stormy seas and shores unkennd,
 Hither at last our course we bend.
 Here ends the world, and here our travels end.

Regnard, however, had not yet finished his travels. He visited almost every town of importance in Europe. Having traversed Poland and Germany, he returned from Vienna to Paris, after an absence of three years.

He now left the city and lived in retirement about eleven leagues from Paris, employed in literary pursuits. Here he devoted himself to his studies, and produced some comedies, inferior, in the opinion of the critics to none in the French language, unless to those of Moliere. Moliere and Regnard are in French comedy what Corneille and Racine are in tragedy. Voltaire says, that "no man is worthy to read Moliere who is not delighted with Regnard."

In writing his comedies he pursued a plan preferable to all others. His vicissitudes in life had afforded him vast opportunities of observation. Every comic scene he witnessed in his travels made an indelible impression on his mind. From nature he sketched upon the spot, and finished his picture at leisure. Among the vitious and the ridiculous he sought the characters he chose to satirize, and in a vein of pleasantry seldom equalled, he exposes their defects.

His *Gamester* is a proof of the truth of the remark just made. He was himself a gamester, and a lucky one. It is supposed that he gained a large fortune by play. Not one of Moliere's comedies surpasses this production. Smollet's novels, in our language, are said to contain, like the plays of Regnard, many scenes which the author had actually witnessed.

The best edition of his works is one published at Paris in 1772, in 400 pages 12mo.

It contains an account of his travels in Flanders, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Lapland, Poland, and Germany. These were not intended for the press, and indeed, with the exception of the voyage to Lapland, are quite uninteresting. "*La Provençale*" is a short history of his voyage to Algiers, and his adventures there. Besides these the edition just mentioned contains "*La Joueur*," "*Les Menechmes*," "*Démocrite amoureux*," "*Le Distrain*," "*Les Folies amoureuses*," "*Le Retour Imprevu*," "*La Serenade*," and "*Le Legataire*." The last is his best work.

Regnard died in retirement A. D. 1708, aged sixty years.



LOWER FALLS OF SOLOMON'S CREEK.

AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VIEW OF THE LOWER FALLS OF SOLOMON'S CREEK

IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE lower falls of Solomon's Creek are immediately below the upper, of which a sketch and accompanying description will be given in a future number of this work. Though not above a fourth the height of the latter, it possesses a placid beauty that finely contrasts with the tumult of the fall above. The chasm, through which the water pours, is filled with a mist arising from the upper fall, on which the aerial tints of the rainbow occasionally sparkle and disappear.

It is such romantic scenery—it is these picturesque and sequestered spots, that the poets have ever been accustomed to fancy, the retreats of the Loves and the Graces. The painter too has here pictured the goddess of the silver bow, accompanied by her sylvan nymphs reposing, after the fatigues of the chase, near the murmuring fountain, or bathing their limbs in the cool refreshing stream; while peeping from behind some tree or rock, the lascivious satyr has dared to profane the sacred haunts of the chaste Diana. Such is the spot selected by Guccarelli in his picture of Cynthia and Endymion, for the nocturnal meeting of the Carian shepherd.

Sogna be. li, covili, aguati e fiere
Endimion in dolce obbligo sepolto
Scendi Cintia, pudica, e il vago volto
Del Cacciator la Cacciatrice fere.

J. C.

REVIEW.

Lettres et Pensées du Maréchal Prince de Ligne, &c. Letters and Thoughts of the Marshal Prince de Ligne, published by the Baroness de Staël Holstein. Containing original Anecdotes of Joseph II, Catharine II, Frederick the Great, Rousseau, Voltaire, &c. &c. and interesting remarks on the Turks. 2 vols. 12mo. Published by Bradford & Inskeep, Philadelphia.

THE political records of our own times have made the Marshal de Ligne advantageously known as a skilful and brave officer in the field, and as a faithful and sensible counsellor in the cabinet ; while the annals of wit and gallantry have at least equally distinguished him for the charms of his conversation, the fascination of his manners, the lively brilliancy of his convivial talents, and a degree of success with the fair sex, resulting from the combination of a thousand agreeable qualities, which his person alone could never have obtained. The circumstances in which he was placed were also peculiarly favourable for the development and display of a character like that which he possessed. Educated in the Austrian court, in habits of early familiarity with Joseph and Marie Antoinette, he afterward became the favourite of Catharine the Second, and the intimate friend of the kings of Poland and Sweden. His correspondence with his royal master is conducted with a spirit of frankness which is highly honourable to both parties, while the letters addressed to her Imperial Majesty abound with loyal gallantry and dextrous compliment, rather elaborate in the composition than happy in the effect ; and always betraying, through the cloud of chivalrous adoration, the consciousness of possessing stronger and more immediate claims on the partiality of Catharine, than those which are conferred by the services of a statesman, or the delicate flattery of an accomplished courtier.

Unquestionably the prince was endowed with such talents as would have qualified him to act a distinguished part in an important scene : but the times in which he flourished were not calculated to afford scope to his powers. The only historical events which these letters elucidate, are the journey of Catharine the Second to the Crimea in 1787, and the campaign in which Russia and Austria were jointly engaged against the Turks in 1788. Even of these facts, so inferior in importance to the incidents of every succeeding year, no regular details are preserved : but the anecdotes, the traits of character, the observations, and the sentiments, are worthy of the greatest attention, and cannot fail to impress every reader with respect and esteem for

the author. He is acute, sagacious, unaffected ; and he uniformly establishes the best claim to our good will by a manner full of urbanity, a liberality of thinking on every subject, and a kindness in passing judgment on others which are highly characteristic of the most amiable qualities that belong to a gentleman and a soldier.

From a work of this nature we shall not pretend to make any abstract of contents. It will be sufficient to lay before our readers a few passages of an amusing or interesting nature : but, lest we should raise their expectations too high, it may be proper to state a circumstance which must operate as a drawback to our wishes and our means, as indeed it has actually prevented us from attempting to render some portions of the marshal's letters, which are in other respects well worthy of notice. This cannot be better done than in the words of the ingenious editor, the commencement of whose preface will remind our countrymen of Lord Holland's just distinction between the oral and the written style of his illustrious kinsman. In the instance before us, the effect is considerably more unfortunate than in the application of oratorical language to history.

' We must always regret (says Madame de Stael) that we did not enjoy the company of men who were famous for their wit in conversation, since that which is quoted from them gives but an imperfect idea of it. Phrases, *bon-mots*, all that is capable of being retained and repeated, must fail to paint that continual grace, that justness in expression, that elegance in manner, which form the charm of society. The Prince de Ligne has been acknowledged by all the French as one of the most amiable men in France, and they rarely allow that character to those who are not born among them. Perhaps, indeed, he is the only foreigner who has become a model, instead of a copyist, in the French style of manners. He printed many useful and profound essays on history and the military art. He published works in verse and prose, dictated by the circumstances of his life. We constantly find wit and originality in all that proceeds from him : *but his style is often the spoken style*, if the expression may be allowed. We ought to form an idea of his handsome physiognomy, the characteristic gayety of his stories, the simplicity with which he abandons himself to pleasantry, in order to love even the negligencies of his manner of writing : but those who are not under the fascination of his presence, analyze him as an author, whom they ought rather to have heard than read : for even the faults of style occasionally add grace to conversation. That which is not always grammatically quite clear will become so by its connexion with what passes in discourse, by an expressive look, an inflection of voice, every thing, in short, which gives to the art of speaking a thousand times more resources and charms than that of writing.'

The marshal himself, when he begins to record his observations and sentiments, is sensible of this peculiarity, and enters rather more deeply into the causes of it.

‘I write by inspiration rather than by reflection. There must be a great number of persons to whom I cannot appear clear, nor agreeable, nor profound. If I had all this merit, it would be only in the countries and the societies in which I have lived most, and which have learned nearly the same things that I have acquired, from a similar education, and almost the same circumstances. I am conscious that it is a great fault: for it not enough that we understand ourselves, we ought also to be understood by others.

‘I have also the fault of Reubens, who introduced himself and his two wives into all his pictures: but the indulgent will tolerate me, and acknowledge—*Mutato nomine de me fabula narratur.*’

This is an error into which the most lively and agreeable persons are perhaps most likely to fall; but in the amusing volumes before us we certainly find it carried to excess. Some passages lose all their merit by being clothed in phrases which owe their point to the temporary favour that they had acquired as the slang of a fashionable *côté-rie*, and others are actually insusceptible of translation. While, however, we are discussing the merits of the Prince, in a character to which he hardly deigned to aspire, he is travelling with their Imperial Majesties of Russia and Austria, and holding conversations with them on subjects so interesting and important, that we will not lose the privilege of listening. We have seldom an opportunity of joining such distinguished society, or of visiting the distant region to which a few lines will now transport us.

‘I fancy myself still dreaming, when in the corner of a coach with six-seats, which is a real triumphal chariot, adorned with cyphers in precious stones, I find myself seated between two persons, on whose shoulders the heat often makes me fall asleep, and from whom, in waking, I hear these expressions: “I have thirty millions of subjects, as they say, reckoning only the males.”—“I have twenty-two,” replies the other, “including all.”—“I ought to have an army of at least six hundred thousand men,” says the first, “from Kamschatka to Riga.”—“With half that number,” answers the second, “I am exactly suited.”

‘In our carriage we pass in review all states and all great people. God knows how we treat them. “Rather than subscribe to the separation of thirteen provinces, like my brother George,” said Catharine the Second, “I would have shot myself.”—“and rather than dismiss myself, as my brother and brother-in-law have done, by convoking and reassembling the nation to talk of abuses, I know not what I would have done,” said Joseph the Second.

‘ They agreed in opinion also respecting the king of Sweden, whom they did not like, and against whom the Emperor said he had taken a prejudice in Italy, on account of a robe de chambre of blue and silver with a bunch of diamonds. They allowed him energy, talent, and understanding.—“ Yes certainly,” I said in his defence, for the favours conferred by him on me, and the marks of a great character which I have seen him display, attached me to him, “ your majesty really ought to prohibit a dreadful libel, which dares to treat as a Don Quixotte a prince of excellent qualities, amiable, and endowed with genius.”

‘ Their Imperial Majesties sometimes felt one another's pulse in respect to those poor devils the Turks ; and they threw out observations, looking at one another. As an admirer of glorious antiquity, and a little fond of novelty, I spoke of re-establishing the Greeks ; and Catharine wished to give birth again to Lycurgues and Solons. For my part I spoke of Alcibiades : but Joseph the second, who attends more to the future than the past, and is more attached to substance than imagination, inquired, “ What the devil must we do with Constantinople ?”

‘ In this manner they captured several islands and provinces, without appearing to be engaged in any thing particular ; and I said within myself, “ Your Majesties will only capture miseries.”—“ We treat him too well,” said the Emperor, speaking of me ;” he has not sufficient respect for us. Do you know, Madame, that he was in love with one of my father's mistresses ; and that he defeated me when just entering into life, in a contest for a marchioness, who was beautiful as an angel, and who was the first love of us both ?”

‘ Here is no reserve between these two great sovereigns. They related to each other the most interesting circumstances. “ Has your life never been attempted ? I have been menaced.—I have received anonymous letters.” Here is a confessor's tale, and delightful details unknown to the whole world, &c.’

This letter goes on, in the same familiar and entertaining strain, to describe certain instructions in the art of French poetry, given by M. de Segur to the Empress of all the Russias, and her awkward first essays at versification. Of these, and the *bouts rimés* filled up by M. de Ligne, we cannot undertake to transfuse the spirit into our untractable tongue : but we must treat the reader with the contrast, so rapidly and strongly sketched, between the savage Tartar of Caffa and the refined Parisian.

‘ I entered several shops and coffee-houses. Here I saw foreigners from the most distant countries : Greeks, Asiatic Turks, manufacturers of arms from Persia and Mount Caucasus. There is no real civility, said I to myself on seeing them, except among the uncivilized. Here, when persons

meet, they assume a manner full of gentleness, and more or less respectful. The language is noble, like the Greek or the Spanish; it is free from the hissing, the grossness, the drawl, and the sing, and the meanness of the European tongues. A Tartar would be greatly astonished, on arriving at the city most distinguished for urbanity and grace, to hear a coachman on the Boulevard speaking to his horses, or a lady of the corn-market talking with her neighbour at the *Place-Maubert*. What comparison between the insolence, the avarice, and the filthiness of the nations of Europe, and the plain dealing and cleanliness of this! Nothing is done here without being preceded as well as followed by libations. The libation with which the hairdressers* regale their patients is a little extraordinary: they take the head between their knees, and pour one of their fountains over it.

Almost every page would furnish us with an amusing extract. The whole description of Potemkin's character, as exemplified during the campaign against the Turks, is highly curious: but we must confine ourselves to a single trait. The marshal is writing to his Imperial master.

'I am absolutely in this place a nurse taking care of a child; but my child is large, stout, and mutinous. Yesterday he again said to me, "Do you think you came here to lead me by the nose?" "Do you think," answered I, "that I would have come hither if I had not expected to do so? Idle and inexperienced as you are, my dear prince, what could you do better? Why refuse to confide in a man who is anxious for your glory, and for that of the two empires? You want so little of being perfect! But what can your genius do, if it is not aided by confidence and friendship?"

'The prince said to me, Persuade your emperor to cross the Save, and I will cross the Bog." "How," asked I, "can you stand upon compliments as at the door of a drawing-room! My Emperor yields precedence to you: There is a Turkish army against him: there is none against you." "Do you think," said he, "that he would give the cross of Maria Theresa to us, and accept the cross of St. George for those who should distinguish themselves in our two armies?" I saw plainly at what he was aiming. He has a *mania* for orders. He is in possession of twelve only; and I have assured him that Oczakow was well worth our great cross, and that if he would render the taking of Belgrade more easy to your Imperial Majesty, he might lay claim to the order of St. Stephen. I entreat you, Sire, to confirm this hope which I have given him; and if our *Roman-catholicity* could be

* *Barbiers de cheveux*. The word *patiens* immediately following appears to imply, that the professions of hair-dressing and surgery are united in the Crimea, as they once were in this country. *Rea*.

deranged in his favour, so as to promise him the Fleece, he would be completely ours.'

The marshal's opinion of Catharine, Paul, and Alexander, of Russia, appears in a judicious letter to the minister of state, Kaunitz.

'God preserve our immortal Empress ! But as she will be immortal only in history, I deem it highly necessary to *manage* the Grand Duke, who, in reforming millions of old, will create new abuses. Capable of labour, too frequently changing his councils and his friends, to have either a favourite, a counsellor, or a mistress, prompt, ardent and inconsequent, he will perhaps be one day formidable, if he be the person to whom his mother will leave the empire : but I believe that, if she has time to accomplish her object, she would rather leave it to the grand duke Alexandér, since she removes her son from business as much as she introduces her grandson into it. Young as he is, she herself forms him to the government.'

The versatile monarch, who now fills the throne of Catharine, must surely have done the greatest violence to the early impressions received from her care ; but the causes of his alienation cannot be investigated with pride or with pleasure by an English politician. The author enters largely into a discussion on the character of the unhappy Paul, which, though curious as a piece of history, and then very important as political information, no longer possesses any practical interest. Among other singular features, he ascribes to Paul a hatred of his nation, and adds, 'He once said of it to me at Gatschina such things as I cannot repeat.' Compelled to omit a thousand interesting details, and particularly the animated recital of the taking of Belgrade, we must however find room for the general character of the Turks, whom the marshal had the most favourable and repeated opportunity of studying with accuracy. How far he improved his means let the following letter testify.

'Who wishes to be acquainted with the Turks ? Here they are, very different from the idea commonly formed of them. They are a people of antitheses, brave and cowardly, active and lazy, profligate and devout, refined and coarse, filthy and cleanly, keeping in the same room roses and a dead cat. If I speak of the *grande*es of the court, the army, and the provinces, I shall call them lofty and mean, mistrustful and ungrateful, haughty and creeping, generous and yet thieves. All these qualities, good and bad, of which the first are more numerous than the second in the bulk of the nation, depend on circumstances, and are covered with a crust of ignorance and insensibility, which prevents the poor people from being miserable.

'It is clear that, if they were not under the yoke of monsters, who strangle them in order to possess their sons, their daughters, or their

wealth, they would not be so much familiarized with customs which give them the air of barbarism.

‘ Their utmost effort is to smile, and to reply with the head, the eyes, the arms, and the hand, which they move with nobleness ; but they scarcely ever speak. They have nothing vulgar, either in what I have had explained to me of their discourse, or in their manner. The little servant of a Janissary, though with naked legs and feet, and without a shirt, is a coxcomb after his fashion, and has an air of more superiority than the young lords of European courts. The poorest of the Turkish soldiers have no clothes to wear, but their arms of ornamented steel are covered with silver. I have seen them refuse two hundred piasters for them, fearing less to die of hunger than of shame.

‘ The Turks are open to the impressions of gratitude and kind treatment, and, in all the circumstances of their lives, whether in war or elsewhere, constantly keep their word, and so much the more, they have sometimes told me, because they cannot write.

‘ They resemble the Greeks in some points, and the Romans in many. They have the predilections of the one, and the customs of the other. Their works are charming, full of taste, and imply ideas (*supposent des idées.*) Those which they have are subtle and delicate. They have a flowing imagination in the little which they say or write. They are grave, like the Romans, and will not give themselves the trouble of laughing or dancing. Both the one and the other have buffoons. Ibrahim Nazir, whom we chased from Moldavia, had five or six handsome slaves, well dressed, and riding on horseback with him. The Turks have given me to understand that they take pleasure in seeing, when they wake, none but beautiful forms, to bring their coffee, their pipe, their aloes-wood to burn, their perfumes of amber, and their essence of roses. They laugh at us for suffering an ill-looking *frotteur**, or an old valet to come and make our fire, or open our curtains. They always recline, like the Romans, who, I doubt not, had their Divans, where they took their meals, or reposed during the whole day, like the Turks. Tunics and slippers prove that these two nations were not fond of walking. Nothing can equal the rage of cold and phlegmatic persons. The Turks, like the Romans, particularly those of the present age, set a value on revenge, and except in this particular, they are gentle. They never dispute, never quarrel. If a popular government did not always bring with it the spirit of party, intrigue, jealousy, and the crimes that follow, the Romans

* It may be proper to inform our untravelled readers, that the *frotteur* is a stout long legged man who gives lubricity to the oaken floors of the continent, by rubbing them with a hard brush impregnated with bees-wax, and attached to his naked foot, with which he daily skates over the rooms before the family is stirring. *Rev.*

would have been a good people. If the opposite extreme, the disposition of a Sultan, and of two or three great officers of the empire, did not keep them constantly alarmed, the Turks would also be the best people in the world.

‘Ignorant through idleness and policy, and superstitious by habit and calculation, they are guided by a natural and happy impulse. What would become of the nations of Europe, if a *soap-merchant* were prime minister, a *gardener* high admiral, and a *lackey* the commander of armies? Where can we find people at once ready to fight on foot, on horseback, or by water, adroit in all which they undertake, and individually always intrepid? Ranks being confounded, and no person belonging to a class, all have a right to every thing, and each awaits the situation which chance may reserve for him.

‘Observers, travellers, spectators! Instead of making trivial reflections on the nations of Europe, which are all nearly alike, meditate on what may be found in Asia, if you wish to discover what is new, what is honourable, what is great, what is noble, and very often what is reasonable.’

The first part of this description will remind every reader of Goldsmith’s celebrated portrait of the Italians, in his *Traveller*. Possibly the marshal may have been acquainted with that highly finished poem: if not, the coincidence affords a strong confirmation of the justice of his opinion, as to the similarity here supposed between the Turks and the Romans.

We must close our account of this interesting little work, by observing that no extracts can give a just notion of its useful and diversified information, or of the author’s good sense, liveliness of observation, and unceasing powers of entertainment.

LEVITY.

THE TRUE REASON.

A GENTLEMAN called to see his friend, and was informed by the servant that his master was busy: but I must speak with him, said the visitant. Indeed, Sir, you cannot at this moment, replied the footman, for my master is *beating his lady*, and will see no company.

A DUBLIN paper contains the following paragraph. Yesterday Mr. Kenny, returning to town, fell down and broke his neck, but, happily, received no other damage.

LITERARY BILL OF MORTALITY, FOR 1809.

CASUALTIES AMONG BOOKS.

Abortive,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7,000
Stillborn,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4,000
Old Age,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	000
Suddenly,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2,000
Lethargy,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5,000
Found dead,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5,000
Trunk-makers,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10,000
Pastry cooks,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	do.
Sky rockets,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	500
Worms,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	300

CASUALTIES AMONG AUTHORS.

Broken bones,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	20
Starved,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	500
Fell from garret windows,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	6
Mortification,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	100
Canker,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	70
Surfeit,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	000

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara,
In the autumn of 1803.

By the Author of American Ornithology.

(Continued from page 373.)

THE lingering night still hung in drowsy gloom,
Must'ring our loads we pace the darken'd room,
With tedious groping find at last the door,
And down the narrow stair our way explore;
Dull fogs and darkness o'er the country lay;
But guiding fences pointed out the way.
In cheerful chat we march'd along, till morn,
On dewy wings from eastern regions borne,

Rose on the world, and, o'er the landscape gay,
 'Midst songs of joyous birds, led on the day.
 Two whirring pheasants swept across our path,
 And swift as lightning flew the fiery death.
 A cloud of quails in rising tumult soar;
 Destruction follows with resounding roar.
 From bough to bough the scampering squirrels bound;
 But soon, in smoky thunders, bite the ground;
 Life's gushing streams, their sable furs defile,
 And Duncan's stick sustains the bloody spoil.

Thus up Tioga's side we thundering steer'd,
 Till Newton, glittering on its banks, appear'd;
 Where opening hills, retiring, wide display,
 On level plains a city rising gay;
 Rang'd on the northern bank, so smooth and green,
 Rich busy stores and waving signs are seen;
 With crowding boats that here for freight attend,
 And deeply loaded to the sea descend.
 Here, when soft Spring dissolves the wastes of snows,
 And wide and deep the roaring river flows,
 Huge loaded *arks** rush down the boiling tide,
 And winding through wild woods triumphant ride,
 Hills, towering steeps and precipices high,
 Rich plains and hanging rocks behind them fly;
 The watchful pilot every eddy eyes,
 As down the torrent's foaming course he flies;
 Views, with stern look, the frightful *falls* disclose,
 And down th' outrageous breakers headlong goes;
 A thousand toils, a thousand dangers past,
 Columbia's† harbour shelters them at last.

* These vessels are constructed of oak and pine plank, and built in the form of a parallelogram; they are flat-bottomed, and strongly floored; and capable of containing many thousand bushels of wheat each; sometimes droves of oxen compose part of their cargoes. On arriving at their place of destination, and the cargo disposed of, the arks are sold to the lumber dealers, and taken to pieces with little trouble.

† The town of Columbia, on the northeast bank of the Susquehanna, at Wright's ferry, ten miles from Lancaster, is the great depot for those immense stores of wheat, flour, lumber, &c. brought down the river for an extent of more than three hundred miles. The bridge, which it is in contemplation to erect over the Susquehanna near this town, will be an additional source of prosperity to this thriving and populous place.

With lingering steps the busy streets we trace,
Pleas'd with the prospect of this growing place ;
Though now so gay, scarce fifteen years have flown
Since *two log huts* were all that it could own ;
Since waving reeds and scrubby ground-oak grew
Where stores and taverns now arrest the view.
Around the tree where panthers lurk'd for prey,
Now evening groups of laughing children play ;
And churches neat their pious crowds enclose
Where Indian fires and midnight yells arose.
So wonder-working is the hand of Toil,
When Heav'n has blest and Freedom guards the soil,
And streams so vast their powerful aid bestow
To float down plenty wheresoe'er they flow.
Now to the north, through open plains, we wind,
And leave the river's bending course behind ;
And now, where level lengthening meadows spread,
Through hazel thickets rapidly we tread,
Here, when descending rain in torrents pour,
And the broad meadows float from shore to shore,
In two wide routes their waters seek the main ;
Part through St. Lawrence meets the sea again,
Part to the south pursues its wandering way,
And rolls to Chesapeake's capacious Bay.*

Now dark before us gulfs of pines are seen,
That bear the name still of their Indian queen ;
Great *Catharine's Swamps*, that deepening round extend,
Down whose dun glooms we awfully descend ;
Around us thick the crowding pillars soar,
Surpassing all we ever view'd before,
So straight, so tall, so tow'ring, side by side,
Each, in itself, appears the forest's pride,
A thousand fleets, with twice ten thousand more,
May here find masts in everlasting store.

* In a *matter of fact* poem, such as this, I need hardly observe, that the above is literally true. The proprietor of part of this meadow, assured me, that with his spade he could, at pleasure, send the waters either into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or the Chesapeake Bay. A species of salmon, common to the river Susquehanna and to Lake Ontario, has been frequently known to pass from one to the other by this communication.

Here melancholy monks might moping dwell,
 Nor ray of sunshine ever reach their cell
 Through the dead twilight, reigning horrid here,
 In holy groans their relics sad revere.
 Great solitary shades! so still and deep,
 Even passing sighs in hollow murmurs creep!
 The silence deep, the solemn gloom profound,
 The venerable piles that rise around.
 Such awe impress, that, as we upward gaze,
 In whispers low we murmur our amaze!
 Here to the god,* whose keen voracious brood
 Pursue the pilgrim ravenous for food,
 With stump of pine, an altar we uprear,
 And round its mouldering roots arrang'd appear;
 There bread, cheese, meat, with liberal hand we laid,
 And, like true priests, devour'd the offering made:
 The power appeas'd, in silence soon withdrew,
 And left us brac'd with vigorous life anew.
 All day through this deep swamp, in splatter'd plight,
 Begulf'd in mire we labour'd on till night,
 When lo, emerging from the opening wood,
 'Midst narrow fields a little cottage stood!
 A mill hard by in clattering murmur play'd;
 Before the door a rapid rivulet stray'd;
 Trees round the garden bent with apples hung,
 And cows and sheep their tinkling music rung.
 Sacred to peace it seem'd, and calm repose,
 And here, well pleas'd, our night's retreat we chose;
 Approach'd the door, presenting our request,
 The dame's kind looks already bade us rest;
 And soon the landlord, entering with his train,
 Confirm'd her kindness o'er and o'er again;
 And now the table show'd its welcome head,
 With cheering fare, and rural dainties spread;
 Green sparkling tea, obscur'd with floating cream;
 Delicious salmon from the neighbouring stream;
 Nice cakes of wheaten flour, so crisp and good,
 And piles of honeycombs, ambrosial food!
 While in the cheerful looks of all around
 A still more pleasing, grateful treat we found.

* Hunger.

Our host, intelligent, and fond of news,
 Long tales of trade and politics pursues ;
 The State's enlarging bounds, so mighty grown,
 That even the bare extent remains unknown ;
 Of Europe's wars, and Bonaparté's glories,
 Wolves, rifles, Louisiana, whigs and Tories ;
 Of bears and wildcats, many a tale relates,
 With every circumstance of place and dates ;
 Till leaden sleep our weary eyes assail'd,
 And spite of eloquence at length prevail'd.

The following morning, found us on the way,
 Through woods of walnut trees conversing gay,
 Whose limbs enormous spread sublime around,
 Their huge forefathers mouldering on the ground ;
 The soil with leaves and showers of nuts was spread,
 While millions more hung yellow overhead.
 Here maples tow'r'd with little troughs below,
 From whose gash'd sides nectareous juices flow ;
 The half-burnt logs, and stakes erected near,
 Show'd that the *sugar camp* once flourish'd here.*
 Ye generous woodsmen ! let this bounteous tree,
 Forever sacred from your axes be ;
 O let not mangling wounds its life destroy !
 But the nice *augre* for the axe employ ;
 So shall these trees for ages lift their head,
 And green and fresh their thickening foliage spread ;
 And each returning Spring their tribute pour,
 More rich, and more abundant than before.

Now opening woods, in circuit wide, display,
 A level vale with lawns and pastures gay,
 Where music hail'd us from a numerous brood,
 The lone bells jumbling through the sounding wood ;
 Sheep, oxen, cows, in busy parties stray'd,
 While snorting steeds our passing steps survey'd ;

* In passing among these stately and noble trees, which grow here in great luxuriance, it is an object of regret to observe how unmercifully their trunks are cut and gashed with the axe ; many of these notches are so deep, that the trees have either been killed, or overthrown by the first storm of wind. It is well known that all this chopping is unnecessary ; and that a small *augre*-hole is equally efficient, nowise injurious to the tree, and may be done in one tenth part of the time.

Surrounding hills this peaceful place inclose,
 And form a scene of shelter'd sweet repose.*
 Ah ! melancholy scene, (though once so dear)
 To the poor Indian haply wandering here,
 Whose eye forlorn, amid the gushing flood,
 Beholds the spot where once his wigwam stood,
 Where warrior's huts in smoky pride were seen,
 His nation's residence ! his native green !
 Methinks, even now, where yon red maples play,
 The black-hair'd wanderer slowly bends his way,
 And pensive stops, and heaves the stifled sigh,
 As well-known objects meet his rueful eye ;
 No words escape him, but, while memory grieves,
 These gloomy thoughts his burden'd heart relieves :

“ O happy days ! for ever, ever gone !

When these deep woods to white men were unknown ;
 Then the Great Spirit gave us from on high,
 A plain broad path, and an unclouded sky ;
 Then herds of deer in every thicket lay ;
 Peace blest our nights, and Plenty crown'd our day ;
 But now, dark clouds around our nation roar,
 The path is lost ! we see the sun no more ;
 A poor lone wanderer here unhappy raves,
 Return'd once more to see his father's graves ;
 Where all he sees bereaves his heart of rest,
 And sink like poison'd arrows in his breast.

“ Here stood the tree, beneath whose awful shade,
 Our aged chiefs the nation's welfare weigh'd ;
 In these sweet woods my early days I spent,
 There through the hare, the quivering arrow sent ;
 Or, stealing wary by that creek so clear,
 Transfix'd the struggling salmon with my spear.

* This Indian town, Catharine, situated near the head of the Seneca Lake, in one of the most delightful and romantic spots imaginable, contained a great number of houses, with large orchards, and extensive corn-fields. It was totally destroyed in 1779, by the troops under the command of general Sullivan, who, entering the place at night, found it nearly deserted of its inhabitants. One miserable old squaw alone remained, who, from extreme old age, was incapable of walking ; and looked like “ the last survivor of the former age.” The general ordered a hut to be erected for her, with provisions for her subsistence ; but she did not long survive the catastrophe of her nation.

Here rose our fires in many a towering flame,
 When the young hunters found abundant game ;
 The feast, the dance, whole days and nights employ,
 These hills resounding with our screams of joy.
 There, on that bank our painted warriors stood,
 Their keen knives redden'd with the white men's blood ;
 Now all is lost ! and sacrilege is spread !
 Curs'd ploughs profane the mansions of the dead ;
 Our warriors wander on a distant shore,
 And strangers triumph where they begg'd before."
 Indignant sorrow rushes on his soul,
 And in wild agony his eye-balls roll ;
 Wrapt in his rug, the forest he regains,
 A homeless exile on his native plains.
 Howe'er stern Prejudice these woes may view,
 A tear to Nature's tawny sons is due ;
 The same false virtue and ambitious fire,
 Which nations idolize, and kings admire,
 Provoke the white man to the bloody strife,
 And bid the Indian draw his deadly knife ;
 The glory ours, in victory to save,
His, still to glut with every foe the grave ;
 Nor age, nor sex, his country's foe avails,
 So strong this passion o'er the rest prevails ;
 And equal woes must wring his manly heart,
 From native shades for ever forc'd to part.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STANZAS

TO MISS M—— A—— F——,

Singing.

or miss Ford. Moschus.

BY ATTICUS.

OH sweet is thy voice, when with tremulous tone,
 Its vibrating accents in melody rise ;
 When angels in heaven, entranc'd on their throne,
 Look down at thee singing with sympathy's eyes.

Oh say, beauteous lady, where learnt you that song,
Which floats in soft murmurs, and dies on the gale?
To a seraph such warbling can only belong,
Imparted by Pity with suffering pale.

Thy mellow notes hush! oh that cadence forbear,
Or else by the rose that empurples thy cheek,
Thou wilt wake from my harp the sad lay of Despair,
And force me the vigils of Sorrow to keep.

VARIETY.

The following noble lines, the production of a great genius, at once a poet and a painter, deserve preservation in this miscellany. The author describes *modern* philosophy in terms that Edmund Burke would applaud, and in the note, appended to the elegant extract, the composition would by no means disgrace the orator of Beaconsfield. There is an allusion, in our author's first and second paragraph to the economical, shall we say the benevolent, schemes of Count Rumford. This, perhaps, from its illiberal cast, is unworthy of the writer, and of the beneficent nobleman whom it obliquely assails.

Philosophy, no more content to dwell
With hermit Study, whispering in his cell,
Forsakes, in speculative pride; the sage,
And walks the wildest maniac of the age.
Spell'd by her eye, where'er the spectre strays,
Insurgent shouts the maddening rabble raise,
Life raves around, through each infected brain,
Confusion reigns, and chaos comes again.
Science, that erst on eagle pinion soar'd,
Where Wisdom wonder'd, and where Faith ador'd;
To regions whence eternal truths diffus'd,
Enlighten'd man, and bless'd a world abus'd;
Now, with clipt wing, familiar flirts away,
In Fashion's cage, the parrot of the day;
The sibyl of a shrine, where fops adore,
The oracle of culinary lore.

On every side the insatiate passion spreads,
 Subdues all hearts, and occupies all heads;
 Rank, sex and age, possess'd beyond belief,
 To Physics fly and Fuscus, for relief.
 Who, like a nursing mother, at command,
 With *soup* and science suckles all the land.
 Lo! e'en the Fair, with learned fury fraught,
 On Beauty's brow affect the frown of Thought:
 To studious seeming discipline their face,
 And wear the mask of meaning in grimace.
 Clorinda with electric ardour glows,
 And frights with full charg'd battery her beaus;
 The common conquests of her eyes disdains,
 And holds her slaves in *scientific* chains,
 Each weeping Grace, her shrine, deserted, views,
 And calls for vengeance on the indignant Muse;
 While Cupid, trembling, flies the infected ground,
 Scar'd at the philosophic scowl around.

The reader will readily believe, the author cannot mean to cast a reflection on the serious pursuits of science in general, or the regular cultivation of chemistry in particular, from which so much unequivocal advantage has resulted in almost every department of life. The labours of a Fourcroy, a Kirwan, and a Davy, must always attract our regard and gratitude; and he should regret to find himself for a moment suspected of designing to depreciate their value, or diminish their just influence—*Ludimus innocui*. He has the highest respect for the physical sciences, but he thinks they have at present more than their share in the partition of public favour; that they engross too much of the little disposable attention, the requisitions of politics and war have left us to bestow. He would only rally that exclusive preference of inanimate to animate; of matter to mind; of earth to heaven, which exists, to the utter neglect of objects more elevated, more in need of protection, and not less important in every liberal view of manners, of morals, and of national estimation. He would, in particular, venture to call in question the advantages to be derived from that rage for *scientific amusement*, which has for some time operated on all ranks and degrees. He would ask what is expected from this *new union* of fashion and philosophy, this alliance of antipathies, this treaty, offensive and defensive, between natural enemies. This seems to be the distemper of the times, which taints the whole mass of mind, and converts society into a general hospital of disordered wits and disabled faculties. It is safer not to see at all, than to see only to be deceived; as, in dense fogs, the blind are found to be the best guides. In the

darkness of ignorance, we are humble and cautious; we feel our way, step by step, and make use of old marks and established conductors, to assist our progress; but in the glimmerings of superficial knowledge, we rush on our danger, because we presume on our light; we dash against difficulties, unseen or misconceived; we mistake forms for things, and shades for substances, and are either terrified to inaction by false fears and erroneous appearances, or stimulated to rashness in the confidence of imaginary safety.

What beneficial effects can result from this superficial smattering of science, at present so prevalent? this duck and drake dip in the profound of physical erudition, which seems calculated only to devest Ignorance of her diffidence, without removing her defects; which flatters Folly and Frivolity with the semblance of Skill; and heightens Affectation by tricking her out in all the airs of Philosophy. Though the author is far from being one of those who would restrict the studies of the fair to the mere economy of the household, the productions of the tambour frame, or the precepts of Glasse's cookery; yet he confesses he has no relish for science in coteries, and professors in petticoats. He thinks the new chemical nomenclature makes an awkward addition to the vocabulary of the Loves and Graces. The very sound of oxygen and hydrogen, and caloric and carbonic, proceeding from the delicate lips of Beauty herself, operate like a chill on the heart, and a check to the ardour of admiration. It is to be feared also, that, as yet, there are no very convincing examples to prove that the fair derive much improvement in person, manners or mind, from dabbling in the crucible with the chemist, or charging a battery with the electrician. The author acknowledges that he is jealous of those favoured rivals, whom he thinks neither sufficiently sensible of their charms, nor grateful for their attentions; he has so much regard for the gentler sex, that he would spare them the pain of traversing the dry and thorny wilds of science; and seduce their graceful steps through flowery paths to the more congenial regions of Taste, and the more amusing bowers of Fancy.

But the accomplished *belle* of the present day, slights the Muses and Graces for the more alluring charms of physical phenomena; she performs, with a grave face, the farce of philosophical experiment, and terrifies her unscientific papa, with electric shocks, artificial earthquakes, and mimic thunder.

THAT is a very noble speech which the genius of Shakspeare causes Edward the Fourth to utter, when returning from the theatre of his conquests.

Once more, we sit in England's royal throne,
Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride.
 Now we have swept Suspicion from her seat,
 And made our footstool of Security.
 Now what remains but that we spend the time
 With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
 Such as befit the pleasures of the court.
 Sound, drums and trumpets! farewell, sour Annoy!
 For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

—

IN the following lines, the genius of Walter Scott shines with resplendent lustre. The poet is describing the court revels of king James, and very archly hints at the coquetish character of the songstress of the party. The whole description is so strictly graphical that the poet's page would furnish a complete *exemplar* to any artist of common ingenuity.

Now in gay Holyrood, the while,
 Dame Heron rises with a smile
 Upon the harp to play.
 Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
 The strings her fingers flew,
 And, as she touch'd and tun'd them all,
 Even her bosom's rise and fall
 Was plainer given to view.
 For, *all for heat*, was laid aside,
 Her wimple, and her load untied.
 And first she pitched her voice to sing;
 Then *glanced her dark eye* on the king,
 And then around the silent ring,
 And *laughed and blushed*, and *oft did say*,
 Her *pretty oath*, by *yea and nay*;
 She *could not, would not, durst not play*.
 At length, upon the harp with glee,
 Mingled with arch simplicity,
 A soft, yet lively air she rung,
 While thus the wily lady sung.

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum

PRINTED FOR BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, NO. 4, SOUTH THIRD
 STREET, BY SMITH AND MAXWELL,

Critical Observations on the Poem of Mr. Joel Barlow, the Columbiad, by M. Gregoire, formerly Bishop of Blois, Senator, Member of the National Institute, &c. &c.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received with gratitude, and read with interest, your magnificent work, *the Columbiad*. This monument of genius and typography will immortalize the author and give fame to the American press; this alone would be sufficient to destroy the assertion of Pauw and other writers, that there is a want of talents in America, if your country did not, already offer a list of great men, who will go down with *eclat* to posterity.

When a book is published, it enters the domains of criticism; you yourself solicit it in the letter which accompanies your present; you solicit it with the frankness which is natural to you. Thus I exercise a right as well as perform a duty, not in addressing literary observations to you, but in repelling an insult to christianity, an insult on which I should be silent, if Barlow was a common writer, or his poem an inferior work, because the book and its author would soon sink together into the stream of oblivion.

Anticus usque ad aras, says an ancient. It is at the foot of the altar, that I blame certain lines in your book, and an engraving which has the following inscription, *Final destruction of prejudices*. Prejudices!—Perhaps no one desires their destruction more than myself. But what do you call by this equivocal name? and what do I perceive in the midst of the heaps in this picture, which serve for emblems? The attributes of the catholic ministry, and, above all, the standard of christianity, the cross of Jesus Christ! Are these what you call *prejudices*? If even the excellent works, which have rendered evident the truth of the gospel; if even the principles and the history of eighteen centuries did not formally contradict you, it would be easy to show that this picture is an attack against all christian societies, that it is an act of intolerance, of persecution, which offends God and man.

The unlimited freedom of religion in the United States confers on no sect a character of domination, nor any of those exclusive privileges, that are possessed in different countries of Europe by the churches of the Catholics, Greeks, Lutherans, Calvinists, &c. &c. Let us leave to the partizans of the English church the endless dispute on the prerogatives of the *established church*, on the utility of those *civil establishments* which, already shaken, will crumble, perhaps, on all sides, at no very distant epoch. Though I am by conviction, by sentiment, a

catholic, and honored with the episcopal character, after a deliberate examination, I think that if we owe to the state a guarantee of obedience when it requires it, that nevertheless these *civil* establishments, which may be in favour of errors as well as of truth, are often unjust, impolitic, dangerous in more than one respect, though Providence may draw good from them, as it does from many other evils which it tolerates.

Let every thing relating to conscience, as well as every thing that belongs to social organization, be freely discussed; truth demands examination, which despotism only can fear: this alone finds it necessary to invoke ignorance, to surround itself with darkness, to repel the light which breaks out from the researches that are directed by good faith and sagacity.

But what will be the result, if, instead of reasoning with calmness and respect on religion, the most important object for man in the course of his fugitive existence, calumny should point its sarcasms, and spread its black colors over historical facts which it misrepresents; if, instead of speaking to the understanding to enlighten it, we address ourselves to the passions to seduce? This has been the conduct which our infidel Frenchmen have followed, pluming themselves with the title of philosophers. It is important to recollect, and to recollect often, that of those who have combatted christianity, the greater part have vomited the most infamous things against decency and morality; Lamettrie, Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, Diderot, Mirabeau, of the constituent assembly, P—, &c. Others have said before me, that incredulity almost always has its source in the heart, and that the antagonists of a religion, whose morality is so pure, are advocates who defend their own cause.

Almost all of them have attacked christianity by reproaching it with the abuses it has experienced, as if the abuses were the thing itself; as if, after having directed the wind on the straw, we must still blow away the grain; as if wine and iron ought to be proscribed, because there are debauchees and assassins.

In the stormy course of our revolution, the infidels held during some years, the sceptre of power; you were a witness of the use they made of it. In an instant, these champions of toleration and humanity were seen to display all the ferocity of Diocletian; to shut up, profane, and destroy our temples; to pursue the religious man even into the asylum of his thoughts; to incarcerate and transport bishops and priests. A great number of catholic pastors were dragged to the scaffold; during eighteen months I feared and expected the same fate; it is well known with what outrages I was loaded, in the midst of the national convention, for having braved the infuriated howlings of impiety; the greatest favour that was accorded us, was only to mark us out as *superstitious*.

as *fanatics* ; these were the epithets in fashion. For several years we were constantly under the axe of executioners, calling themselves *philosophers*. Do you hasten to tell me they usurped this title ; we are agreed. God preserve me from attributing to philosophy the crimes of brigands, who dressed themselves in her liveries. In the face even of the altar, I have justified her from crimes she abhors ;* but will our infidels ever exercise good faith ? Will they ever cease to reproach christianity with the abuses which she laments ?

What further did they do ? They travestied august liberty as a bacchante ; they exclaimed that no one could be at once a christian and a republican, at once a republican and a *moderate* ; though thousands of examples among us, as well as among you, attested the contrary ; though a holy and natural alliance establishes itself between those characters. Some pious but unenlightened men, were frightened by these clamours ; believing themselves placed between liberty and religion, could they balance in their choice ? It may be seen how our reformers, wishing to associate the republic with every thing that could destroy it, themselves precipitated the vessel of liberty into the abyss, at the moment it was reaching the port.

What would they have substituted for christianity ? A *goddess*, and a *temple of reason*, man for God himself. They afterwards made temples to the *Supreme Being* ; temples in which theophilanthropy erected her booths, till the period when the worship of the deists found its chapels deserted in France, as that of David Williams was in London.

At this period foreign nations waved among us the banners of discord ; they were powerfully aided by all the enemies of the revolution, of whom a part having fled their country when it was in danger, to stir up against it the potentates of Europe, corresponded with those who remained in their homes, to kindle discord and anarchy. By a refinement of perversity, they conceived the plan of destroying the most salutary reforms, by outstretching the object, and forcing every measure ; of rendering odious or ridiculous the soundest notions by exaggerating them ; in fine, of revolting the people by alarming their consciences.

Who could believe it, if accumulated facts did not attest it, that two classes of men the most opposite were seen at this period, acting in concert to commit the same crimes, and to destroy religion ? Pretended philosophers from hatred against it ; pretended christians from hatred to every priest, who had submitted to the law requiring an oath ? They would rather have seen our altars overturned, our sanctuaries profaned, and covered with filth and sacrilege, than to behold their brethren

* Discourse on the opening of the national council of 1801. p. 2.

in the same sacerdotal habits, but, faithful to their God and their country, offer the same sacrifice, and preach the same gospel. These distressing recollections will be engraved by history, they will resound in future ages; and when reason shall surmount extinguished passions, impartial posterity will decide on which side were truth, charity, and justice.

Does not your engraving appear to retrace, not as regards the manner, but the results, what our persecutors have executed? The illusory theories of impiety are falsified by the most decisive experience; which attests that morality is wavering and without support, if it does not receive it from the hands of religion; that religion is without consistence, if it is not *positive*, that is to say, founded on facts and on revelation. I conversed on this subject with your countryman, Thomas Paine. Write, said I to him, on political rights, but not on religious matters; your *Age of Reason* has discovered your incapacity; you will never be able to oppose any thing solid to the excellent refutation of your systems by a crowd of writers, above all by the learned bishop of Landaff

Some of our *persecutors*, who styled themselves philosophers, are already thrown into the sewers of history, the rest will be, in their turn. The greater part of those who have survived vent themselves in maledictions over the tomb of Robespierre, that it may forgotten they were his accomplices, his guards, and his banditti. They would be so again, if he and his power were resuscitated. Formerly under grotesque names and cynical dress, they dishonored the cause of liberty; vile Proteuses, they have changed their language, still more than their dress. Formerly they blasphemed against christianity; bigots now, and at no time pious, limited to certain forms, certain trifling customs, neglecting in religion every thing that restrains them, perverting its august truths as their interest may dictate, and from the motives which St. Augustine has developed in so striking a manner in his *City of God*,* they call themselves christians through policy, because, according to the expression of a modern orator, *religion is necessary for the people*; and as the secret of their heart always betrays itself more by their conduct than their discourse, the sacred instrument they would pervert is broken in their hands; for among that race always frivolous and without character, that is called Frenchmen, there is not one, even to the servant girl, who, in robbing her master, does not repeat that *religion is necessary for the people*, on condition that she may be dispensed from having it herself.

* B. 4. c. 32.

Religion, necessary to every individual, is still more so to those magistrates who are the regulators of states. Fatal experience of the misfortunes occasioned by an abandonment of christianity has not yet opened our eyes. We have recourse to a palliative to cure the wounds which have been made by irreligion, and its offspring immorality; they have loosened the bonds of society to such a degree, that they menace it with decomposition, which will be common to many neighboring nations. If ever decrepid Europe makes a step towards moral order, it will be less from love of that, than from lassitude of crime; but it will be under the escort of christianity and in consequence of inevitable catastrophes. In spite of the clouds that cover the future, this epoch may be perceived, though we are unable to predict it in a precise manner, though unable to calculate its term, or its disasters.

If the bounds of this letter permitted me, I would oppose to the evils engendered by infidelity the benefits profusely spread by the christian religion; its introduction was the most vast of all revolutions, and the most beautiful, because the most useful to the human race. The cross and the gospel, in preparing us for the happiness of eternity, have civilised the world; virtue and knowledge have every where marched in their train; every region has been abandoned by virtue and knowledge which has lost christianity; those regions have returned to barbarism; witness the church of Africa, illustrious for so many learned men, and which was once one of the most brilliant portions of christendom. Witness Algiers, where you resided two years; such would be the lot which the United States would feel, if ever they should cease to be christians.

And is not this equivalent to what you propose in some lines, and by an engraving, which a disciple of the gospel repels with horror? The attributes of pure christianity are classed among the emblems of prejudices. Where are your proofs? It is in the nature of things, that what is invariably useful should be essentially true; instead of proofs, you give up to derision objects revered by many hundred millions of men, who will not believe you on your word; they will see that your anti-christian sentence wants justness; that it is a consequence without premises; that, without reasoning at all, you decide that all the disciples of the gospel reason falsely.

Virtuous minds would sigh to behold calumny, impiety, and lubricity display themselves with effrontery, protected by the liberty of the press; but as we do not know where to place the limits, if we attempt to establish by law repressive measures, this evil would be counterbalanced by others, if our mouths were locked, and our pens crushed by tyranny. The press is free in your country; thus you are not repre-

hensible by the law, but condemnable at the tribunal of opinion, the supreme judge of all crimes that offend propriety and justice. Yours offends both.

It offends justice, because it is a gratuitous outrage, that resembles that of the *Jesumy* at Japan. What would you say, if the attributes of liberty, which are so dear to you, were trampled under foot before your eyes?

It offends propriety, because, in holding out as *perjudices* the emblems of the christian religion, it is saying to all those who profess it, that they are fools; this compliment addresses itself to the disciples of the gospel in every part of the globe; it addresses itself to the estimable descendants of those catholics, who, flying from British persecution, established in Maryland a state belonging to your confederation; it addresses itself to the venerable Carroll, bishop of Baltimore; you trample on the attributes of his pastoral character. In France, it is true, the nonconformists outrage in this way episcopacy in the person of those pastors, who, faithful to the voice of their consciences, have committed *the unfardonable crime* of submitting to the laws of their country; this is a sad example to cite, not a model to imitate. Your presbyterian countrymen will perhaps ask, if you have abjured the principles that you professed when you were the chaplain of a regiment in the war of independence.

If to believe in the gospel be a prejudice, permit us to partake of it with the feeble minds of Addison, Abbadie, Arbuthnot, Bacon, Berkeley, Barrow, Beattie, Bentley, Boerhaave, Bonnet, Boyle, Blackstone, Clarke, Cullen, Doddridge, Ditton, Forbes, Fothergill, Ferguson, Grotius, Gray, Hervey, Hanway, Hartley, Harrington, Hyde, Haller, Jones, Johnson, Locke, Lardner, Leibnitz, Lyttleton, De Luc, Milton, Newton, Puffendorf, Paley, Prior, Pringle, Priestley, Price, Ray, Rabener, Roustau, Robertson, Sherlock, Spenser, Steele, Thomson, Wolfe, Washington, Usher, Woodward, Young, &c. and with those madmen, worthy of pity, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, la Bruyère, Copernicus, Corneille, D'Aguesseau, Descartes, Despréaux, Fénelon, Galileo, Gassendi, Houbigant, Mallebranche, Massillon, Nicole, Pope, Pascal, Racine, Winslow, Winkelman, &c. all sincere catholics; but to speak seriously, it is pleasant to lose ourselves in such a brilliant company.

I must add, that in wishing to undeceive us in regard to what you call *perjudices*, you err in the choice of means; for conviction can only be the effect of reasoning; man cannot detach his affection from the object most dear to him, unless the motives that support it are destroyed. But if injuries that revolt are substituted for arguments that convince, we are sure to strengthen the adhesion to principles which

are rooted in the mind and the heart. If to convert a mussulman, instead of proving to him that Mahomet was an imposter, I should commence by placing before his eyes a picture, in which the Koran and the Crescent were trampled under foot, his heart, embittered, would cloud his understanding, and prevent all access to my attempts. Apply these reflections to the true religion, and see if you have not failed entirely in a deplorable design.

Persecution, my dear Barlow, does not consist only in exiling, incarcerating, and assassinating men ; Julian invented more cunning, and not less cruel vexations. They have been refined among us at the end of the eighteenth century, in harassing and lacerating the catholics without cessation, by repeated invectives, by a multitude of those little means, whose application was continual torture ; impious verses, songs, epigrams, caricatures, every thing was made use of. You are very different from such men ; but why resemble them in any thing ? Your engraving is an offence against the freedom of religion ; a sort of persecution which your heart disavows ; reflection will bring on regret. Believe me, my friend, that these injured catholics will not make use of reprisals ; true piety opens her bosom to erring brethren, without opening it to error ; to enlighten them, she places the torch of truth in the hand of charity. Having but a moment to exist in this world, we should love our fellow men, be benevolent towards all whatever may be their religion, their colour, or their country. Jesus Christ has given us both precept and example in their turn ; he displayed alternately firmness and goodness towards the Pharisees ; his parable of the Samaritan is a perpetual judgment against persecutors.

If you should say further, that France offers examples worthy of condemnation, and that previous to censuring an American, my zeal should be exercised to convert my countrymen ; far from weakening the objection, I would fortify it. I would say that, in a country where so many truths have returned to their wells, we see printed and circulated freely the obscene poetry of a member of the national institute, and the rhapsodies of romance writers, who serve up afresh impieties so many times refuted. I would say too, that without respect to the first body of the state, which ought to give an example of decency, immorality is authorised, by peopling the garden of the palace with licentious statues, to such a degree that virtuous mothers dare not conduct their children thither.

You see that I am far from avoiding objections ; but by my disapprobation of an offence, in which I have no share, and against which my colleague, Lanjuinais, protested vainly in full senate, though with the general assent of the senators, I have reserved to myself the right of telling you, that to recriminate is not to answer ; and that what

might be alleged as an example to follow, cannot be but as an abuse to reform. Gorani observes that the licentiousness of painting and sculpture had exercised a disastrous influence over Italy; that the master pieces of the arts had drawn away sound minds from useful and necessary studies, had depraved their manners, enervated their courage, and fomented the most hateful vices.* When public shame is extinct, do not expect to preserve the private virtues; and when religion is publicly insulted, it is a wound to morality, a national calamity.

Many times I have repented having employed so many efforts to defend the arts and those who cultivate them against Vandalism; not that those arts which are called *fine*, and which are not always good, are bad in their very nature; but, almost always, they are flatterers and corruptors, which, by an inconceivable fatality, precede, bring on, escort, and follow depravation. Even in his time the illustrious Gerson† complained of it, to whom France owes a monument, and whom she has almost forgotten; he was grieved to see scandalous pictures, and a libidinous work, the *Romance of the Rose*, exposed to the eyes of youth. At the moment I am writing, we are menaced with a new edition of it.

What will be the fruit of my remonstrance? You are not one of those men who are afraid to acknowledge that you are wrong. A man is always honoured in doing an act of reparation. I appeal to your loyalty, to your delicacy; this is to put you at strife with yourself.

My soul is oppressed in finding cause of blame in a man in whom I see so much to praise. Your character is not degraded by meanness, like that of the greater part of your brethren the poets; you have not prostituted your talents to adulation; do not tarnish them by incredulity, nor by a sort of persecution. Placed at the summit of the American Parnassus, a creditor of glory, you have sung in beautiful verses that liberty you defended with your arms; you came to render her homage at the bar of the national convention, where, as president, I answered in a manner that accorded with the principles you proclaimed. Our hearts were in unison.

The true foundation of political liberty is in the gospel, for it perpetually reminds men, that, having all proceeded from the same stock, they compose only one family; that there exists among them, not a *species of relationship*, as has been said in a well known work, but a real consanguinity, whose bond is indistructible. The gospel unceas-

* See the preface to the *Memoires secrets et critiques des cours des gouvernans, des moeurs des principaux etats de l'Italie*, by Gorani. Paris 1793.

† Vide his works, edit. Dupin. v. ii. p. 291, &c.

ingly inculcates on men a spirit of charity and fraternal sentiments. The christian religion would be perverted and disguised, if it were subordinate to the caprices of rulers and the passions; but well understood and rightly practised, it is the most certain guarantee of the purity of public and private manners. Under its wings, my friend, your state of society was raised, and consolidated, and the domestic virtues hereditarily transmitted; it is to that, without doubt, that you owe, among other advantages, that of having a wife gifted with so many rare qualities and inestimable virtues. Ingratitude alone could mistake the benefits of this august and divine religion; it would be like despising the bosom of our mother.

I have discharged, my dear Barlow, a very painful task in censuring, without human respect, what in your poem, offends christianity. The work being public, I give the same publicity to my remonstrance; thus satisfying what is prescribed to me by my principles, my situation, my conscience, and my invariable friendship.

H. GREGOIRE,

Former Bishop of Blois, senator, &c.

PARIS, 15th March, 1809.

Letter to Henry Gregoire, bishop, senator, comite of the empire and member of the institute of France, in reply to his letter on the Columbiad. By Joel Barlow, L. L. D. Fellow of the American Philosophical Society, and several other learned institutions.

MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter, at once complimentary and critical on the poem I sent you. Our venerable friend archbishop Carroll informs me that he has likewise received from you a copy of the same letter; and he has expressed to me in conversation, with the same frankness that you have done in writing, his displeasure at the engraving which has offended you.

While I assure you that I sincerely mingle my regrets with yours and with his on this subject, permit me, my excellent Gregoire, to accompany them with a few observations that I owe to the cause of truth and

to my own blameless character. Yes, my friend, I appeal to yourself, to our intimate intercourse of near twenty years, when I repeat this claim of character. It cannot be denied me in any country; and your letter itself, with all its expostulating severity, is a proof of the sentiment in you which justifies my appeal.

The engraving in question is gone forth, and unfortunately cannot be recalled. If I had less delicacy than I really have towards you and the other catholic christians whom you consider as insulted by the prostration of their emblems which you therein discover, I might content myself with stating, what is the fact, that this engraving and the picture from which it was taken were made in England while I was in America; and that I knew nothing of its composition till it was sent over to me not only engraved, but printed and prepared for publication. My portion therefore in the crime, if it is a crime, is only the act of what our lawyers term an accomplice after the fact. But my affectionate regard for an offended brother will not suffer me to meet his complaint with so short an answer. I must discuss the subject, and reply to the whole charge as though it were all my own; premising, as I have already done, that I am sorry there is occasion for it, and regret that the engraving was ever made.

How much our religious opinions depend on the place of our birth! Had you and I been born in the same place, there is no doubt but we should have been of the same religion. Had that place been Constantinople we must have been musselmen. But now the musselmen call us infidels; we pity their weakness and call them infidels in our turn. I was born in a place where catholic christians are not known but by report; and the discipline of our sect taught us to consider them, not indeed as infidels, but as a species of idolaters. It was believed by us, though erroneously, that they worshipped images. We now find that they employed them only as instruments of worship, not as the object. But there is no wonder that to the vulgar apprehension of our people it should appear as we were taught to believe; and that those nations who bow the knee before these emblems of deity, and address their prayers to them, should be considered as really worshipping them. This idea was perhaps corroborated by their prayers being uttered in an unknown tongue.

The decalogue of Moses had inspired us with an abhorrence for images, and for those who bow down to them and worship them; and hence arose our unhappy aversion to the catholics. We were told that their churches were full of pictures, statues and other visible representations, not only of the blessed virgin, of all the apostles and many of the saints, but of every person in the holy trinity. Our fathers had protested against that great section of the christian family which calls

itself the mother church, not merely on account of the sale of indulgences, against which Luther had led the revolt, but likewise on account of its making these pretended images of the inimageable God.

The sect of puritans, in which I was born and educated, and to which I still adhere for the same reason that you adhere to the catholics, a conviction that they are right, were the class of reformers, who placed themselves at the greatest remove from the mother church, and retained the least respect for her emblems and the other ceremonials of her worship. They could suffer no bishops, no mitres, crosiers, crucifixes or censers. They made no processions, carried no lighted candles through the streets at noon day; neither did they leave them burning in their churches through the night, when no human eye was there to see them; having entirely lost sight of this part of the institutions of Zoroaster, Isis, and Ceres. They would not allow their prayers to be written in any language, not even in Latin, though they did not understand it. But they chose to utter their supplications extempore, like their other discourses, to communicate their own ideas, to express their wants and offer their confessions directly to the invisible God; through a mediator indeed, but without holding him in their hand; or having him fixed in effigy on a cross before their eyes. They had no organs in their churches, no instrumental music in their worship, which they held to be always profane.

These people made use of no cross but the mystical one of mortifying their sins; and if they had been called upon to join in a crusade to the Holy Land, they must have marched without a standard. They would have fought indeed with as much bravery as saint Louis or the lion Richard; but when they had reconquered the tomb of Christ, they would have trampled on the cross with as fervent a zeal as they would upon the crescent. They were not conversant with what we call the fine arts; they spoke to the ear, but not to the eye; and having no reverence for images or emblems, they despised those that had, though they were doubtless wrong in so doing.

I mention these things, my worthy friend, not with the least idea of levity or evasion; but to prove to you how totally you have mistaken my meaning and my motive; to show by what chain of circumstances, mostly foreign to our own merits or demerits, our habits of opinion, our cast of character are formed; to show how natural it is that a man of my origin and education, my course of study and the views I must have taken of the morals of nations, their causes and tendencies, should attribute much of the active errors that afflict the human race to the use of emblems, and to the fatal facility with which they are mistaken for realities by the great vulgar of mankind; how the best of christians of one sect may consider the christian emblems of another sect, as *fire-*

judices of a dangerous tendency, and honestly wish to see them destroyed; and all this without the least hostility to their fundamental doctrines, or suspicion of giving offence.

I never supposed that those Hollanders who, to obtain leave to carry on commerce in Japan, trampled on the cross, as a proof that they did not belong to the same nation with the Portuguese who had done so much mischief in that island, really meant to renounce their religion as christians, when they trod upon its catholic emblem. The act might be reprehensible, as being done for lucre; but it must appear extremely different in the eyes of different sects of christians. To a catholic, who identifies the cross with the gospel, our only hope of salvation, it must appear a horrid crime; but to a protestant we may easily conceive it might appear of little moment, and by no means as a renunciation of the gospel.

You have now furnished in your own person an additional example, and a most striking one, of identifying the symbol with the substance. In your letter to me, you treat the cross and the gospel as the same thing. Had I been sufficiently aware of the force of that habit of combination among the catholics, especially in a mind of those acute perceptions and strong sensibilities which I know to belong to yours, I should surely have suppressed the engraving.

You must perceive by this time, that you have mistaken my principles and feelings in another point of view. You suppose I should be greatly offended "to see the symbols of liberty, so dear to me, trampled under foot before my eyes." Not at all my friend. Leave to me and my country the great realities of liberty, and I freely give you up its emblems. There was no time in the American revolution, though I was then young and enthusiastic, when you might not have cut down every liberty pole and burnt all the red caps in the United States, and I would have looked on with tranquillity, perhaps have thanked you for your trouble. My habits of feeling and reasoning, already accounted for, had accustomed me to regard these trappings rather as detrimental than advantageous to the cause they are meant to support. These images we never greatly multiplied in this country. I have seen more liberty caps at one sitting of the jacobin club in Paris, than were ever seen in all America.

You will say perhaps that it is the difference of national character which makes the distinction. This is doubtless true; but what has been the cause of this difference in the character of our two nations? Has not the universal use of emblems in one, and the almost universal disuse of them in the other, had as great if not a greater effect than all other causes, in producing such difference? I do not say that our national character is better than yours; far from it. I speak frankly, I

think you undervalue the French character. I have a high esteem for that nation. They are an amiable, intelligent, generous, hospitable, unsuspicious people. I say nothing of their government, whether regal, revolutionary or imperial. In private friendship they are as disinterested and unshaken, at least as any people I have seen. Of this I could cite numerous examples, both within my own experience and that of others; though it would establish my position in my own mind if I were able to mention none but you.

It would indeed be paying too high a compliment to any nation on earth to cite Gregoire as a sample of its moral and social character. If all catholics had been like you, the world at this day would all be catholics. And I may say, I hope without offence, that if all pagans had been like you, the world had all been pagans, there might have been no need of catholics, no pretext for the sect of puritans.

This is an amicable discussion between you and me. The suavity of your manner does honor to the fortitude with which you defend your principles; though it is not easy to perceive against what opponent you are defending them. Your letter expatiates in a wide field and embraces many subjects. But really, my friend, the greater part of it has nothing more to do with me than one of Cicero's letters to Atticus. You begin by supposing that I have renounced christianity myself, and that I attempt to overturn the system by ridicule and insult. Neither of which is true; for neither of which have you the least colour of proof. No, my honest accuser, the proof is not in the book. Review the work with all the acumen of your discernment, and you must, you will recal the hasty accusation. I defy you and all the critics of the English language to point out a passage, if taken in its natural, unavoidable meaning, which militates against the genuine principles, practice, faith and hope of the christian system, as inculcated in the gospels and explained by the apostles whose writings accompany the gospels in the volume of the New Testament.

On the contrary, I believe, and you have compelled me on this occasion to express my belief, that the Columbiad, taken in all its parts of text and notes and preface, is more favourable to sound and rigid morals, more friendly to virtue, more clear and unequivocal in pointing out the road to national dignity and individual happiness, more energetic in its denunciations of tyranny and oppression in every shape, injustice and wickedness in all their forms, and consequently more consonant to what you acknowledge to be the spirit of the gospel, than all the writings of all that list of christian authors of the three last ages, whom you have cited as the glory of christendom, and strung them on the alphabet from Addison down to Winkelman. Understand me right, my just and generous friend; I judge not my poem as a work

of genius. I cannot judge it, nor class it, nor compare it in that respect, because it is my own. But I *know* it as a moral work; I *can* judge and *dare* pronounce upon its tendency, its beneficial effect upon every candid mind; and I am confident you will yet join me in opinion. But let me repeat my prayer that you will not mistake the spirit of this observation. It is not from vanity that I speak; my book is not a work of genius; the maxims in it are not my own; they are yours, they are those of good men that have gone before us both; they are drawn from the gospel, from history, from the unlettered volume of moral nature, from the experience and the inexperience of unhappy man in his various struggles after happiness; from all his errors and all his objects in the social state. My only merit lies in putting them together with fidelity. My work is only a transcript of the tablet of my mind imprest with these images as they pass before it.

You will see that I have nothing to do with the unbelievers who have attacked the christian system either before the French revolution, or during or since that monumental period. I am not one of them. You say I resemble them not in any thing else; you will now add that I resemble them not in this.

So far as you have discovered a cause of the failure of that revolution in the renunciation of the christian faith by those who held, in stormy quick succession, the reins of your government, I thank you for the discovery. I was in want of more causes than I had yet perceived, to account for the unhappy catastrophe of that gigantic struggle of all the virtues against all the vices that political society has known. You have discovered a cause; but there is such a thing in logic as the cause of a cause. I have thought, but perhaps it is an error, that the reason why the minds of the French people took the turn they did, on the breaking out of the revolution, was to be found in the complicated ceremonials of their worship, and what you yourself would term the nonessentials of their religion.

The reasonable limits of a letter will not allow me to do justice to this idea. To give it the proper development would require five times the volume that I shall give to the present communication. The innumerable varieties of pomp and circumstance which the discipline of the church had inculcated and enjoined, became so incorporated with the vital principles of faith and practice; and these exteriors were overloaded with abuses to such a degree, that to discriminate and take them down, without injuring the system, required a nicer eye than the people can possess, a steadier hand than can comport with the hurried movement of a great revolution.

The scaffolding of your church, permit me to say it, had so enclosed, perforated, overlooked and underpropt the building, that we could not

be surprised, though sorely grieved, to see the reformer lay his hand, like a blind Sampson, to the great substantial pillars, heave and overturn the whole encumbered edifice together, and bury himself in the ruins. Why did they make a goddess of reason? Why erect a statue of liberty? a mass of dead matter for a living energetic principle! Have the courage, my good friend, to answer these questions. You know it was for the same cause that the people of Moses made their golden calf. The calf Apis had from time immemorial become a god in Egypt. The people were in the habit of seeing their divine protector in that substantial boval form, with two horns, four legs and a tail; and this habit was so interwoven in the texture of their mind as to become a part of the intellectual man. The privations incident to a whole moving nation subjected them to many calamities. No human hand could relieve them; they felt a necessity of seeking aid from a supernatural agent, but no satisfaction in praying to an invisible God. They had never thought of such a being; and they could not bring themselves at once to the habit of forming conceptions of him with sufficient clearness and confidence to make him an object of adoration, to which they could address their supplications in the day of great affliction.

Forty years of migration were judged necessary to suppress the habit of using idols in their worship; during which time their continual marches would render it at once inconvenient for the people to move their heavy gods, and to conceal them in their baggage; while the severity of military discipline must expose their tents and their effects to the frequent inspection of their officers.

Shall I apply this principle to the French nation in her revolution? No, my friend, it is too delicate a task for a foreigner who has received her hospitality; I will leave it to your own compassionate and philanthropic mind. You will recollect how often I partook of your grief during that scene of moral degradation. No sooner did you and the other virtuous leaders in the revolution begin to speak of *august* liberty, *holy* reason and the *divine* rights of man, than the artizans took up the hammer, the chissel and the plaister of Paris. They must reduce these gods to form before they could present them to the people with any chance of their being understood; they must create before they could adore. Trace this principle through five years of your history, and you will find why the catholic religion was overturned, morality laid asleep, and the object of the revolution irretrievably lost, as least for our day.

My dear Gregoire, I am glad you have written me this letter, though at first it gave me pain. I was sorry to find myself so entirely misconceived by a friend so highly valued; but I see your attack is easily repelled, a thing which I know will give you pleasure, and it furnishes me an occasion at the same time to render a piece of justice

to myself in relation to my fellow citizens. You must know I have enemies in this country. Not personal ones; I never had a personal enemy, to my knowledge, in any country. But they are political enemies, the enemies of republican liberty, and a few of their followers who never read my writings; that is my writings that I wrote, but only those that I did not write; such as were forged and published for me in my absence; many of which I never have seen, and some of which I did not hear of till ten years after they had been printed in the American gazettes.

It has even been said and published by these christian editors, (I never heard of it till lately) that I went to the bar of your convention, when it was the fashion so to do, and made a solemn recantation of my christian faith, declaring myself an atheist or deist, or some other anti-christian apostate; I know not what, for I never yet have seen the piece. Now, as an active member of that convention, a steady attendant at their sittings, and my most intimate friend, you know that such a thing could not be done without your knowledge; you know therefore that it was not done; you know I never went but once to the bar of that convention, which was on the occasion to which you allude in the letter now before me, to present an address from the constitutional society in London, of which I was a member. You know I always sympathised in your grief and partook of all your resentment while such horrors and blasphemies were passing, of which these typographical cannibals of reputation have made me a participant.

These calumnies you see could not be refuted by me while I did not know of their existence. But there is another reason which you will not conceive of till I inform you. The editors of newspapers, you know, ought to be considered as exercising a sacred function; they are the high priests of public opinion, which is the high court of character, the guardian of public morals. Now I am ashamed to inform you that there are editors in this country who will publish the grossest calumny against a citizen, and refuse to publish its refutation. This is an immorality unknown in France since the death of Marat.

A private letter of mine, written from Paris, was mutilated in this country, made to say things that I never wrote nor thought, and published in all our anti-republican papers. I saw it a year after the date and immediately wrote an explanatory letter, which re-established my first intention. This last I then published in Paris, London and Philadelphia. Not one editor who printed the original mutilated letter has, to this day, printed my answer; though it was published in all those places ten years ago. And perhaps not one person in twenty who read the first has ever seen the second, or yet knows of its existence, except these editors who refused to publish it.

You must not suppose from this statement of facts that I am angry with these people. On the contrary, I pity and forgive them. And there is no great merit in this, for they are not my enemies. They only do the work they are set about by their patrons and supporters, the monarchists of America. Their object is not to injure me, but to destroy the effect of my republican writings.

They now publish your letter with great avidity because they think it will tend to decry my poem. It may have this effect in a small degree; but I still thank them for multiplying your publication. There is no work of yours that I do not wish to see universally read in America; and I hope soon to find in our language and in the hands of all our readers your last very curious and interesting treatise *de la littérature des negres*. It is a work of indefatigable research, and brings to light many facts unknown in this country; where the cause of humanity is most interested in propagating that species of knowledge. I hope the manuscript copy of Mr. Warden's translation is not lost; or if it is, that he will be able to furnish our booksellers with another.

If I had renounced christianity, as your letter seems to suppose, that letter and my reflections on your life and conversation would certainly bring me back. For you judge me right when you say I am not ashamed to own myself possibly in the wrong; or in other words to confess myself a man. The gospel has surely done great good in the world; and if, as you imagine, I am indebted in any measure to that for the many excellent qualities of my wife, I owe it much indeed.

I must now terminate my letter; or I shall be obliged to turn from you to the public, with an apology for making it so long; since I must offer it to the public in my country, and trust to your sense of justice to do the same in yours and in your language, in order to give it a chance of meeting your letter in the hands of all its readers. If, thus united, they serve no other purpose, they will be at least a short lived monument of our friendship, and furnish one example of the calmness and candor with which a dispute may be conducted, even on the subject of religion.

Your affectionate friend,

JOEL BARLOW.

KALORAMA, 13th Sept. 1809.

*** The author of the preceding letter requests those editors of public journals, who have published Gregoire's letter, to insert the answer as soon as possible. It is an act of justice due to him, and to the character of their journals, as well as to the author.



THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty may be indulg'd.

Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1809.

No. 6.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

(Continued from page 390.)

HOW far the misfortunes of Burgoyne were owing to accidents beyond human control, and how far they are to be ascribed to the individual conduct and courage of the American commander, would be a useless and invidious inquiry. Reasoning on the ordinary ground, his merits were exceedingly great, and this event entitled him to a high rank among the deliverers of his country. The memory of all former misfortunes were effaced by the magnitude of this victory, and the government and people vied with each other in expressing their admiration of the conquering general. Besides the thanks of congress, the general received from the president a gold medal as a memorial of their gratitude.

Every war abounds with cases of private suffering and distress, very few of which become public, though sympathy and curiosity are powerfully excited by narratives of that kind; and the feelings of a whole nation are remarkably swayed by them. The expedition of Burgoyne was adorned by the romantic and affecting tales of Miss M'Crea, and Lady Harriet Ackland. The latter is of no further consequence in this narration, than as it reflects great credit on the politeness and humanity of general Gates; major Ackland, the husband of this lady, was wounded and made prisoner in one of the battles preceding the surrender, and his wife, in going to the hostile camp to

VOL. II.

3 I

attend her husband, met with a reception which proved that long converse with military scenes, had left the virtues of humanity wholly unimpaired in his bosom.*

We do not feel ourselves authorized to enter minutely into certain mysterious transactions which followed these great events, and which exhibited the melancholy prospect, not of skirmishes and battles with the common enemy, but of a war of jealousy, suspicion and recrimination, between the chief commanders of the American forces. We hardly dare venture to touch upon leading facts, and to draw any positive conclusions from them at this late period, and without that knowledge which a personal acquaintance with the parties only can confer, would be presumptuous and absurd.

The first step to these misunderstandings, which has gained historical notice appears to be an unsuccessful application to Gates by Washington, for a detachment of his troops, after the course of events had clearly established the superiority of the northern army, exclusive of this detachment, over the enemy. After the capture of Burgoyne, it was extremely difficult either by persuasion or remonstrances, to induce general Gates, who was in quarters at Albany, to believe that the dangers of the southern army warranted him in parting with any of his forces. This reluctance, however, was finally overcome by the address and perseverance of colonel Hamilton; but the previous delays were supposed by some to contribute to the success of the British arms in Jersey, and on the Delaware. It is proper to observe, however, that these delays partly arose from the mutinous spirit of the troops intended to be draughted from the north.

The exigencies of the American troops, in the rigorous winter of seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, for provisions, led to a very singular contest between the civil and military power, in which the former recommended violence and cruelty, and the latter was the advocate of mildness and justice. Congress commanded the wants of the army to be supplied by a species of military execution. The general was insurmountably averse to any mode but fair purchase. The commander, since the acquisition of the colonial metropolis, by Howe, refused to adopt offensive measures. A strong party in congress, and

* The adventures of this lady have been made the theme of a long poem by Mrs. Morton of Boston. Her theory is very pleasing, and her verses have considerable merit, but whether the heroism of lady Ackland ought to be considered as exemplifying the influence of what is called a fashionable and luxurious education, or as forming a singular exception to the natural and ordinary effects of such an education, may be questioned by some.

a large one among the people, highly disapproved of his forbearance. The brilliant exploits of Gates, in the north, naturally presented him as a suitable successor to the commander in chief. Thus far we may venture to go, but we are not justified in assigning the degree of influence which personal animosity or ambition possessed over the feelings or conduct of general Gates on this occasion; how far the project of exalting him to the chief command originated with, or was promoted by himself; and if this were in any degree the case, how far upright or questionable means were employed for this end, we decide not. The regard due to the reputation of both those illustrious men, requires a nearer and nicer scrutiny to qualify any one for a judge in this case, than is possible for any one now living to make.* We hardly need to add that no change was effected, and that henceforward the popularity of Washington continued to increase.

It is well known that success does not always prove the wisdom of military plans, nor their failure always evidence their folly. Had Washington on that occasion been superseded by Gates—had Philadelphia been stormed, and Cornwallis and his army made prisoners—we should have escaped the miseries of three or four years' war. The promotion of Gates would have been universally applauded, and his glory in a great measure have supplanted that of Washington. Yet this event might have flowed from an unforeseen and momentary accident. Offensive measures at that season might not have deserved success. To all those who reason justly from the experience of the past, they might appear rash and inexpedient. Yet as a large party in congress and among the people, disapproved of Washington's forbearance, his successor would have appeared to owe his success to his superior valour and conduct. Fortunately, however, perhaps, Gates was denied an opportunity of trying his own plans. For the same accident which sometimes gives success to a rash measure, quite as often frustrates a prudent one; and failure would have been as readily admitted by the people a sufficient proof of his temerity as success of his foresight. Gates was placed at the head of the board of war, a post of trust and dignity scarcely inferior to that of commander in chief. His influence was immediately felt by the numerous class of the disaffected

* A good deal is said on this subject by Marshall, in his third volume, to which we gladly refer the reader for further, though certainly not for complete information, on this subject. An impartial mind will ever find such topics exceedingly embarrassing, and the very glory of Washington will inspire Candor with new caution, lest its lustre should mislead into injustice towards another.

and suspected. These had been treated in the true spirit of revolutions, with superfluous rigour and capricious cruelty. Gates's system was that of forbearance and lenity—of allowing largely for honest intentions and difference of opinion. The benignity of his measures were seconded by the urbanity of his personal deportment—he was courteous and friendly even to the proscribed.

The quakers of Pennsylvania were favourably disposed to Great Britain. This was a practical consequence of their conscientious aversion to war. How far their inclination and judgment, independent of religious motives, made them as a body favourable to that cause, it is needless to say. Their conscientious plea obtained no indulgence from the ruling party, and they were involved without ceremony, in the charge of treason and rebellion. Their sufferings constitute no particular stigma against the American revolution, because jealousy, intolerance, and oppression, belong of necessity to all revolutions.

Gates had always a particular kindness for the quakers. He displayed on all occasions, almost ostentatiously, his reverence for the head of that sect. The first use he made of the power annexed to his present station, was to redress their complaints, and relieve their sufferings.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF THE LATE THOMAS DRYSDALE, M. D.

If to erect a permanent and well-deserved monument to genius and learning, to hold forth to public admiration a model of character calculated to awaken the sensibility and rouse the virtuous emulation of the youth of our country, and to rescue from the leaden grasp of Oblivion the memory of exalted modesty and worth—If these be among the legitimate objects of American biography, the name of Drysdale should no longer slumber amid the silence of his ashes—It should be no longer entrusted to the precarious keeping of an humble *hic jacet*, etched on a head-stone near the shores of the Chesapeake.

Thomas Drysdale, though not of a wealthy or distinguished family, was, notwithstanding, descended of reputable parentage. He was

born in the city of Baltimore about the year 1772. Like many other individuals, who have become afterwards conspicuous for genius and letters, he was an infant of so feeble a frame, and such infirm health, that, for a considerable time, his dissolution was looked for as a certain and speedy event. But he was preserved for other destinies, and to carry to his tomb deeper regrets and keener sorrows, than could be lavished on the grave of an unpromising child. While yet of very tender age he was left an orphan by the death of his father. Soon after this melancholy occurrence he had the good fortune to attract the notice and conciliate the affections of Dr. Dorling, of Baltimore, a gentleman of talents, worth, and affluence, who, having no children of his own, adopted him as his son. Nor was this adoption the result of either relationship, accident, or caprice. It arose from a conviction in the penetrating and benevolent mind of Dr. Dorling, that his ward had received from nature the germe of eminence.

When placed at school, young Drysdale was far from disappointing the hopes and expectations of his patron and father. On the other hand, his improvement outstripped even the anticipations of the fondest affections. Beneath the influence of skilful culture, the powers and beauties of his mind expanded with the rapidity and luxuriance of the young olive, when fostered by the sunshine of the most genial sky. In every seminary through which he passed in pursuit of his education, it was his fortune to become the leader of his class, the favourite of his teacher, and an honour to the institution. For his orderly and respectful deportment, and the general decorum of his conduct, as a pupil, were alike exemplary to his equals, and pleasing to his superiors.

But the excellence of his character was not centred exclusively in the superiority of his intellect. His temper was sprightly, his disposition mild, his manners affable and engaging, his sentiments liberal and manly, and his heart the favourite seat of the social affections. Though his fancy was vivid and his wit keen and sparkling, they were never exercised at the expense of the feelings of a friend. Their play was brilliant but inoffensive, like the lambent flame of the poet, which, without scorching a hair of his head, sported around the temples of the infant Ascanius. They procured him many admirers, some friends, but no enemies.

Possessing talents of so elevated an order, joined to an ardent passion for knowledge, and enjoying the fairest opportunities our country afforded, young Drysdale's education could not fail to be of a superior character. Accordingly in the Latin, Greek, and French languages, together with the various elementary branches of science taught in our colleges, his knowledge soon became uncommonly accurate and pro-

found for his years. His acquaintance with the Latin, in particular, was surpassed by that of very few scholars of the present day. For he spoke and wrote that noble language with correctness, fluency, and classical elegance.

But our young philosopher's love of science, and the intensity of his application to severer studies, did not render him either indifferent or inattentive to personal and polite accomplishments. Hence his attainments in painting, music, dancing, fencing, and horsemanship, though not of the very highest order, were amply sufficient for the amateur and the gentleman. The wide and variegated range of his acquirements qualified him no less for a man of the world, than a man of letters. For he early learned the pleasing and invaluable, though difficult art, of blending together study and amusement, the labours of the closet with the glitter of the drawing-room, or the pleasures of the social circle, without suffering the one unduly or injuriously to encroach on the other. In all his studies, as well as in all his more active pursuits, he made the *utile et dulce* blend and harmonize in a manner equally rare and attractive.

Having finished his elementary education, he took leave of college, bearing along with him the fairest academical honours, mingled with the love and esteem of his fellow-students and preceptors. Though the heir, in expectancy, of an ample fortune, and, therefore, able to pass his time in the lap of affluence and literary ease, yet to live without being actively useful to society, did not comport with his ideas of duty. A rigid practical moralist, he deemed himself bound by an irrevocable obligation to devote to the good of his fellow men those talents and acquirements, of which nature and education had given him the command. He accordingly determined to qualify himself for some professional pursuit, and, by a kind of elective attraction, his choice was fixed on the profession of medicine.

The first part of his medical pupilage, which commenced about the year 1790, was spent under the direction of Dr. Brown of Baltimore, a physician conspicuous alike for talents, learning, and practical eminence. In this situation young Drysdale continued, the favourite pupil of an able preceptor, till the winter of 1792-3, when he repaired to Philadelphia to prosecute his studies in the University of Pennsylvania.

In the medical school which contained at that time about one hundred and twenty young gentlemen, assembled from the different states of the union, he was not long in attaining his usual distinction. In point of genius, application, and general science, he was acknowledged to rank with the foremost pupils of the institution. For classical learning he had scarcely an equal. To these excellencies of intellect he

added an exterior so engaging, an address so insinuating, and manners so mild, polished, and graceful, that he soon attracted the notice and regard of the medical professors, and won the respect and esteem of all his fellow-students to whom he became known. To the former he conducted himself as a pupil of exemplary deportment and ample promise, and to the latter he was a pleasing and instructive companion.

But it was in the several societies attached to the school of medicine, that his reputation attained its most elevated standing. Here the quickness of his penetration, and the extent of his knowledge, united to strong argumentative powers, and an easy, fascinating flow of eloquence in debate, shone with a lustre peculiar to himself. They might be almost said to have formed a kind of epoch in the societies, and constituted a solid basis for that influence and ascendancy, which he soon acquired over the minds of most of his fellow-members.

He continued his studies in the University of Pennsylvania, till the spring of 1794, when he was admitted to the degree of doctor of medicine. On this occasion, as on every former one, he was perfectly himself, losing nothing of that character as a scholar and philosopher, which it had been hitherto his pride and his fortune to maintain. The functions and diseases of the liver constituted the subject of his inaugural dissertation, which was written in chaste and classical Latin. I add, with much regret, that it was one of the last theses clothed in that learned and noble language, that has issued from the medical school of Philadelphia. Though it might be too much to assert that this circumstance alone marks a degeneracy of learning in the school, yet no one will contend that it is, in any measure, honourable to it. When literary and professional honours are rendered so cheap as to be within the reach of every capacity, Genius, Industry, and Learning being placed on the same humiliating level with Stupidity and Ignorance, are robbed of their fairest and most grateful reward.

Soon after his investment with the honours of his profession, Dr. Drysdale returned to Baltimore, which the attachments of his youth, and the solicitations of friendship induced him to contemplate as the place of his future residence. Happy for himself—happier still for his friends and country had he returned alone! but this, alas! was not the case; for he carried with him, as an inmate of his bosom, the foe that was destined ere long to destroy him—a foe inexorable in his rage, unerring in his aim, and, like *Death*, as described by the poet, too often inclined to select as his victim, “*a shining mark*.”

In the course of the preceding autumn, Dr. Drysdale had experienced a severe attack of *hemoptthisis*, from which he never entirely recovered. A slight but dry and obstinate cough, accompanied by an

occasional hectic on his cheek, betrayed to his friends the lurking mischief. Every one but himself was alarmed for his safety, and he was frequently urged to measures of precaution. The writer of this article has himself spent hours in pressing remonstrances on the subject. But all was to no purpose. The destined victim of disease, more intent on the acquisition of knowledge, than on the preservation or regaining of his own health, persevered in his ardent career of study, wholly regardless, perhaps unconscious of the impending danger. For one of the well known characters of pulmonary consumption is, that the unhappy sufferer is himself the last to admit that his situation is perilous.

Soon after his return to Baltimore, Dr. Drysdale became possessed of the inheritance he had long expected, by the death of his friend and patron, Dr. Dorling. But it was not in the power of wealth to change his Roman ideas of duty, or to shake those principles which he had long since adopted for the regulation of his conduct. Though his system was now evidently too much shattered, and his health too infirm, to admit of his encountering the fatigues of his profession, yet his active and enterprising spirit, cooperating with his sense of moral obligation, would not suffer him to waste his time in idleness. He accordingly invested a large sum of money in an institution for the manufacturing of salt from the waters of the Chesapeake. Of this institution he became the principal director, an undertaking for which he was amply qualified, from his accurate and extensive knowledge of chymistry.

But his exertions and services in this new and patriotic establishment, were destined to be of transient duration. The pulmonary affection under which he had so long laboured, advancing now with an accelerated pace, became alarming even to himself. Having hitherto made its approaches only by sap, it seemed determined at length to carry the fortress by a *coup de main*. Nor were all the powers of medicine able to frustrate its deadly purposes, or even to stay the period of their accomplishment. So rapid was now the progress of the disease, and so irresistible its fatal course, that in a few weeks its amiable victim was confined to his bed, and, in a few more, consigned to the grave—a grave where neither briar, nettle, nor noxious weed can ever spring; so mild, so inoffensive is the dust it contains—green be the sod that forms its covering, gentle and fragrant the breezes that fan it, far from the spot be the footsteps of the unfeeling, and may the dewdrops of heaven that nightly bespangle it, be pure as the spirit that once animated its sacred deposit!

As a belles lettres scholar, Dr. Drysdale held a very elevated standing for his age. Though he died in his twenty-third year, his knowledge of polite literature was extensive, profound, and critically

accurate. This was more particularly the case with regard to the poets, both ancient and modern. From the first opening of his intellect, he had regularly devoted a portion of his leisure hours to the cultivation of an acquaintance with these favourites of the Muses. Nor was he himself a stranger to the haunts of Parnassus, and the inspiring waters of the Castalian fount. While a student of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, the public was indebted to his pen for some of the most brilliant and beautiful little effusions, that have ever adorned our periodical prints. A genuine son and favourite of Fancy, his were emphatically the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Nor was he destitute of the talent for arranging those thoughts and words in a manner and style attuned to harmony and true to nature.

As a prose writer his style was copious and forcible; correct and elegant. His largest and most elaborate work consisted of an extensive series of letters to Dr. Rush, descriptive of the yellow fever as it prevailed in Baltimore, in the year 1794. These letters alone contain matter amply sufficient to establish the truth of all that has been advanced in this article respecting the talents and acquirements of the deceased. They were written but a short time previously to his death, and from the feebleness of his frame at the time, and the labour attendant on a composition so voluminous, it is probable they contributed to hasten that melancholy event.

Accept, departed shade of the most mild and amiable of men—accept this humble and imperfect tribute from one who was honoured with thy friendship while living, who mourned thy death with the sorrows of a brother, and who now begs forgiveness for having so long neglected to tell the world thy artless story!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—LETTER VIII.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, April 1804.

AMONG those who attempted to make their escape from the island, some were detected, of which I shall relate a few instances. One evening in February I was sitting near the door of a house on the quay, a short distance from the wharf. An American captain came running in, very much agitated, and, in a voice almost suppressed by fright, tremblingly asked me to lend him a dollar. I suspected that he had fallen into some difficulty, and instantly gave him one, when he hastened away. When I afterwards saw him, he informed me, that in company with a friend, in the attempt of taking a French lady to the wharf, to convey her on board an American vessel, he had been seized by the guard, and, finding no means of escaping from the alarming situation in which they were placed, unless bribery would do it, he had made propositions. The soldiers fortunately accepted the money, and permitted the lady to embark in a boat, in which she was conveyed to an American vessel, and concealed. A short time after this a vessel was to sail. Mr. W——, an English gentleman, engaged his passage on board of her. The lady was under his protection, and was removed to another vessel that was at anchor very near to the one which was intended to sail. He watched his opportunity, and, as soon as the guard who had been visiting the departing vessel to search for passengers had left her, on their return to the shore, he took the lady in a boat and carried her on board. Unfortunately, however, Henry, who was that day, in the absence of the commandant, the officer of the searching guard, discovered the affair, and immediately returned to the vessel. The generous Mr. W——, had only time to jump into a boat, and save himself by rowing to a British frigate which was just then on her way out of the port, leaving his unprotected charge to the mercy of her enemies. The lady was seized by the soldiers, whose savage looks proclaimed them to be assassins, carried to shore, and thence to the house of Christophe, where she was examined by the general, and ordered to a dungeon. The infernal ministers of vengeance were about to obey the mandates of their chief, when Henry stepped forward, and expressed himself in the following humane and feeling language: "General, you have often promised that you would one day grant me some particular favour; I now request that you will pardon this lady. In apprehending her I did but my duty; but I do not think her deserving of punishment." Christophe complied, and the wretched lady was dis-

charged ; but so exasperated was he at Mr. W——, that he declared if he should ever be found in the island again, he should be shot.

The captain of the vessel was then sent for, his vessel having been ordered back. He was threatened with imprisonment and confiscation of his vessel and cargo ; but he solemnly persisted in declaring, " that it was without his consent that the woman had been brought on board, and even without his knowledge ; that so far from countenancing the thing, he had actually tried to prevent her from coming on board." He was at length dismissed, after a detention of two or three days.

Some time after this, two young ladies applied to the commandant of the place for passports to go to Fort Dauphin, a small town on the coast, a few leagues to the eastward of this. They received them, and embarked on board a small packet boat. Their father, by some means, had escaped the same day, in some American vessel, which being discovered, his daughters were immediately seized, as they had not yet sailed, brought to shore, and cast into prison. This is the last that has been heard of them, and the probability is, that they have long ere this been put to death. It was said that their plan was so arranged as that when they should get outside of the harbour, they were to have been put on board some vessel, waiting there for that purpose, most probably the one in which their father was.

In the early part of March there was here a Danish schooner, said to belong to St. Thomas's. The captain having been offered large sums of money by some of the whites, if he would conceal and carry them off, and being, perhaps, at the same time actuated by sentiments of humanity, resolved upon the attempt. He knew that proclamations had almost every day been issued, prohibiting, under the severest penalties, the taking the subjects of the government from the island, and he also knew that every vessel, on her departure, was strictly examined by the commandant of the place. As it would, therefore, be an extremely hazardous, and, in fact, an impracticable thing, to conceal any number of persons on board his small vessel, he resolved upon an expedient which, if it should answer, would remove every difficulty. This was to bribe the commandant of the place ; he accordingly made proposals, which the villain accepted, on condition of receiving sixteen dollars for each passenger. The bargain was concluded, and when the vessel was ready to sail, Richard visited her, and suffered her to pass. At the mouth of the harbour, the Dane found an Indigene barge, apparently waiting to overhaul him, and fearful of such an occurrence, he made some pretence to return, and accordingly came back into port. Several of the passengers, beginning to suspect some foul play, then left the vessel, among whom was a gentleman who formerly resided in Philadelphia, and who communicated to me this circumstance.

On the following morning the schooner again set sail, and as soon as she had got outside of the harbour, was captured by a barge. She was carried into Limbé, a small place not far westward of the Cape, whence information of the affair was sent to Christophe. The inhuman tyrant instantly ordered them all to be put to death; in consequence of which the captain, crew, and all the passengers, twenty-one in number, were murdered. Christophe related this transaction to one of the Americans, at the same time declaring, that if any of his countrymen were detected in a similar attempt, they should meet the same fate.

On the first of this month a British frigate entered the harbour and fired a salute. The commandant of the place, having never before been so highly honoured, and being unacquainted with the formalities used on such occasions, was in the utmost confusion to know how to act. At length, after some deliberation, he got into his boat and went to the frigate. When he came along side, the captain, who had no idea of being made an April fool, refused to let him come on board until the salute was answered. He then returned to the shore, and in the course of an hour or two got a cannon in readiness, and returned the compliment.

I was upon the wharf towards evening, with some others, when one of the officers came on shore, and upon inquiring of him the news, and whence they came, he informed us that they were immediately from Port au Prince, where Dessalines and his troops were massacring the whites. A Frenchman, who was near at hand, overheard this conversation, and instantly flew like lightning. Although we had long been in expectation of such an event, this was the first account that had reached us. The melancholy news spread through the town in a few minutes. The horror and distress which it occasioned is beyond my power to describe. The poor unfortunate wretches who had long been kept in dreadful suspense, expecting every day to be their last, now saw their dreadful anticipations almost realized, for it was very evident, that as soon as the governor general had finished at Port au Prince, he would bring his troops, and perform the second act of the bloody tragedy at the Cape.

The officers of the frigate informed us, that during the massacre at Port au Prince, they saved the lives of many Frenchmen, women, and children, the two former by disguising them as sailors, and the latter by concealing them in their clothes-bags.

I shall now give you a circumstantial relation of an occurrence that took place on the fourth instant, which reflects the highest honour upon the brave tars who were concerned in it. About five o'clock in the evening, the captain of the frigate, a young man apparently about

three and twenty, came on shore with about thirty of his sailors, all of whom were dressed in blue jackets and white trowsers, for the purpose of going to the theatre. Many similar dresses had been previously sent on shore, and others were brought with them, to be distributed privately among the French, that they might put them on, and, at the conclusion of the play, join in with them, and all proceed to the wharf in a gang, thereby to elude the scrutiny of the guard. This scheme was admirably well devised, and had it been carefully pursued, would certainly have succeeded, for as it was dark the false sailors could not have been distinguished from the real ones, and by crowding close together, the soldiers would have been prevented from being too strict in their examination. But an unlucky affair intervened which frustrated the whole plan. It was this:—

The second lieutenant, a young man of superlative courage, but of rather too rash a temper, instead of going to the theatre, paid a visit to an American, who resided in the neighbourhood of the wharf, at whose house there was a French lady, two gentlemen, and a child, preparing themselves for embarkation, in the disguise of sailors. As soon as they were ready, the lieutenant insisted upon their going to the wharf, without waiting for the breaking up of the theatre, and upon their expressing some fear of detection, nobly declared that he would protect them at the hazard of his life. He then wrapped up the child in a bundle of clothes, and putting it under his arm, proceeded with the other three to the wharf, accompanied by a negro servant of one of the Frenchmen, who had generously offered to assist in his master's escape. When they arrived there, they found the guard doubled, and their captain with a lantern. It appeared that some suspicions had arisen among them, from seeing so many Englishmen coming ashore at one time, and Christophe having received advice from Dessalines of the captain's conduct at Port au Prince, warning him to keep a watchful eye upon him, they were determined to be uncommonly vigilant. The French people were instantly discovered, and an alarm was given to the soldiers. The lieutenant, seeing the imminent danger to which his protégés were exposed, but not in the most trivial degree alarmed for his own safety, was resolved upon a bold stroke. The officer of the guard, who opposed their going to the edge of the wharf, he forced on one side, out of the way, pushed them all three into a boat which was lying at the end of the wharf, handed them the child, and ordered the sailors to row off. This they did without delay, and had the good fortune to reach the frigate, where they deposited in safety the four happy fugitives. In the meantime, on the wharf, the officer of the guard, finding it impossible to prevent the French people from getting off, drew his sword upon the lieutenant. The latter in a moment

unsheathed his dirk, and attacked the negro, who fled with considerable impetuosity, with the Englishman close at his heels, crying, "*En vérité monsieur, prenez garde à vous.*" The lieutenant then walked into the coffee-house, which was not far distant, where he had scarcely been five minutes, before he was surrounded by a legion of soldiers with charged bayonets, who had rushed down from the arsenal, on hearing of the disturbance. Joysin, Richard, Ferrier, and many other officers also arrived, blustering, *foutreing*, and threatening the lieutenant with vengeance. The bold officer behaved on the occasion with the most deliberate coolness, handled his dirk again, bade defiance to the whole soldiery, who had formed a complete palisade of bayonets around him, made a resolute stand, and although he did not use precisely the same words, he spoke them in effect—

"By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

At length, after some difficulty, they wrested the weapon from his hand, shut the doors of the house, and sent off an express for Christophe, who was that night in town. The general very shortly came up on his horse in full speed, exasperated to a great degree. When he arrived within a hundred yards of the place, he pronounced in a tone of excessive anger, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça,*" and repeated it until he reached the door of the coffee-house, when he imperiously called out, "Where is the captain of the frigate?" The captain, who had been sent for at the theatre, and had just at that instant arrived, stepped up to the general, and answered "Here I am." "Pray, sir, what is the cause of all this disturbance?" "Why, sir, as far as I can understand, one of your officers has been saucy to my lieutenant." "It is not so sir, your lieutenant has insulted one of my officers." This conversation was so far in French, but the Englishman became so enraged at the haughty tone of the black chief, that he could not find in that language a sufficiency of words to express, with proper force, his opinion upon the subject. He accordingly resorted to his native tongue, and dealt out plentifully some of those phrases which are so peculiar to sailors. Christophe told him to speak French. He would not. The general then spoke freely his mind, with some reflections upon the conduct of the English. The captain could support it no longer, but turned round upon his heel, and said "the d——d black rascals! what are they jawing about? Come aboard boys, come aboard." He then proceeded to the wharf, followed by his men. The general told him to come back, but he took no notice of him. Christophe, still more enraged at this treatment, ordered the soldiers to make the Englishmen embark instantaneously. He then called for the captain of the

guard, who having come forward, he asked him "how he dared to suffer the French people to escape?" The fellow, half frightened to death, answered that "he endeavoured to prevent it, but could not." "*Foutre*," cried the general, "you ought to have made their heads jump first," and like a fury attacked the poor officer with his whip, and beat him in a severe manner. He then rode to the wharf, and again commanded the Englishmen to embark without delay. The captain then stepping up to him, calmly said, "General, I wish to conceal nothing from you; I mean to act upon fair grounds. I have had orders from the king my master to grant protection to every one that applies for it, whether they are friends or enemies, and I'll be d—d if I don't do it. As for my men, I have myself ordered them to embark, but you, nor no other man shall compel me to leave the wharf until I please." The general, after a little conversation, became calm, and fearing, perhaps, the censure of Dessalines if he should be displeased at this affair, which bordered so nearly upon a rupture with his friends the British, was disposed to compromise. He accordingly had the lieutenant's dirk brought, and offered to restore it. The officer refused to accept it without some apology, saying that the act of disarming him was a declaration of war against the king of Great Britain. The general assured him that no concessions would be made; the captain then stated that "he would send a flag of truce on shore on the following day, to demand in regular form satisfaction for the insult," and as soon as his own boat had arrived for him, he bade the general a good night, and went on board.

About nine o'clock on the succeeding morning, the first lieutenant of the frigate came on shore with a flag of truce, and a letter to Christophe, demanding an apology. The general still refused one, and replied for answer, that "the captain was too young a man to take notice of." This caused a second letter from the captain, in which he stated, that "as young a man as his excellency the general might please to think him, the king of Great Britain had considered him capable of commanding one of his ships of war, and while he was in that capacity, he would never see the British flag insulted." The general still persisted, and at length entered into conversation with the lieutenant. "Pray sir," said he, "do you suppose that if we wished to destroy all the whites in the island, you could prevent it?"—"Why general," replied the Englishman coolly, "I do not say that we *would* prevent it; but as to our being able to do it, that is quite a different sort of thing." This answer inflamed Christophe still more, and the lieutenant returned to his ship without having accomplished the object of his mission.

On the following morning we discovered that the frigate during the night had been warped in close to the shore ; her broadside was displayed to the town ; she had springs on her cables ; and her hammocks all arranged over the gunwale, in battle order ; the tomkins were even out of the guns, and every thing in complete readiness for firing upon the town. Most of the Americans staid on board of their vessels, every moment expecting the attack ; but nothing was done. The ship lay in that position all day, and at night resumed her old station. The alarm excited in the town upon this conduct of the English commander, was considerable, and four hundred troops were immediately marched in for its defence. During the night a boat was sent on shore for a pilot ; they succeeded in getting one, but not without hazard, for the boat was discovered and fired at by the soldiers, one of whom wounded the pilot in the arm. Orders, it appears, had been issued, forbidding the pilots to assist in conducting the frigate out of the harbor.

On the 7th inst. this ship sailed, and as she passed fort Picolet her courses were hauled up, and every preparation made for engagement, in case she should be attacked. No attempt was, however, made to molest her, and she departed in peace. The number of French persons that made their escape in this frigate is said to have been about thirty, and many others might have been equally successful, had they been possessed of sufficient resolution to have hazarded the attempt. Previous to his departure, the captain in a conversation with an American gentleman, declared that " if, during the quarrel on the wharf, he had only said one word to his sailors, they would have picked up Christophe, his horse, and his whole gang, and carried them on board the frigate."

NOTES

Made in 1809, at the time of the publication of the foregoing letter.

Mr. B. one of the Frenchmen who escaped through the bravery of the lieutenant of the British frigate, as above related, now resides in Philadelphia. He some time ago informed me, that through the friendship of general Romain, a black chief, now a general of division in Christophe's army, he was first advised of the danger in which the whites were of being massacred, and that it was through his admonition he undertook the attempt for his escape.

The frigate noticed in the preceding letter was the *Desirée*. The captain was Whitby, the same who has been the cause of so much uneasiness in the United States. It is much to be regretted, that a man possessed of so much humanity, even towards his enemies, should have been the unlucky perpetrator of an act which has been justly considered in our country as a wanton and flagrant violation of the laws of nations.

The name of the second lieutenant was *Burtz*, I believe the same who afterwards commanded his majesty's schooner *Redbridge*.

Sometime after the departure of the *Desirée* from the Cape, she went to Jamaica. An English gentleman who went passenger in her, and whom I afterwards saw, related to me the following anecdote, to which he was witness. He went one day with captain Whitby on board of the admiral's ship to pay their respects to the admiral, Sir John Duckworth. After some conversation relative to the affair that had happened at the Cape, Sir John addressed himself to Whitby in the following harsh language, uttered with warmth, and accompanied by his usual flip: "What! you young son of a b——, threaten to blow a town down, and not do it: G— d—— you—You're a disgrace to his majesty's service—I'll report you to the lords of the admiralty, and you shall be tried and hanged, by G——."

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"SPAIN, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM,"

A NATIONAL ODE,

Sung by Mr. Caulfield at the new Exchange Coffeehouse, Boston, at a public festival given in honour of the Spanish patriots, by the citizens of Boston, January 24, 1809.

Written by ROBERT TREAT PAINE, Junr.

"ARMA VIROSQUE CANO."

'What a plague ails the man,' quoth friar John, 'start, staring mad, or bewitched on my word. What o'devil has he swallowed, that he thus peppers it away in this maggoty crambo vein.'

"Then Pantagruel chid friar John and said,

"Bold monk, forbear, this I'll assure ye,
"Proceeds all from poetic fury," &c.

WHEN the sage Pantagruel and his merry companions, after touching at Pope Figue Land, the *Ile of Odes*, and divers other places, not laid down in the maps, came at last to the Oracle of

VOL. II.

3 R

the Holy Bottle; they forthwith became grievously possessed with the spirit of fustian, and began to rhyme incontinently out of all reason.

Whoever reads the colossal ode, which, for our sins, or rather the sins of the author, we have undertaken to dissect, will naturally conclude that our gigantic poet had just returned from a visit to this same oracle, and became in like manner, to use the words of the renowned Pantagruel, inspired with poetic fury. The poem is undoubtedly written in the true spirit of an oracle, though not that of the Delphic god, for it is sublime, prophetic, and unintelligible.

The author bounces in upon us like a doughty stage king, with a most alarming blast of trumpets,

"Sound the trumpet of fame!"

A man whose imagination was apt to gambol a little, might here fancy he saw the poet pushing in a queer, bewhiskered, little High-Dutch trumpeter before him, mounted on a Canada poney, and ordering him, under pain of losing his long queue, to "sound the trumpet of Fame," and demand the attention of the whole universe to what he is going to say or sing. Let us hear what they have got to say, for really both poet and trumpeter seem to be charged up to the muzzle with combustibles and inspiration.

Sound the trumpet of FAME! swell that paean again!
Religion a war against TYRANNY wages:
From her couch springs in ARMOUR REGENERATE SPAIN,
Like a GIANT *refresh'd* by the *slumber* of AGES!
From the cell where she lay,
She leaps in array,
Like AJAX to DIE in the face of the day:

CHORUS.

And swears from POLLUTION her EMPIRE to save,
Her FLAG and her ALTARS, her HOME and her GRAVE!

Well blown little trumpeter! or rather well sung great poet—"great let us call him, for he conquered *us*"—we mean our *gravity*. In this verse we are informed that Spain is *regenerated*, like a huge giant, who being overtaken in liquor perhaps, (for your giants were huge drinkers) fell asleep some hundred years ago, and not having the good fortune to be awakened, like Polyphemus, with a red-hot poker, continued to snore away most lustily till the other day. Being at length, however, awakened, he starts up, rubs his eyes, or rather his eye—your genuine giants having but one peeper—yawns, stretches, and stares with gigantic astonishment, on being solemnly assured by his poet

laureat that he has "slumbered for ages." But before we can well digest this giant story, up rides the little trumpeter, who flatly contradicts the poet, maintaining that Spain is not like a giant, but like Ajax, who being a brave man, and true muddy-brained hero, desperately rushes forth from his cell—(how he got there the Lord knows)—determined to "die in the face of the day," on purpose, I suppose, that people might see what a handsome corpse he would make. We were at first in pain lest this dispute might occasion a breach between the poet and the trumpeter; but our fears soon subsided on seeing the former fly off at a tangent, in pursuit of a "standard," which, "like a comet," is to "consume while it lightens the neighbouring sky." Candour, however, and a high respect for well-born and legitimate comparison, oblige us to declare, that both the trumpeter and poet are mistaken in supposing that Spain is either "like a giant" or "like Ajax." We think we see her rise up indignant at this disgraceful charge, and exclaim in the language of Glumdalca, "We are no *giant*, we are a *GIANTESS*!" As to her being like Ajax, the resemblance is nought, unless it can be proved that in imitation of that valiant blockhead, she has exchanged garments with the redoubted Hector Bonaparte, and is now vapouring about in a pair of his breeches—a thing as impossible as for the aforesaid Glumdalca to wear the breeches of Tommy Thumb.

The poet, it would seem, having drawn a little more inspiration from the oracular bottle, seizes the little trumpeter by the leg, and probably in revenge for daring to differ with him, fairly oversets him in the dirt, so that we hear no more of him, through the whole course of the poem. The poet then mounts the Canada poney, buries his spur in his side, and scrambles to the very crack-sculled top of Parnassus, where he beholds such sights as baffle all the wonders of Mahomet's dream, or the vision of Don Quixote in Montesino's cave.

"O'er her *hills* see the *DAYSTAR* of *GLORY* advance!
 Its beams warm her *CLIFFS*, and unfetter her *fountains*!
 But a *PESTILENT PLANET* it blazes on *FRANCE*!
 A *METEOR* of *BLOOD*, through the *MIST* of the *MOUNTAINS*!
 Like a DREAM in the AIR,
 See the *PYRENEES* glare!
 A *CASTLE OF FIRE*—on a *ROCK* *blear and bare*!"

As we never yet suspected Mr. Paine, or indeed *any other Eastern luminary*, of writing what neither he, or any body else, could possibly understand, we took uncommon pains to discover the mystic meaning of this alarming verse. But alas! for us, it was a perfect *terra incognita*, that eluded all our circumnavigations and we resigned it with a

sigh of bitter despondency to the unconquerable industry of some future Dutch commentator, who being born in the region of fogs, may perhaps be able to grope through a mist, that to us is impenetrable. Such a medley of metaphorical confusion—such a desperate conflict of “stars,” “planets,” “meteors,” and “castles of fire,” each striving for the mastery of the poet’s imagination, doubtless never yet was seen in literary warfare. Would that he had contented himself with his single “DAYSTAR,” which is as much as one man can cleverly manage. He might then perhaps have kept his sanity a little longer, and saved us all the bitter yearnings we felt, on beholding the desolation of his brain by this intestine commotion of rebellious metaphors.

Notwithstanding the ever to be lamented obscurity that pervades this gigantic, and enormous little ode, we do the author the justice to believe he would have made it more clear if he could. Indeed he has spared no pains to eke out his struggling meaning, with dashes, pauses, italics, black-letter, and capitals of all dimensions; not to mention a profusion of upstart notes of admiration, that, like little militia corporals, flank his lines, and strut about with enormous feathers in their hats. We are always sad, when we see a hapless author under the necessity of dizenng out his Muse with such vulgar ornaments; and when we first beheld the multitude of these lights thrown out to illuminate or to allure, we could not help auguring that the reader would fare like the traveller who is cheered with the sight of a house of entertainment at a distance, but approaching, finds it empty and unfurnished, as the poet’s lodging, or the politician’s brain.

We shall quote one more specimen, not because it is much more unintelligible than the rest, but merely to show that what has been already selected, is not the accidental nodding of Homer, or the sudden frenzy of a combustible imagination, hurried for a moment by uncontrollable impulse beyond the sober meridian of reason, but the regular flow of the poet’s genius, running through and pervading the whole poem.

“Bright *Day of the World*—dart thy lustre afar!
Fire the NORTH with thy heat—*gild* the SOUTH with thy splendour!
 With thy glance light the TORCH of RED-INTEGRANT WAR,
 Till the *dismember’d* EARTH *effervesce* and RE-GENDER!
 Through each *zone* may’st thou roll,
 ’Till thy beams at the pole,
 Melt PHILOSOPHY’S ICE in the SEA of the SOUL!

Bless us—what a volcanic verse we have here! and what a quantity of ashes, and pumice-stones, our poet heaves out of the crater of his imagination! Who, but fancies he beholds Mount Etna vomiting

fire, and pouring from a dozen new openings, as many rivers of red hot lava—as hot indeed as that same “bright day of the world,” which, among other unheard of achievements, is to “melt Philosophy’s Ice in the Sea of the Soul.” Heaven preserve the well-scoured pewter dishes of our good housewives—we fear many a one will rue that day! Whether there is any connexion between the volcanic eruption of the poet, and that which happened at Mount Etna, sometime in March last, must be left to the curious in these matters, for our parts, we seriously advise Mr. Paine, who seems to contain a prodigious quantity of positive electricity, never in summer time, to be without a lightning rod fastened to his cap—and if it happens that he wears a cocked hat, by all means to have one erected on each corner.

The poet, as might reasonably be expected, *goes out*, almost immediately after this tremendous explosion, sufficient in all conscience to exhaust the bowels of any volcano in the whole world, not excepting Etna, Hecla, or Robert Treat Paine. He writes but one more verse, at the end of which, being quite consumed, he quietly ascends to the clouds, like the caput mortuum of an old newspaper, or a dry leaf in a whirlwind.

Several reasons have prompted us to pay more than ordinary attention to this little production, which is secured to the author by copy-right. Of course he has a right to all we can say on the subject. In addition to this, Mr. Paine is a gentleman of considerable reputation, at least in the *enlightened east*, which being the quarter whence the sun rises, is certainly a very respectable portion of the Union. His example, may therefore be in the highest degree dangerous to the youth of America, and his volcanic explosions, occasion many mischievous imitations, to the great annoyance of the good citizens of the United States. In the happy and most enlightened city of New-York, there is a law, which is, however, never enforced, preventing the letting off of all manner of fireworks, the explosion of powder, and the firing of pop-guns; yet no sooner doth the famous Mr. De La Croix, exhibit at Vauxhall Garden his burning suns, brimstone stars, hissing serpents, and crackling skyrockets, but all the little urchins in the town, straightway expend their pocket money in powder, and what with blowing up of hats, and other scurvy devices, occasion much mischief by frightening old women, horses and militia officers. Thus, peradventure, might it have fared with the good citizens of Boston, who, seduced into an imitation of Mr. Paine’s sublime eruptions of fancy, and fireworks, would henceforward have groined under the dominion of those direful evils which desolate the fertile fields of classic Italy, and at length been buried like Herculaneum, under the burning lava of his

brain, had we not thus opportunely stepped forward to warn them against so dire a misfortune.

Thus far, with the greatest good humour, and without a particle of prejudice against our poet, have we made ourselves merry with the tumid style of one of his most hasty effusions, which, we are confident, Mr. P. by no means considers as the *only* pledge of his power. He has written variously, and he has often written well, with much of the ardor of patriotism and much of the enthusiasm of poetry. Our object is to warn him against the liberal use of that style, which, unhappily, is too fashionable among our brethren of New England. Let him invest some of his bold conceptions in the language of simplicity, perspicuity, and grace, and he need not shrink from the scrutiny of Criticism.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IN the Boston Patriot, a gazette, published in the capital of New England, a column, withdrawn from Politics, is sometimes lent to Literature. The following animated ode, with the exception of an occasional obscurity, appears to merit the favourable regard of the patriotic public. The introduction, in terms warmly encomiastic, is the production of a friend, whose genius and taste demand that he should be regarded in any light but that of a mere flatterer. Mr. Paine is unquestionably a man of genius, and had he been educated at Oxford, or Edinburg, even his enemies would not have harped at his Muse. But, in his juvenile days at least, fustian was the fashion in the Eastern schools, and his fine talents have been injured, in the opinion of the fastidious, by an absurd and erroneous discipline, and the study of spurious models. But it is in his power amply to vindicate his Fame, and break all the shackles, which the *Genius Loci* has formed.—*Editor.*

THE FAUSTUS ASSOCIATION celebrated its anniversary at the *Exchange Coffeehouse*. An appropriate ode was composed for the occasion by R. T. PAINE, jun. Esq.

“THE celebrity of Mr. Paine, cannot be augmented by any praise of ours. When the founders of the Federal-street theatre, to incite the genius of the nation, proposed a medal for a prologue; Mr. Paine, al-

though a stripling, entered the lists and bore away the palm. The gentlemen selected for arbiters and who unanimously awarded the prize, possessed a pure and refined taste and impartial and enlightened minds. Since that signal triumph of his muse, he has occasionally written and published odes, songs, and poems, whose general success has been wholly unrivalled in America. He is now revising and enlarging what is already in the hands of the public, and is adding some new pieces of great merit; the whole of which will be shortly issued from the press of Mr. Belcher in an octavo volume. Mr. Paine is now solely devoted to his books and his muse, and if his feeble constitution does not prematurely yield, he will raise a monument to our national glory, whose splendor will dissipate the Bæotian darkness which has hitherto so generally shrouded the genius of our literature.

"The present ode was written at the request of the *Faustus Association*, upon a short notice. It flashed from the poet's pen at a single heat. But it is nevertheless pregnant with the history of the art which it celebrates; with allusions and illustrations vigorously bold, and classically beautiful; and notwithstanding the shackles of writing to music, the style is masculine and poetic.

"The great stages of the art are poetically described in the three first verses; to each of which there is an appropriate chorus. Printing upon blocks with immovable types was invented by the descendants of Noah, "on the tent-plains of Shinah," and was nearly coeval with the first rude essays at agriculture. But the art remained in this state of imperfection, till "father *Faust* broke her tablet of wood," and invented the movable type. In succeeding generations the art received various improvements, prior to the era of *Franklin*, who first united the genius of philosophy to the art of the mechanic.

"How would Antiquity hide her diminished head, could she burst her cearments, and survey the comforts and elegances, which flow from the art and science of modern life? Her heroes and sages would shed

"Tears of blood on the spot where the world they had led,"

at their limited means of greatness; but they would with holy aspirations bless the "genius of type," which had so widely diffused their glory and so permanently embalmed their fame.

"The concluding verse impresses a salutary lesson and conveys a noble moral. We fervently hope that neither the lesson, nor the moral will pass unregarded by the conductors of literary and political Journals; for they stand at the fountains of public opinion and direct the course of its torrents."

Boston Patriot.

AN ODE.

Tune—" *Adams and Liberty.*"

ON the tent-plains of Shinah,—truth's mystical clime,
 When the impious turret of Babel was shatter'd,
 Lest the tracks of our race, in the sand-drift of Time,
 Should be buried, when Shem, Ham, and Japeth were scatter'd,
 Rose the Genius of Art,
 Man to man to impart
 By a language, that speaks, through the eye, to the heart.

CHORUS.

Yet rude was Invention, when Art she reveal'd,
 For a block stamp'd the page, and a tree plough'd the field.

As Time swept his pennons, Art sigh'd as she view'd
 How dim was the image her emblem reflected;
 When, inspir'd, Father Faust broke her tablet of wood,
 Wrought its parts into shape, and the whole reconnected,
 Art with Mind now could rove,
 For her symbols could move,
 Ever casting new shades, like the leaves of a grove.

CHORUS.

And the colours of thought in their elements run,
 As the prismatic glass shows the hues of the sun.

In the morn of the west, as the light roll'd away
 From the gray eve of regions by bigotry clouded,
 With the dawn woke our Franklin, and glancing the day,
 Turn'd its beams thro' the mist, with which Art was enshrouded;
 To kindle her shrine,
 His Promethean line
 Drew a spark from the clouds, and made Printing divine!

CHORUS.

When the fire, by his rod, was attracted from heaven,
 Its flash, by the type, his conductor, was given.

Ancient wisdom may boast of the spice and the weed,
 Which embalm'd the cold forms of its heroes and sages;
 But their fame lives alone on the leaf of the reed;
 Which has grown thro' the clefts in the ruins of ages;
 Could they rise, they would shed,
 Like Cicero's head,
 Tears of blood on the spot, where the world they had led.



CHORUS.

Of Pompey and Cæsar unknown is the tomb,
But the Type is their forum—the Page is their Rome.

Blest Genius of Type!—down the vista of time,
As thy flight leaves behind thee this vex'd generation,
Oh! transmit on thy scroll, this bequest from our clime,
The Press can cement, or dismember a nation.
Be thy temple the mind!
There like Vesta enshrin'd,
Watch and foster the Flame, which inspires human kind!

CHORUS.

Preserving all arts, may all arts cherish thee;
And thy Science and Virtue teach man to be free!

AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE WOODLANDS.

OF this beautiful villa to give an adequate description, the powers of genius should be united with the ardour of enthusiasm.

The grounds, which occupy an extent of nearly ten acres, are laid out with uncommon taste; and in the construction of the edifice solidity and elegance are combined. The building is of stone, and in the Doric order; the north front is ornamented, in the centre, by six Ionic pilasters, and on each side with a pavillion; the south front by a magnificent portico, twenty-four feet in height, supported by six stately Tuscan columns.

At the entrance, by the north door, where there is a vestibule sixteen feet in diameter, a corridor leads on the east side to a fine oval dining room thirty feet by twenty-two, and another on the west to the library, a square room with two bows, thirty feet by eighteen. In this latter apartment, among other models of the art, are three excellent paintings which must always be viewed with pleasure, and ought not to pass unnoticed: a portrait of Andrew Hamilton, the first of this family who settled in North America, and whose fame for eloquence and profound legal knowledge will be long remembered, a masterly copy

by Wertmuller, from an original by Sir Godfrey Kneller; the second is a whole length figure of the late James Hamilton, by West; and the other a highly finished picture of St. Ignatius at prayers, by Murillo.

With these two rooms communicate two others of smaller size, which may be justly called two large cabinets of gems. "On every side the living canvas speaks." The walls are decorated with the works of several of the ancient painters, from the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools, many of which are of great merit. Those perhaps most conspicuously eminent are four very fine paintings by Gerhard Douw, a delicious fruit piece by Van Huysum, and a Holy Family by Schudt. Let it be mentioned, however, to the praise of a living artist, Wertmuller, that, compared with all these fine specimens of the ancients, his exquisite picture of a half length Danae, ranks among them as proudly preeminent. From either of these cabinets the entrance is to a grand saloon, possessing local advantages unusually attractive. It measures forty-three feet by twenty, and seventeen feet in height. One end of it is graced by an admirable figure of Antinous, in statuary marble, and the other by a beautiful group of Apollo in pursuit of Daphne with Peneus at her feet, executed in bronze, in a style worthy the Grecian sculptors.

If thus far the eye has been pleased from viewing these fine productions of art, how much more will it be gratified when contemplating the prospect that bursts upon the sight from the centre of this saloon! The verdant mead, the spacious lawn, Schuylkill's lucid stream, the floating bridge, the waves here checked by the projecting rock, there overshadowed by the inclining trees, until by meandering in luxuriant folds, the winding waters lead the entranced eye to Delaware's proud river, on whose swelled bosom rich merchant ships are seen descending fraught with the vast surplus of our fertile soil, or others mounting heavily the stream, deep laden with the wealth of foreign climes.

Such are, in part, the beauties of this delightful scenery, and had the view terminated with high lands, or some o'ertowering mountain, no prospect could have been more perfect.

The attention is next excited by the grounds, in the arrangement of which the hand of Taste is every where discerned. Foreign trees from China, Italy, and Turkey, chosen for their rich foliage, or balmy odours, are diffusely scattered, or mingled with sweet shrubs and plants, bordering the walks; and as the fragrant path winds round, openings, judiciously exposed, such as the situation of the lands and rivers best admits, diversify the scene. At one spot the city, with its lofty spire, appears; at another, a vast expanse of water; at a third, ver-

dure and water, happily blending, form a complete landscape; and again another, where the champaign country is broken with inequality of ground. Now, at the descent, is seen a creek, o'erhung with rocky fragments, and shaded by the thick forest's gloom. Ascending thence, towards the western side of the mansion, the green-house presents itself to view, and displays to the observer a scene, than which nothing that has preceded it can excite more admiration. The front, including the hot-house on each side, measures one hundred and forty feet, and it contains nearly ten thousand plants, out of which number may be reckoned between five and six thousand of different species, procured at much trouble and expense, from many remote parts of the globe, from South America, the Cape of Good Hope, the Brazils, Botany Bay, Japan, the East and West Indies, &c. &c. This collection, for the beauty and rich variety of its exotics, surpasses any thing of the kind on this continent; and, among many other rare productions to be seen, are the bread-fruit tree, cinnamon, allspice, pepper, mangoes, different sorts, sago, coffee from Bengal, Arabia, and the West-Indies, tea, green and bohea, mahogany, magnolias, Japan rose, rose apples, cherimolia, one of the most esteemed fruits of Mexico, bamboo, Indian god tree, iron tree of China, ginger, olea fragrans, and several varieties of the sugar cane, five species of which are from Otaheite. To this green-house, so richly stored, too much praise can hardly be given. The curious person views it with delight, and the naturalist quits it with regret.

To the honour of the tasteful proprietor of this place it must be observed, that to him we are indebted for having first brought into this country the Lombardy poplar, now so usefully ornamental to our cities, as well as to many of our villas. To him we likewise owe the introduction of various other foreign trees which now adorn our grounds, such as the sycamore, the witch elm, the Tartarian maple, &c. Although much is done to beautify this delightful seat, much still remains to be done, for the perfecting it in all the capabilities which Nature, in her boundless profusion, has bestowed. These improvements, it is said, fill up the leisure, and form the most agreeable occupation of its possessor; and that he may long live to pursue this refined pleasure, must be the wish of the public at large, for to them so much liberality has ever been shown in the free access to the house and grounds, that of the enjoyment of the fruits of his care and cultivated taste, it may truly be said, *Non tibi sed aliis.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE MARKETS OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA has been building about one hundred and twenty years; the dwelling houses have gradually multiplied to about twelve thousand. The ground within the precincts has increased in value, from nothing, to prices, in some situations, equal to ten dollars for every square foot. Buildings, twenty-five feet in breadth by fifty in depth, and forty in height, have increased in their annual value or rent, from forty dollars to twelve hundred. The ground composing the scite, and appendage of these buildings, has thus been made to produce an income of a dollar for every square foot, and a space of ground, composing about thirteen hundred acres, which, a century ago produced a rent of a few hundred dollars, has finally, by the progress of the country in population and riches, been made to produce a clear rent of not less than two millions of dollars: the real value, therefore, cannot fall short of thirty-three millions of dollars, or twenty thousand dollars an acre. These are very curious and surprising facts; the series or progress of which may be easily perceived in its commencement and close: but it would be very difficult to trace with accuracy, step by step. This task must be reserved for the men called antiquaries, of which, it is somewhat surprising, that so few have yet sprung up in our own country.

The public buildings of this city may be divided into public and municipal halls, theatres, churches, exchanges, public offices, prisons, banks and halls of particular societies or trades. The first and second seem to form necessary appendages of every town, since the business of the town must be transacted in some public building, and markets for provisions must be held in some public place. They were very naturally united in the early period of this city. The good old fashion of their own country induced the early colonists to fill up the middle of a street with their market place. For this purpose they laid a wooden roof formed into an elliptical arch in the inside, with lath and plaister, and covered on the outside with cedar shingles, on two rows of low brick square pillars. The intervals between the pillars in the same row were partly occupied by platforms for butchers and herb women, to whom they were rented by the city from year to year. The breadth between the rows was about twelve feet, was paved with brick laid on their broadsides, and forming oblique and intersecting lines.

They naturally chose for the situation of their market, the broadest street, which, being the middle one, and running with undiminished breadth through the whole extent of the place from east to west, was

remarkably adapted to this purpose. The market could thus be conveniently extended on the same plan, from time to time, as the increase of buildings towards the west required, without any necessary encroachment on the original design. This plan has not received any improvement since the foundation of the city, and does not seem susceptible of any. It began at Second street, and since has been successively extended to Front street on one side, and Fourth street on the other, forming three detached parts in one line, the breaks or openings taking place at the intersections of the transverse streets with the main one.

Notwithstanding the vast progress of the city in population since the Revolution, only one of three parts, all of which are nearly equal in extent to each other, has been added in the last thirty years. This has been occasioned by the advance of buildings chiefly north and south adjacent to the Delaware, the great theatre of commerce. The demand for additional market room has occasioned a new market to be built on the borders of Southwark, in which the original fashion has been scrupulously followed. A very wide street forming a continuation of Second street, between Pine and Cedar streets, has been intersected by a market place, the extent of which has been about doubled since the Revolution, of the same form and materials with the old one. A new market of the same structure, but disposed in two sides of a small square, has likewise started up in the Northern Liberties. North New Market street is thus already fully occupied. Besides these streets, and High street, there is but one other street of great width, which is Great Dock street, but that, being of small extent, intermediate between the Old and New Markets, and adjacent to the Delaware, will never be in any particular demand as a market place. New markets must be formed in public squares, if formed at all; but the continuation of the ancient market will probably supply the new demand for half a century to come.

Since the visits of the Yellow Fever, the building tide has flowed westward with new and wonderful force, and the completion of the market between the two rivers will probably take place in the present generation. The original choice of a site will deprive this edifice of many pretensions to magnificence: but a uniform open arcade mathematically straight, two miles in length, perfect in its symmetry, gracefully broken by the water building in its centre, which will naturally constitute a member of it, and by the intersecting streets, and opening on a noble bridge, lying in the same line, at Schuylkill, will never be a contemptible object. It is to be hoped, no pragmatistical architect will destroy this symmetry, by adopting new dimensions as to height or breadth, and taking a different curve for his arch. Different materials might perhaps, be advantageously employed, if the whole were to be

built anew, and at one time—piers and pavements might be made of stone instead of brick, and the wooden roof supplied with one of stone. This will be done, when the fathers of the city shall have learned that true taste will always bestow the greatest magnificence on structures of the highest utility, and that the most solid and durable are always in the long run, the cheapest edifices. The design needs no alteration, the piers are square, massive, simple in their mouldings, and short, all which are highly proper. The roof could not be higher without deforming the street, and incommoding the inhabitants, and the arch below and pediment above, are pleasing and graceful. When the work is completed as to length, very few cities in Europe, and certainly none in America, can show any thing of this kind equal to it in real usefulness and dignity.

Brick, is a most wretched material for any edifice. The friction of carriages, and the violence of rude hands, make speedy havoc among its curvatures and mouldings. The mortar soon crumbles away, in the numberless minute junctures, and leaves unseemly gaps, and the wrinkles of premature old age. The air corrodes and discolours it with the most gloomy and dismal shades. Part of these evils may be remedied by the occasional use of paint, and even of lime, in white and yellow washes; and the great zeal there is in our city of late years for cleanliness and purity, makes it very surprising to me, that the plan of painting or whitewashing the market places has not been adopted. It would give an air of freshness to the building, and of neatness and gayety to the street, in which they have hitherto been miserably deficient.

This building was originally carried up another story, at the corner of Second street, and a small room, with a balcony and stair-case toward the street, was for many years, the public or legislative hall, not only for the city, but for the province. From this balcony proclamations were originally made of the Independence of America, but the little, old, low building with its antiquated *sharp* roof, though sufficiently in unison with the narrowness of the space at the opening of two streets, bore very little proportion to the grandeur and importance of the ceremony. It was soon deserted by legislative bodies. It was used for a time as a minor court of justice, but has for a long time been no more than a watch house, the rendezvous of the night watch.

A finishing pediment has been erected at the Delaware end of this market, and either end of the southern market, where local business is transacted. Close rooms over open arcades employed as thoroughfares or markets, are common throughout Europe. They are even found in Italy, where the Roman times afforded them no patterns of

this sort. They seem to be recommended by nothing but economy of room and money.

To complete the harmony of this plan, and supply the extrêmes, as well as the middle of the city, with so useful an appendage, there is an opening or widening of the street in the Northern Liberties similar to that towards the south. This widening in the street is hardly less spacious, but not so long. The buildings however, are judiciously constructed after the same fashion of convenience and simplicity.

A pretty lantern surmounts the termination of each of the northern and southern markets. This does not conform to the ancient plan, but is an elegant and judicious improvement.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE ensuing essay, written without the slightest tincture of party or prejudice, is the production of the celebrated M. Dutens. It is the most terse and concise sketch of the history of a celebrated epoch which we have ever perused, and is entitled to equal respect and attention when it is remembered that it is the unbiassed testimony of an eyewitness, who by an intimate acquaintance with the world, had long cured himself of all prejudices derived from his birth, and who was wholly unconnected with the affairs of his country.—*Editor.*

With the dreadful revolution in France there is nothing to be compared in all that we have read in ancient and modern history. The first cause, and unhappily the most efficient, was, without doubt, the annihilation of all sense of religion. Voltaire was the grand mechanist of this change. He worked at it constantly during sixty years: his associates, D'Alembert, the Baron de Holbach, Condorcet, Diderot, Helvetius, &c. seconded him with an inconceivable ardour, of which I have often been witness. They had followers among the nobility, the magistracy, the clergy in France, and out of France, and friends even among the crowned heads, who flattered them in order to be praised by them. Men so misled by false philosophy, could not fail of acting as the French did act.

This licentiousness of mind was followed by licentiousness of manners. It was the corrupt fruit of the same diabolical seed. History does not furnish examples of so great a number of crimes, of so general a perversity,

of such frightful atrocities as that unfortunate kingdom experienced during fifteen years.

The last thirty years of Louis XVth were a succession of shameful excesses, which gave a large scope to the avidity of courtiers, to the corrupt influence of mistresses, and inspired the people with a contempt for the court. Louis XVI, at his accession to the throne, found the finances in a state of dilapidation; it was not in his power to renovate them. Against his advice and inclination, his ministers and the public cry engaged in the alliance with America. I was then at Paris; I remarked the effect that the word *Liberty* produced in every mind. They sent up their prayers for the Americans: they rejoiced in their successes. The French, in wishing them liberty, by a natural recurrence of thought, wished it also for themselves.

That alliance cost France prodigious sums, and greatly augmented her debt. To remedy these evils, the *Notables* were assembled. The next step was the convocation of the *States-General*. Necker, aiming at popularity, doubled the *Tiers-Etat*. Feeling its strength, the *Tiers-Etat* constituted itself a National Assembly, inviting the nobility and clergy to unite with it: and it is from this moment that the ruin of the monarchy may be dated.

Another cause, which led to the ruin of the kingdom, was the jealousy that the inferior nobility had of the higher ranks, who treated them with as little respect as the gentlemen themselves treated the citizens. Thus the desire that the inferior nobility had to lessen the great, joined to the hope that the citizens, tradesmen, attornies, and scriveners had to being on a level with themselves, the nobility in general formed altogether a union of public opinion, which nothing could withstand, and which soon discovered itself by the abolition of the nobility, produced the fatal principle of equality and sacrificed the king.

To these causes may be added, the goodness of Louis XVI, the affability of the Queen, the facility with which they allowed themselves to be approached, the suppers, at court, in short, all that served to familiarise society with the throne served to degrade the Royal Majesty, which never had more need of adding to its dignity, than at the moment when every thing conspired to abase it.

Such were the causes that produced the French revolution. The consequences are to be found in history: they are written in letters of blood; and so well engraved on the memories of our contemporaries, that it is useless to repeat them.

We see by this picture of the causes of the revolution, how necessary it is for a State highly to respect religion; how much the example of princes is necessary to the support of good morals; and how much a wise administration of the finances influences the happiness of a country. We may see also how pernicious is the principle of equality, and consequently how necessary is the distinction of the different classes in society, and lastly we may perceive of what importance to the safety of the monarchical State is the dignity of the throne, and a veneration for the monarch who fills it.

MEMOIRS OF HUTCHINSON.

THE relict of colonel Hutchinson, who was governor of Nottingham Castle during the rebellion, and the usurpation by the long parliament of the fanatics in the reign of Charles I, wrote the memoirs of her husband in a style of elegant simplicity, and in the spirit of romantic affection. The Edinburg reviewers thus beautifully portray the character of this lady, and contrast the fine yet modest features of her mind with the licentious audacity of Madam Roland.

MAKING a slight deduction for a few traits of austerity, borrowed from the bigotry of the age, we do not know where to look for a more noble and engaging character, than that under which this lady presents herself to her readers; nor do we believe that any age of the world has produced so worthy a counterpart to the Valerias and Portias of antiquity. With a high-minded feeling of patriotism and public honour, she seems to have been possessed by the most dutiful and devoted attachment to her husband; and to have combined a taste for learning and the arts, with the most active kindness and munificent hospitality to all who came within the sphere of her bounty. To a quick perception of character, she appears to have united a masculine force of understanding, and a singular capacity for affairs; and to have possessed and exercised all those talents, without affecting any superiority over the rest of her sex, or abandoning, for a single instant, the delicacy and reserve, which were then its most indispensable ornaments. Education, certainly, is far more generally diffused in our days, and accomplishments infinitely more common; but the perusal of this volume has taught us to doubt whether the better sort of women were not fashioned of old by a better and more exalted standard, and whether the most eminent female of the present day would not appear to a disadvantage by the side of Mrs. Hutchinson. There is, for the most part, something intriguing, profligate, and theatrical in the clever women of this generation; and we are dazzled by their brilliancy and delighted with their talent, we can scarcely ever guard against some distrust of their judgment, or some suspicion of their purity. There is something in the domestic virtue and the calm and commanding mind of Mrs. H. that makes the Corinnas and Heloises appear very small and insignificant.

The admirers of modern talent will not accuse us of choosing an ignoble competitor, if we desire them to weigh the merits of Mrs. H. against those of Madam Roland. The English revolutionist did not indeed compose weekly pamphlets and addresses to the municipalities—because it was not the fashion in her days to print every thing that entered into the heads of politicians. But she shut herself up with her husband, in the garrison with which he was entrusted, and shared his counsels as well as his hazards.

She encouraged the troops by her cheerfulness and heroism, ministered to the sick, and dressed with her own hands the wounds of the captives as well as of their victors. When her husband was imprisoned on groundless suspicions, she laboured without ceasing for his deliverance, confounded his oppressors by her eloquence and arguments, tended him with unshaken fortitude in sickness and solitude, and, after his decease, dedicated herself to form his children to the example of his virtues; and drew up the memorial, which is now before us, of his worth and her own genius and affection. All this, too, she did without stepping beyond the province of a private woman,—without hunting after compliments to her own genius or beauty,—without sneering at the dulness, or murmuring at the coldness of her husband, without hazarding the fall of her country on the dictates of her own enthusiasm, or fancying that she was born with talents to enchant and regenerate the world. With equal power of discriminating character, with equal candour and eloquence and zeal for the public good, she is elevated beyond her French competitor by superior prudence and modesty, and by a certain simplicity and purity of character, of which, it appears to us, that the other was unable to form a conception.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Remarks on the writings of Lord Bacon, translated from the lectures of M. Garat, professor of metaphysics in the Normal schools of France.

THE first of the inventors of the analysis of the human understanding, and undoubtedly the first in genius, as well as in date, is Lord Bacon. Scarce had he formed his first ideas on the faculties of the mind, and on the means of directing the exercise of them, when it seemed that nature introduced him to the revelations of a genius superior to mankind, and placed him in the midst of the sciences and of the learned as their universal legislator, and the sovereign of their empire. All his expressions and his ideas breathe that air of grandeur which announces the man who comes into the world in order to change all opinions, and to regenerate and revise the whole circle of the sciences. In his first work, *De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum*, he embraces every subject of human knowledge, as if every branch of learning were equally under his dominion. He introduces new divisions of the sciences which serve to illustrate their progress, and points out new methods of improvement which will enlarge their sphere. He

erects, in the midst of the ages of literature, of science and philosophy, a tribunal of censure, before which he summons and brings forward every thing that has been imagined and written in every age of the world. He separates truth from error; and while he justly estimates what has been done, he traces the outlines of the vaster plan which remains to be accomplished. He notices the deceitful paths in which mankind has been led astray, and he shuts them up for ever; he describes and opens new paths on every side; and, as he expresses the idea himself, in a style glittering with imagery, which adds to the lustre of reason without diminishing its accuracy, he bears no resemblance to those statues which are erected on the roads, and which point out with their fingers the route which passengers ought to follow, and are themselves mute and immovable. When he discovers a new way, he is the first to enter on it himself; he takes the first steps, which are by far the most difficult; he speaks to the travellers whose progress he directs; and when he separates from them, he instructs them how they are to proceed when he is no longer by their side or at their head. In his second work, which might be expected to be superior to the foregoing, because it is the character of true genius to be continually improving,—in his *Novum Organum*, his views became so extensive, that they may be considered as universal; in this work, he does not follow the sciences one after another in order to lay down particular rules for each separately, but he embraces those general principles which must become the laws and lights for all the sciences combined together.

“I shall not act, (says Bacon himself) like those travellers, who, being desirous of visiting and examining a temple, which had been designedly darkened, in order to appear more venerable, employ themselves in walking with a lamp in their hands from sanctuary to sanctuary, and from altar to altar, and while they enlighten one part of the temple, leave the greater part of it in darkness: I shall suspend, in the middle of the dome, a chandelier, which, by lighting the whole building at once, will exhibit under one point of view the altar and the images of all the gods.”

Notwithstanding the boldness of this flight, which seems extravagant even for the genius of Bacon, an extreme circumspection, I might even say, an extreme timidity, appears to predominate in all his positions, and all his means of execution. In every age that preceded the time of Bacon, and which claimed the title of an age of learning, in the schools of the philosophers of Greece, and in those of the doctors of Europe, after the most superficial observation of the phenomena of nature which the universe presents, and oftentimes without any previous observation, men of learning elevated themselves, or rather took

flight in a manner, to the most vague and general principles respecting the theory of the world and its inhabitants. An opinion seemed to prevail, that, in order to explain the theory of the universe, it was not necessary to study it, but to account for its laws by the reveries of imagination, and not by the qualities which we perceive by our senses, or discover by our experiments. How different is the method which Bacon proposes, or rather reveals; and how well authorized is he to give to his method the original title of the New Organ, *Novum Organum*! To examine and collect from every quarter all the acknowledged facts and phenomena, both those that escape from our attention because they are always before our eyes, and those which are withdrawn from our senses by their distance, or by the mysterious veils in which they are shrouded, to submit continually to new experiments, Nature, which, like Proteus, conceals herself under a thousand different shapes, and becomes visible only to those who torment and fetter her by a thousand artifices; to trace, for the relief of the memory, and for the precision of knowledge, an extensive arrangement of facts, phenomena, and observations, which are connected together by the general analogy that subsists between them; to exhibit at the same time similar arrangements, in which the facts which seem to belong to the same classes and the same analogy, lead to contradictory conclusions; to observe and contemplate with patience the vast assemblage of facts, thus connected and arranged, before any conclusion is drawn from them, or any general principle: to watch with scrupulous attention that the principle which may be adopted, should be commensurate with actual observation and experiment; by the dawning light of a confined principle, to pass to new experiments which this principle may give birth to, to the observations of new facts and new phenomena; to class and arrange them in the same manner in a double series, sometimes by the similarity of their appearances, and by the contradictory nature of their effects, sometimes by the identity of effects, when appearances are contradictory; to draw from these, principles more extensive than the former, but always limited by the circumference of the facts and phenomena which they have embraced; from these new principles to descend to new facts, to new experiments and new observations, in order to raise our views to more comprehensive principles, and to descend again to the study of facts in order to arrive by regular succession at axioms still more general; to turn without being fatigued in that circle, which is not, like most logical propositions, an imperfect circle, but a circle in which nature herself revolves her transformations and her operations; to endeavour incessantly to discover how things are made, a discovery which may be useful to us, and which it is so difficult to find a satisfactory explanation of, and never to make

inquiries why they are made, which may be imagined in a hundred different manners, without adding any thing to the power or the happiness of man; to abandon to contemplation, to the cloisters and the altars, the philosophy of final causes, which, like the rod consecrated to heaven, produces nothing; and to cultivate without relaxation experimental philosophy, which, pursuing Nature into her mines and furnaces, becomes laborious and fruitful like Nature herself, and produces every day some new blessing in conjunction with her new labours:—such is the method of Bacon; that method which has changed the face of the sciences, as the sciences, since the time of Bacon, have changed the face of the world. The inexhaustible fertility of Bacon's genius has invented and proposed experiments which can hardly be accomplished by the united labours of the learned of every age. He wanted himself the leisure, the means, and the instruments, and undoubtedly the talents to enable him to prosecute them with success. Several of the most ingenious have been since projected and executed, and many which he proposed have been found to be impracticable and useless. In the age in which nature placed him, and in the elevation which he reached by his own genius in the midst of the sciences, his thoughts were oftentimes more properly conjectures than well-grounded observations. But there is a fact which I must mention, not only because it forms the firmest foundation for Bacon's glory, but likewise because it will naturally furnish you with a more just and extensive idea of the great though not undisputed utility of the analysis of the human understanding.

The three noblest discoveries of Newton, and perhaps the noblest that have been made in any age, are the system of attraction, the explanation of the tide, and the discovery of the theory of colours by the analysis of light. But Newton in demonstrating these three great laws of nature only reduced to experiment and calculation three general observations of Bacon. I call them observations and not conjectures; for he alludes to these several times in his different works, they bear the marks of his method of considering the phenomena of nature, and he has himself pointed out experiments which bear a strong resemblance to those which have been since made. The glory of these important discoveries ought therefore to be shared between Newton and Bacon, and between the analysis of the understanding, and the science of geometry; for the analysis of the understanding was the instrument of Bacon, in the same manner as geometry was the instrument of Newton. Natural philosophy and metaphysics, the extent of which is immense, were not sufficient to engross the comprehensive genius of Bacon. We may observe in general, that in Europe the cultivation of ancient literature has retarded the progress of philosophy; and philo-

sophy, which has not been always in the right, has affected a great disdain for that department of knowledge. But Bacon, being placed at an equal distance between the cultivators of classical knowledge and the philosophers, has this distinguishing mark among all writers, that he is at the same time, the person who has opened the avenues of science, and the most boundless views of improvement for future ages, and who likewise possessed in the highest degree whatever was great and beautiful in the writings and inventions of former times. The most striking events in antiquity, its most brilliant thoughts, its richest and happiest expressions, and most ingenious sentiments were constantly present to the memory of Bacon; and his genius improved and embellished these still more by introducing them in his works. The ancient mythology had among its divinities, a god who was represented with two faces, one turned towards past ages, which he surveyed at one glance, and the other turned towards future times, which, though not yet in existence, were comprehended within his view; we may say with propriety, that such a representation is the image and emblem of the genius of Bacon.

NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

THE following scheme is not the hair-brained device of a visionary projector. It is sensible, practicable, and praise-worthy. We believe if Mr. Crabb's plan could be fully realized, we should have a perfect standard of the English tongue. Editor.

Proposal for editing an English Dictionary, under the direction of a Society, addressed to the Editor of the Monthly Mirror.

SIR,

HAVING observed of late proposals from different quarters, for publishing an improved dictionary of the English language, I feel myself induced to offer my sentiments on this subject, which I request the favour of making public through the medium of your highly esteemed Miscellany. It must be acknowledged by all that a work of this nature is in a peculiar manner a national concern, that it ought to be at once the repository and standard for the literature of a people, and that it derives its whole value from the degree of confidence which it enjoys from the public. Instead, therefore, of multiplying the rash attempts of individuals to effect what surpasses the powers of any one man, and thus crowding on the world several ponderous works of the same kind, no one of which is complete, I cannot help thinking that if

those who have directed their attention to philological pursuits, would unite themselves into a society similar to the French academy, the labours and opinions of many might be combined, to give solidity, consistency, and authority to the whole. In this case I should recommend that one, or two at most, should be the principal labourers, that the rest should be contributors, revisers, or correctors; that certain proportions when prepared, should, at stated periods, be revised by the society once, twice, or oftener, as might be found necessary, and that nothing should be admitted for publication, unsanctioned by a majority of the members.

As this is, however, but a general proposition, I have only to add, that as soon as I have published the third part of the Preceptor and his Pupils, which will be a preparatory work on the force and signification of the English words, for the use of schools, I intend to offer a specimen of what I conceive to be a proper analysis of words for the purpose of a dictionary, and should my views meet the public approbation, I shall then willingly submit the result of my labours to the decision of such a literary tribunal.

Yours, &c.

GEORGE CRABE.

Wakworth, Sept. 9, 1808.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMERICAN ETYMOLOGIES.

THE proper names of places, rivers, mountains, lakes, &c. in the United States are derived from various languages, some of European, some of American origin. To trace them to their respective sources may be interesting hereafter in an historical point of view, particularly as many of them have already suffered corruptions and alterations, by means whereof it is probable that the original names and their several derivations will in process of time be forgotten, or at least rendered dubious. The attention, therefore, of the learned, should be drawn early to this interesting subject, and they should be invited to fix and ascertain as many of our local etymologies as possible for the instruction of our posterity. With this view, I shall state my own ideas concerning a few of them, in hopes that the subject will be taken up hereafter by some person of greater ability and more leisure.

Hell Gate or *Hurl Gate*, a channel or passage at the entrance of the port of New-York. This passage was called by the Dutch, who first settled the province of New-York, then called the New Nether-

lands, *Hel Gat*, which in the low Dutch language means *the clear channel*. It is easy to perceive how the English, who came after them, corrupted it into *Hell Gate*, and afterwards (to avoid a fancied prophaneness) into *Hurl Gate*.

The *Wallabout*, a place near Brooklyn on Long Island. This was called in the Dutch language *De Wal-bogt*, which means *a bend, or winding of the shore*. It has been corrupted into *Wallabout*, which has no kind of meaning.

Christiana, or (as it is vulgarly called) *Christeen*, in the State of Delaware, was originally called and ought still to be denominated *Christina*, after the celebrated Queen of that name.

Schuylkill, a river of Pennsylvania; is derived from the low Dutch *Schuylen*, to hide or skulk, or to take refuge or shelter; and *Kill*, a creek, and means the *hiding, skulking, or sheltering creek*. It would be curious to discover how it came to receive so singular a name.

Santee River, in South Carolina, was so named by the French who settled there at an early period. They called it *La Rivière de Santé*, or *Healthy River*.

The rivers *Ashley* and *Cooper*, in the same State, were both so called in honour of the celebrated *Anthony Ashley Cooper*, Earl of Shaftesbury.

The proper names which are of Indian derivation, offer a wide field of investigation, which is not less curious and interesting. The etymologist will be led to inquire why names that are similar or nearly similar in sound, are to be found on this continent in places far distant from each other. *Quebec* in Canada, and *Kennebeck* in Maine, may perhaps easily be traced to the same nation and the same language, but not so with the *Iroquois* of the north, and the *Cherokees* of the south. The *Washash** (whom the French and we after them call by corruption *Osages*) on the *Missouri*, and the *Wabash* on the *Illinois* River; *Pluckemin*, in New Jersey and *Plaquemine* in the Orleans Territory, and a variety of other homonymies, which may be discovered in this country at astonishing distances, in names which can all be traced to aboriginal sources. We shall not pursue this subject any further, but content ourselves with these few hints, in hopes that Professor Barton, whose learned researches into the Indian languages have already done so much honour to himself and his country, will be led to investigate it.

PHILOLOGUS.

* The writer asked an Indian of the *Osage* tribe to pronounce the name of his nation in his own language; and he answered *Washash*.

FROM ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY OF ARTS.

*Description of the Apparatus used at Portici for unrolling the
Herculanean Papyri.*

THE discovery of a considerable number of ancient manuscripts among the ruins of Herculaneum, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, was hailed at the time by every lover of antiquity throughout Europe, as an event which promised to add to our classic literature many an author whose works might hitherto have been unknown, or if known, lamented as lost; or at least to afford the means of supplying the chasms with which a barbarous age had handed to us some of the most invaluable remains of the learning of Rome and Greece. Unfortunately, these fond hopes have to this day remained disappointed. The progress made in unrolling them, although perhaps commensurate with the difficulty of the task, has hitherto been insignificant; and the emigration of the court of Naples to Sicily, with, as I am credibly informed, the most perfect part of the papyri, is not calculated to encourage any very sanguine expectations.

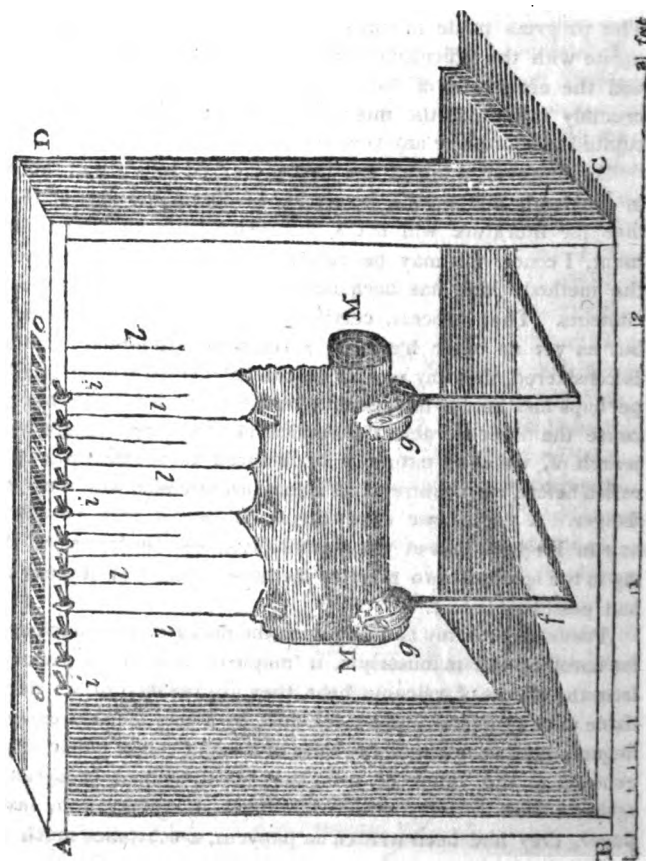
As, however, a few of the best preserved rolls are at this moment in England, and in the possession of an august personage, whose love for literature will not suffer such a treasure long to lay dormant, I conceive it may be acceptable to the classic scholar to know the method which has been adopted at Portici for unfolding their contents. That process, certainly, is of the most tedious nature, but as yet no other has been successfully attempted; and when it is considered, that any new mode can only be tried on an original and perhaps inestimable manuscript, and that such a trial may possibly cause the irrecoverable destruction of the very treasure we are in search of, we shall naturally be induced to use the utmost deliberation before we venture on an innovation attended with such manifest danger. A precipitate experiment with steam upon one of the rolls now in England has at once annihilated its substance, by destroying in the space of two minutes the little cohesion of texture which it had possessed before.

Previously to my entering upon the detail of the machinery used for unrolling the manuscripts, it may be necessary to premise, that from the effects of volcanic heat, they are reduced to a perfect coal, liable to be crumbled into a black dust, by a very feeble pressure of the fingers, such as might be the state of a tight roll of paper after being exposed to the action of a heated oven, without being absolutely ignited; with this favourable difference, however, that, instead of paper, they had been written on papyrus, a substance much stronger

and glutinous than our present writing-paper. They had, like all books of that age, been rolled up with the writing inwards, divided into rectangular spaces, much in the manner of the pages of modern books.

As the different lamina of which the roll is composed, would break off with the slightest touch, a fresh back is successively formed by the application of gold-beaters' skin affixed with gum-water. But such is the damaged state of the material, that without using very minute patches of gold-beaters' skin (generally not exceeding the size of a common pea), an upper stratum would often be glued to one or more under ones, through the little holes or breaks which sometimes penetrate several of the lamina. But in order to render myself as intelligible as possible, I beg leave to refer the reader to the annexed drawing, with its accompanying scale.

APPARATUS USED AT PORTICI FOR UNROLLING THE HERCULANEAN PAPYRI.



A B C D is a wooden frame which may be placed on a common table.

f f Two brass rods, supporting

e e Two brass rests in the shape of half-moons. On these rests

M M the manuscript is placed, with

g g, some raw cotton, to guard it from being injured by the contact of the metal.

h h h is so much of the manuscript roll as has already been furnished with a fresh back of patches of gold-beaters' skin.

As soon as a sufficient extent of back is thus secured,

l l l, silk strings, are fastened to the ends by means of dissolved gum Arabic. These strings are suspended from

ik ik ik, a row of pegs (like those of a violin) going through

o o, an opening in the top of the frame.

In proportion as the laborious operation of forming a new back proceeds, the work is gently and progressively wound up by turning the pegs, until one entire page is thus unfolded, which is forthwith separated from the roll and spread on a flat board or frame. A draughtsman, unacquainted with the language of the manuscript, makes a faithful fac-simile of it, with all its chasms, blemishes, or irregularities. The taking of this copy is no less a work of extreme patience and nicety, as it is only by a particular reflection of light, that the characters, whose black colour differs very little from that of the carbonized papyrus, can be distinguished. The fac-simile is next handed to an antiquarian, who separates the words and sentences, supplies any hiatus, and otherwise endeavours to restore the sense of the original. By a like process the succeeding pages are unrolled and decyphered, if I may be allowed to use the expression, until the work is completed. The whole is afterwards published, both in letter-press and correct engravings of each page, at the expense of the government.

In this tedious and costly manner, one work (a treatise of Philodemus on the power of music) has been recovered and published. Unfortunately, it was both the first and last with which the lovers of ancient literature have been gratified; and the contents of even this were far from compensating for either the trouble or expense bestowed upon it. Some years ago, the hopes of the learned were revived by the mission of a literary gentleman from England to Naples, for the express purpose of superintending the establishment of Portici, which, by permission of the court of Naples, he actually conducted for a considerable time previous to the invasion of the French. But hitherto none of the fruits of his labour have met the public eye, although the expectations

of the classic scholar were from time to time kept alive by notices of that gentleman's progress, inserted in some of our periodical Journals.

I cannot close this article without expressing a hope, that the manuscripts now in England will ere long meet investigation, confident as I am, that the ingenuity of our English artists will be able to suggest a more expeditious process for unrolling them, than the one above detailed; and that, if the task were attended with success in this country, the court of Palermo might be prevailed upon to furnish a succession of new materials to enrich our store of classic literature.

From Ackermann's Repository of Arts.

I SEND you a drawing of a ring, supposed to be one that belonged to William III, and which is noticed in Rapin's *History of England*. After giving an account of the king's death, the historian thus continues: "As soon as the breath was out of his body, the lords Lexington and Scarborough, who were then in waiting, ordered Roujat to take off from the king's left arm a black ribbon, which tied next to his skin a gold ring, with some hair of the late queen Mary, which showed the tender regard he had for her memory." This ring is of pure gold, its breadth is five-eighths of an inch, and its length is seven-eighths of an inch. Instead of a crystal, it is covered with what is called a picture diamond, beautifully cut. This drawing is enlarged in the plate, for the sake of showing the device, of which the light parts are a very accurate representation: those parts which are shaded, represent the hair of queen Mary, which forms a dark ground for the workmanship: the black ribbon, by which it is fastened to the king's arm, passes through two small loops at the back of the ring, the gold of which is almost worn through: the workmanship is very good, not to say elegant, for the period in which it was done. It has been many years in the possession of the ancestors of Thomas Street, Esq. of Hampstead, to whom it has descended, and who can trace it pretty satisfactorily through his family connexions up to Roujat, who was serjeant-surgeon to William III.



THE USEFUL ARTS.

FROM the transactions of the society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, we borrow the following paper, for which communication five guineas were voted by the society. To those who have daily experience of the unpleasant difficulty of forcing a door over a resisting surface; to the shivering invalid; to the delicate lady, and, in fine, to all who are studious of comfort, in cold weather, it is scarcely necessary to recommend the general adoption in America, of this excellent invention. *Editor.*

*Contrivance for preventing doors from dragging on carpets, by
Mr. John Tud.*

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY.

SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty of laying before the society a model of my invention to prevent doors from dragging on carpets, and to keep out the current of cold air, which enters under such doors as are not close to the carpets underneath them.

I can affix this machinery to the bottom of any door, so that the door may pass over the carpet with ease, and, when shut, be air-tight. It obviates the necessity of screw rising hinges, and is less expensive than other inventions for the same purpose.

The machinery is constructed of a slip of well-seasoned beech wood, equal in length to the width of the door; this slip is one and a quarter inch wide, and half an inch thick, and to be covered with green cloth on the inside; it is to be hung to the bottom of the door, with three small brass hinges, and is drawn up by a concealed spring as the door opens, and is forced down when the door shuts, by one end of it, which is semicircular, pressing upon a concave semicircular piece of hard beech wood, fastened at the bottom of the door case, and which holds it down close to the floor or carpet, so as entirely to exclude the air.

I am, &c.

Description of the method of preventing doors from dragging on carpets.

The curious mechanic, or the opulent gentleman, who is studious to view a *plate* to which this specification alludes, is referred to Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, for June 1809.

Mr. Tad's invention consists in first cutting away the bottom of the door, so that it is about one inch and a quarter above the floor; this allows a sufficiency of room for the door to open over any carpet. To

close the opening which would now be left under the door when shut, he proposes to fix beneath the door, by means of hinges, a slip of wood, of which, a b c fig. 2 and 3, plate xiii, is a section. Fig. 1 is a perspective view of the bottom of a door, with the invention annexed to it. Fig. 2 is a section across the door when closed; fig. 3 is a view of the edge of the door, when open; and fig. 4 is a section supposed to be made by cutting the door in two parts edge-ways. The hinges, on which the slip turns, are fixed to the edge. In figs. 2 and 3 from a to b is exactly one inch and a quarter, so that when the ruler is turned down upon the hinges, it reaches the floor A A as in fig. 2; in the other direction a d it is much less, being only half an inch, so that when it is turned up under the door, as in fig. 3, it leaves three quarters of an inch clear. It now remains to show how the ruler is turned up or down. It has always a tendency to rise up into the state of fig. 3, by the action of a steel wire spring shown in figs. 2 and 4, which is concealed in a rebate cut in the bottom of the door; one end of the wire is screwed fast to the door at f, the other is inserted into an eye, fastened into the slip at g to throw it down into the position of figs. 2 and 4. The end h, fig. 4 of the slip furthest from the hinges of the door is cut into a semi-circle, as seen in fig. 3. When the door is just closed, this semi-circle is received into a fixed concave semicircle k, fig. 3 cut in the end of a piece of wood k l, made fast to the door case; the line m l, fig. 3, represents the plane of the door when shut, and p p part of the door seen edge-ways: as the door in shutting moves from p to m, the semicircular end of the slip a b d, &c. presses against the end of the piece k l, and as the door proceeds, it turns down, as in fig. 2, so that by the time the door is shut, the slip is turned quite down; the edge e b of the slip is cut into a segment of a circle struck from the hinges on which it turns. The perspective view in fig. 1, shows that this contrivance, applied to any door, will not offend the eye, as it can scarcely be distinguished from an ordinary door; k, fig. 1, shows the concave semicircle of the piece of wood fastened to the door-case, in which the semicircular end of the slip is to be received.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MY POCKET BOOK—NO. V.

"Quicquid agunt homines—nostri est farrago libelli."

CUMBERLAND'S MEMOIRS.

FEW biographical works possess so much attraction, and afford so great a degree of entertainment, as the Memoirs of Cumberland, lately published by himself, at the advanced age of seventy-two. These memoirs furnish an extensive range of the history of literature and literary men, during the very long period they embrace. The anecdotes of the author's ancestors are not among the least valuable parts of the work. The writer exhibits himself without disguise. There is hardly a page that does not bear strong testimony of his benevolence and goodness, as well as of his talents. His laudable design of making the drama subservient to the noble purpose of banishing gross national prejudices, which it had formerly too successfully fostered, would alone have entitled him to a monument of national gratitude. The Irish, the Scotch, the Welch, and the Jews, are all under high obligations to him, for placing them, in his dramatic works, in a respectable point of light. His Major O'Flaherty, his Colin M'Leod, his Dr. Druid, and his Sheva, while they bear strong characteristic marks of nationality, are endued with those excellent qualities of the heart, and that purity of intention, which command for man the plaudit of his fellow-mortals "from pole to pole." By other writers, individuals of those nations are rarely introduced among the *dramatis personæ*, but to excite or extend prejudice, and to tickle the exuberant vanity of a proud and arrogant audience, by the very flattering comparison. From this folly, to call it by no harsher name, Shakspeare himself could not claim an exemption. In his Merchant of Venice, he absolutely falsified history, to pander to the miserable prejudices which existed against the ill-fated Jews, so often, for centuries before his time, the victims of the most abominable persecution. Need I, after adducing Shylock, waste words upon the Archy Mac Sarcasms, the Brulgrudgeries, the Teague O'Regans, the Darbies, the Shenkins, and all those caricatures of human nature, which so many scribblers have exhibited for the purpose of rendering the imaginary defects of one nation food for the vanity of another?

I have heard Cumberland charged with egotism. Those who prefer this charge against him say, that "I, the hero of each little tale," applies to his memoirs with great propriety. This is too fastidious. They attempt to decry an individual work for what forms the very essence of this species of composition. Can a man write his own life,

without being, to a certain degree, an egotist? Surely not. And whatever egotism Cumberland displays, in his memoirs, is absolutely inseparable from every similar production.

In this interesting work there are some curious political arcana completely developed, which throw considerable light on the honour and honesty of the cabinets of the rulers of the globe.

DUNCAN M'INTOSH.

There is no subject that yields to a benevolent mind a more sublime gratification than the contemplation of a man employed in the divine act of rescuing his fellow mortals from impending destruction, without the smallest shadow of suspicion of his being actuated by any sinister or selfish motives. This is unquestionably the highest grade of human perfection. Alas! that it so rarely occurs! History is little more than one continued detail of the atrocities of ferocious monsters, who have deluged the earth with human blood, with as little concern as the tiger displays in the destruction of the unoffending lamb. Those of an opposite description

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

The greater the rarity of this goodness, the more highly estimable it is when it appears. With what admiration and applause, then, must we not regard the noble-minded Duncan M'Intosh, who has excited these remarks, and who has had the enviable lot of effecting the salvation from impending butchery, in St. Domingo, of above fifteen hundred men, women, and children, a number probably greater than were ever rescued from destruction by any private individual before.

This illustrious exploit is attended with a circumstance, which, to my mind, highly enhances the gratification it affords. The hero is of a nation whose character is not duly appreciated in general, and who are too frequently made the subject of unjust and disgraceful sarcasm by the ignorant and illiberal of other nations. Of all the national prejudices I am acquainted with, I know none more completely unfounded. For my part, I am convinced, from long observation, that the *tout ensemble* of the character of the Scotch will bear an advantageous comparison with that of any other nation in Christendom.

THE MOHOCKS.

Ye gods and goddesses! what a precipitous fall from feasting upon the godlike act of M'Intosh, to write about the miscreants with whose designation I have headed this paragraph. It is like sinking from

"The heights of th' empyreal heaven,"

at one single plunge, into the darkest abysses of

"Pluto's dire abodes."

Some readers may not know who or what these Mohocks were. To them it may be proper to state, that, about the beginning of last century, a host of ruffians in London, some of them of the most respectable families, associated under this title, and used to sally out into the streets after dark, cutting, maiming, and disfiguring every man they met with, and exposing the women in the most scandalous and indecent manner. And all this barbarity was perpetrated, good heavens! for mere amusement! What! cut a man's nose or ears off for amusement! Can it be possible? exclaims the reader. It is unfortunately not only possible, but absolutely and awfully certain. They were, at length, but with considerable difficulty, extirpated by the police.

How infinite the diversity of man! On one side you see a M'Intosh, approaching to the nature of the Divinity; while on the other you discover a Mohock, bearing the unerring stamp of all the horrible features of the infernal fiends.

JUGGLERS.

Some of the tricks performed by jugglers are so very extraordinary as to baffle every attempt to solve the arcana of the performers. Tennent, in his *Indian Recreations*, informs us, that he saw a small child with its limbs doubled up, which was suspended in the air in a tent. He and other persons, with drawn swords, cut the air above, below, and on every side, suspecting it might be suspended in that position by twine or cords rendered invisible by art. Their attempts to cut the child down were in vain. It remained suspended in the air.

He likewise recounts another feat. A juggler, amidst a very large concourse of people, assembled to behold his performances, brought a child into an open field. He had two large baskets, under one of which he placed the child, and the other he laid down empty at a considerable distance. After pronouncing various incantations, and making many strange gestures, he raised the baskets, and it appeared that the child had changed his position, and was under the basket which had been empty. Tennent and others made a strict examination, and ascertained that there was no subterraneous communication by which the child might have been conveyed from one basket to the other.

How shall we account for these and many similar things? Shall we ascribe them to the skill or address of the performers? They utterly transcend the ordinary physical powers of man. Shall we, then, admit necromancy? If we do in one case, where shall we fix its limits? I cannot reply.

SYNONIMOUS WORDS.

I have been much diverted lately with a recent work, published in 1806, and for sale in London by Vernor and Hood. It is styled "A Dictionary of synonymous words, and technical terms, in the English language, by James Leslie." Some of its explanations are of the most extravagant and pedantic kind, and exceed all the ravings of any former lexicographer. I subjoin a few.

Affectedness, cacozelia.

Agedness, anosity.

Agitate, to bandy, to betoss, to conquassate.

Admit, to adhibit, to coincide, to homologate.

Aiming, act of collimation, or collineation.

Analysis, principiation, anastochiasis.

Appendix, parergy.

Argument, elinch.

Astronomer, uranoscopist.

Baldness of the head, madarosis, alopecy, glabrity.

Bang, to lamm, to pommel, to sugillate, to thwack.

Bitch, a dogess.

- *Bustle*, utis, accoil, clutter, coil, fuss, hurly burly, pudder, romage.

Clamour, to brabble, to clapperclaw.

Corphulency, polysarchy.

These are wonderfully lucid explanations, and must greatly accelerate the progress of science. A student who uses Mr. Leslie's dictionary, must make large hourly additions to his stock of knowledge. If he do not perfectly understand what "an appendix" is, on consulting this invaluable work, he finds it is "*a parergy*;" and with equal advantage and satisfaction he discovers that "an argument" is *an elinch*," and "an astronomer" "*a uranoscopist*." This is *luce clarius*, and must encourage the inquirer after useful knowledge to dig this valuable mine with increasing assiduity.

I shall add one more example, to prove the fertility of the English language, and the very profound researches of this learned philologist, whose fame must throw that of Bailey, Barclay, Sheridan, and Walker into utter obscurity.

Brat, to pommel, to bang, to sugillate, to thwack, to trounce, to vanquish, to vapulate, to repercuss, to buffet, to curry, to firk, to fease or feazè, to lamm, to bray, to drub, to baste, to batter, to maul, to nubble, to belabour, to bump, to cane.

PREMATURE JUDGMENTS.

It is painful to reflect upon the almost universal propensity of mankind, to pass sentence upon their fellow mortals, on the most imperfect

foundation. We spend five minutes in a man's company, and, from his countenance, or the few words he utters, we form an opinion of him with as much confidence as if we had been acquainted with him for years. Nature may have given him a countenance unpromising and perhaps forbidding. He may perhaps be timid; perhaps he has met with a heavy loss; is low spirited or dejected; is out of temper in consequence of gross ill treatment. Perhaps his wife or his child is sick. Perhaps his friend is in distress or danger. Any of these circumstances must exhibit a man to very great disadvantage. We know them not. We never suppose any thing of the extenuating kind; but pronounce the object of our consideration to be distant and unsociable; perhaps proud and arrogant, when his heart may be writhing with torture.

I know no more frequent mistake than charging a person with distance and reserve, who is merely a martyr to the *mauvaise honte*.

A man has the misfortune to be purblind. He stalks through the streets, passing by his intimate friends and acquaintance unheeded, and as often, through mistake, saluting persons he has never seen before. By the one class he is probably set down as an impertinent upstart coxcomb, and by the other as a forward, presuming, obtrusive puppy. Thus a physical defect gives a totally false character of a man's moral qualities. So sagacious and correct, so benevolent and kind, are human judgments! and such is the miserable animal that pretends to infallibility in his decisions!

STAGE TRAVELLING.

As travelling in stages is carried in this country to a very great extent, and is daily increasing, every idea that has a tendency to add to its comforts or enjoyments, or diminish its irksomeness, is deserving of consideration.

Travellers in stages are too frequently distant, reserved, and unsociable. It often happens that, for miles together, there is as little use made of the tongue, as if the faculty of speech were denied, or were subject to a heavy tax. When one passenger, more disposed to sociability than his companions, makes an effort to force conversation, he is sometimes repelled, and driven for enjoyment to his own cogitations, by a cold freezing no, or yes, to his inquiries, or overtures towards an interchange of sentiment. Some travellers wrap themselves up in a cloak of dignity and importance, and appear to regard it as derogatory to their grandeur to sink down to a level with those whom accident has led to use the same vehicle with themselves. This is egregiously wrong. When decent people meet together in a stage, they ought, by common consent, to banish reserve; and not only encourage, but make every effort to maintain, a rational and interesting conversation.

In a case somewhat analogous, Sterne, in his *Sentimental Journey*, has given a most elegant and instructive lesson, which is worthy universal attention. It is a whole volume of the essence of politeness in a single page. And although the *Journey* is in almost every body's hands, I cannot avoid doing myself the pleasure of laying the case before the reader.

Sterne went to the theatre. There was no person in the box but an old French officer, who had his spectacles on, and was employed reading. As soon as our traveller sat beside him, he pulled off his spectacles, and put them and the book into his pocket. Sterne makes him soliloquize thus :

"Here's a poor stranger come into the box. He seems as if he knew nobody ; and is never likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose. It is shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face, and using him worse than a German."

The officer then made advances, which were thankfully met by the author. To our cold, distant, repulsive stage travellers, let me address myself with a "Go, do ye likewise."

These is another error full as frequent as that I have stated. Many passengers are very prone to fastidiousness in taverns, and are disposed to find fault with every thing they have to eat, or to drink, as well as with the beds they lie on, and the whole of the treatment they receive. I have known some persons who imagined that this conduct enhanced their consequence. This is folly in the extreme. It may be almost universally observed, that those who live the most comfortably at home, are most inclined to pass over any small defects at table or elsewhere in travelling. On the contrary, those who are roughly handled by Fortune in their domestic establishment, generally take their revenge when they go abroad.

About twenty or twenty-five years since, there was a book published in London, called *Francis the Philanthropist*. There was one admirable chapter in it, that applies to the case before us. All the rest of the book was mere trash.

Two travellers, Grumpall and Belcour, set out from London on a tour to the continent. They meet the same people ; travel in the same stages ; put up at the same houses ; pay the same charges ; and experience the same adventures precisely : as they never separated from each other. Yet Grumpall has not one moment of enjoyment, nor Belcour one moment of unhappiness in the whole tour. There is no mystery in this. It is all perfectly natural. Grumpall was disposed to render himself miserable by his querulousness ; and Belcour was resolved to enjoy as much happiness as Fortune put in his power.

Those who travel much, must meet with many Grumpalls.

It is not, however, my intention to insinuate that all the complaints of travellers partake of the *Grumpallian* character. By no means. There is vast room for improvement in the management of stages and of taverns. But I believe that more than one half the murmurs are without sufficient foundation.

YANKEE TRICKS.

THIS is a very significant phrase, and one in very general use. It conveys to the mind of the hearer an idea of a high degree of depravity peculiar to the people of New-England, from which their more upright brethren in the middle and southern states claim a total exemption. The latter are pure and immaculate, unstained with any thing in the slightest degree approaching to yankeeism.

Let us examine this point fearlessly. Let us ascertain, as far as we can, on what foundation the charge rests. If that be solid, let it remain unassailed, and be received without controversy. But if it rest upon a sandy and delusive basis, let it be consigned to oblivion, with other prejudices equally untenable.

National prejudices are very easily formed, and nicknames as easily applied. They are, however, eradicated with great difficulty. When once adopted, every day serves to corroborate them; because every little incident that occurs, and affords the smallest countenance to them, or will at all admit of being strained to that effect, is tortured to prop and buttress them up, right or wrong.

It is not difficult to perceive how this prejudice arose. The tide of migration has generally directed its course from New-England to the southern states, and very little from the latter to the former. The reason of this is obvious. The soil of New-England is not as luxuriant as that of some of the other states. The population is much crowded. This state of things naturally produces the effect above stated. As mankind is now, and has always been, made up of good and bad, and a pretty reasonable proportion of the latter every where, it would be wonderful if, among the hosts that swarm out of New-England, there should not be many depraved and worthless characters. Wherever these appear, they are cited as corroborations "strong as proofs from holy writ," to confirm the general character of the whole nation; and thus one or two millions of people bear an opprobrious stigma from the turpitude of a few.

The middle and southern States have never disgorged upon New England the off-scourings of their cities, nor their fugitives from justice, in any very considerable degree. If they had, *buckskin tricks* might in Boston, or Portsmouth, or Portland, be as proverbial, as

Yankee tricks in New-York or Philadelphia. But let a philosopher, or a citizen of the world, examine the records of our criminal courts, and he will find, that the triumph we pretend to, over our New England brethren, is not as indisputably just and correct, as some of us may have supposed. Let us bear in mind the elegant, the instructive, and the universally applicable lesson held out by the parable of the pharisee and the publican.

I have travelled very often through New England. And when I first visited the country, I was a slave to the miserable prejudices that so generally prevail respecting its inhabitants. I imagined that a large proportion of them were sharpers, solely intent upon deception and fraud. I have lived to see the extent of my error. I am proud to acknowledge it, and to do justice, as far as these feeble effusions can do justice, to the much-injured character of a most respectable nation. I have beheld with delight the decency, the neatness, the elegance of their dwellings—the order, the decorum, the propriety, the urbanity, and the hospitality of their manners—the intelligence and good information even of the lowest orders of their peasantry—the captivating polish of their smallest children, in whom the rudiments of education are so far instilled, that they uniformly stop and respectfully salute the passing stranger—the republican simplicity and the good sense of their municipal regulations generally—the very successful struggle they have maintained against the sterility of an unkind soil—the ardour of their spirit of enterprize—their unceasing and unwearied industry. Having repeatedly seen—and having as repeatedly admired all these things—is it very extraordinary that I assert, without disparagement to the merits and claims of the citizens of the other States, that the yeomanry of New England are the pride and the glory of the United States, and are not perhaps excelled for the long train of social virtues, by any equal number of people under the canopy of heaven?

IRISH IMPUDENCE.

This phrase is equally proverbial, and equally well founded with the former. It arose nearly in the same manner—from judging of the character of an entire nation by the misconduct of a few of its most worthless people. To question, however, the correctness of the imputation it conveys, would by many *liberal* persons be ascribed to the *ne plus ultra* of folly and effrontery. Of such *enlightened* judges the censure is not very formidable. Let us, maugre their fulminations, offer a few reflections upon this topic. It is to be hoped they will be read with candour and liberality. They are, the reader may rest assured, the result of long reflection upon the point in question—and,

even if they should be totally erroneous, as they are really not intended to offend, the writer presumes upon the indulgence and the lenity of his fellow-citizens.

An Irish boor, it is admitted, is as rude, and as saucy, and as ignorant, and as impudent, as an English boor—or as a German boor. He cannot easily be more so. And this is surely enough of all conscience. But is the Irishman of any rank or standing in society, more impertinent, more obtrusive, or more impudent, than the man of any other nation, of the same standing? Let the reader look round among his Hibernian acquaintance—and, laying aside his ancient prejudices, answer this question fairly and candidly. I hesitate not to assert, his reply will be in the negative.

I go farther. I know I tread on delicate ground—and that I shall raise a hornet's nest about my ears. I care not. Armed with truth, I shall meet their stings unappalled. I venture, then, to assert, that I know very few instances among other nations, of young men of decent parentage, liberal education, and handsome natural endowments, in whose cheeks you can so readily excite the crimson blush of modesty, as in those of an Irishman. Start not, reader. I do but state a fact, however it may offer violence to your opinion. If there be any exception, it is among the Scotch. The high opinion an Englishman entertains of the consequence and dignity of his nation, inspires him with a boldness and confidence that forbid him to blush. A similar cause produces a similar effect upon a Frenchman. And nature by a certain dinginess of complexion has debarred whole nations, not necessary to be named, from the faculty of blushing.

CURIOUS FORMS OF EXPRESSION.

Throughout the British dominions, and in most parts of the United States, the epithet, *likely*, conveys an idea of mere personal beauty, unconnected with any moral or intellectual quality. And the notorious Chartres, or the traitor Arnold, might be *likely*, or even very *likely*. But "they order these matters" very differently in New England. There a man or woman as deformed as a Hottentot or an ourang outang, may be *likely*, or *very likely*. The epithet there refers to moral character. And a stranger is sometimes struck with hearing a person with one eye, a Bardolphian nose, which courts a close acquaintance with its neighbouring promontory, the chin, a hollow cheek, a cadaverous countenance, and other emblems of ugliness, equally delectable, styled a *very likely man*.

In most parts of the world, people *expect* things that are *to come*. But in Pennsylvania, more particularly in the metropolis, we *expect*

things that are *past*. One man tells another, he *expects* he has had a very pleasant ride, or that his vessel has made a good voyage, or that Mr. A. or Miss B. has made a fortunate match, &c.—I have, indeed, heard a wise man of Gotham say he *expected* Alexander the Macedonian was the greatest conqueror of antiquity.

“On eagle’s wings, immortal, scandals fly :
While virtuous actions are but born and die.”

This couplet conveys a strong, and, I am afraid, a very just censure upon mankind. Those brilliant actions that reflect honour upon our species, are either wholly overlooked, or coldly noticed—while acts of turpitude that degrade and dishonour the species, furnish topics of conversation and declamation to the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the grave and the gay.

The tendency of this propensity is highly pernicious. By dwelling so much on vice and guilt, we diminish, particularly in young minds, the abhorrence and detestation they would otherwise excite.

“Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen—
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

And by suppressing the praises due to virtue, we fatally lose the benefit of its salutary example.

Let me state an exhilarating fact, worthy of high honour and of imitation. I know a man, in this city, fond of ease and indulgence, and blest with every means of enjoying both in their full extent—and who nevertheless undergoes the labour and fatigue of a troublesome office, the liberal and princely salary whereof he bestows on the widow and children of the former most estimable and lamented incumbent. This is one of those acts of heroic virtue, which admiring seraphs and cherubs must regard with applause and acclamation.

“The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.”

In passing through New England, particularly Massachusetts and New Hampshire, a traveller is forcibly struck with the splendid and superb scale on which very many of the private houses are built. They far exceed, in a general way, the scale of expense adopted in this State, where our men of property expend perhaps not more than three or four or five per cent. on an average for show and

parade in the structure of their houses. Whereas in New England, there are many houses in which the expenses for ostentation are probably fifteen per cent. of the whole amount. The Pennsylvania system, though not so dashing or attractive, is at all events by far the most prudent.

A Philadelphian will probably feel his pride hurt to be assured that in Salem, Newbury-port, Portsmouth, and Portland, there are perhaps as many large and magnificent houses, as in this city. The contemplation of those houses in the latter city excites a train of melancholy ideas. Portland suffered extremely during the late suspension of business throughout the United States; and a considerable portion of the splendid houses belonged to persons who then became bankrupts. Some of them, I was informed, owed their destruction to the sums lavished upon these castles, and to the great increase in the high style of living that arose thence.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SYMPATHY.*

THE piece superscribed *Man Constitutionally Moral*, appears to me, to have much more tendency to overthrow the theory of sympathy which the author professes to support; than that which I have advanced.

The only portion which has even an apparent tendency to injure my opinions, is that, which is founded in misconception. I certainly did not argue, that independently of a moral sentiment, distinct from the operation of fancy, we should behold a wretch upon the rack with coolness and composure: on the contrary, I admitted that disgust, aversion and horror, were excited by objects in distress: and only advanced, that the operation of fancy did not "*sufficiently explain*" our feelings.

The author erroneously supposes me ignorant, of the laws of association. By reference to an essay published in *The Port Folio* of the twenty-first of May 1808, it will be found, that I have attributed a large portion of our attachments to this habitude of our nature, by

* See page 50, Vol. 1st, present series of *The Port Folio*, and two last numbers.

which our pleasurable ideas or sensations are connected with the persons, or objects around us: in fact, the laws of association are so perfectly familiar to me, that I can hardly suppose that any new effort to establish them was requisite to others: and I think I can demonstrate, that in bringing them forward, the author conduces more to the support of my opinion, than to that of the illustrious moralist, from whom I ventured to dissent. Let us quote only one paragraph. "I see across the street a man who is assailed by two others with clubs. I hear the report of the blows which reverberate from his scull. I see the blood run over his face; he screams; he staggers—the ideas which are awakened in me by these impressions are associated with emotions of pain, and therefore these emotions must be produced. They are so in fact, and, if no considerations, attended with emotions of a different tendency, check me, I shall run to interfere, in order to get rid of this pain, if I may say so, *mechanically*, as I would jump forward to intercept a precious vase in falling, prompted by the anticipated pain of seeing it break to pieces." Is it not evident from this paragraph, that the author attributes to association, those emotions which Adam Smith attributes to an operation of fancy? For if we rush across the street, to the rescue of a sufferer; according to the one, it is because fancy places us in the situation of the being in distress, and we fly to relieve ourselves from imaginary pain; according to the other, "the ideas awakened by these impressions, being associated with emotions of pain, these emotions must be produced."

If the latter explanation be really that, which the author intended to afford, he is only so far correct, as the emotions excited by the danger of a man, can be similar to those, arising from the danger of a vase, or any other article of property. But surely it is obvious from this that sympathy may, and actually has been confounded with emotions, of a very inferior origin. Who that has a just conception of the soul, will ever admit that its most noble sentiment, has a common basis with that arising from the fall of a china vase? That we *sympathize* with the fall of tea-cups or wine glasses?

However, all this has been founded on the supposition, that the author meant to offer association as the basis of sympathy. Let us now imagine, that he has really fulfilled his professed design, of supporting the doctrine of Adam Smith, and let us attempt the explanation of the parallel he has cited, on the principles of this great man. The cases of the man, and the vase, are supposed by our author to be similar. In the one case then, we suppose ourselves in the situation of the man beaten with clubs; in the other, of a vase about to fall: in the one case, hasten to avert the blows, which excite imaginary pain: in the other, to prevent a fall, by which we shall in imagi-

nation, be shivered to pieces on the ground. Can any result, be more absurd than this, which so necessarily follows, from the theory of Smith, as *elucidated by the author?*

I am not unwilling to do justice to the eloquence of the style, or the ingenuity of some of the applications made by my assailant: but I conceive, that a loose and perverted employment of such qualifications, has tended much to retard the progress of moral analysis. Persons who write, or think on moral topics, more often hover around the foliage, than dig at the roots of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. They behold the luxuriant products of its vegetation, with perfect clearness, they lavish on the leaves the flowers or the fruit, the most poetic descriptions, and flutter about the superficies, without mistaking the colours, fragrance, or taste. They teem with subtle discriminations, and are oppressed with results minute and multifarious, but unaccompanied by systematic reference to general causes. By the delineation of such conceptions they may amuse; and even instruct those who are inadequate to the comprehension or application of extensive principles: but in this form, moral analysis presents a mountain of treatise; whereas in the truly analytic mode, the principles are found to be few, and the various ramifications easily referable to generic branches. In examining the various principles of human nature, we may consider self-love as the trunk, derived from various radical sensations, appetencies, or sentiments, essential to constitute a sensitive and immortal being.

By tracing the habitudes, or operation of these refined sources, so far as their obscurity will permit, we discover the reciprocal action of our physical and moral nature; without which, the real basis of the relative elevation of different beings, cannot be understood: nor the difference between true, and apparent superiority. The whole must then terminate, in a reference of moral disparity, or diversity, to the peculiarity of self-love, or the tendency of those branches of it, which by nature, or habitude predominate in strength: and a clear conception of this ascendancy in any one individual, constitutes the best knowledge of his moral character.

In the whole aggregate of our sentiments, we can find nothing which can render human nature truly amiable, or elevated, in the absence of sympathy. In this we have the only tie, by which we are linked together in joy and sorrow; by which our brutal, or selfish passions and appetites are subdued, that we may be subservient in the excitement of pleasure, or alleviation of pain in our fellow-creatures. The comparative predominancy of this celestial principle, should decide our estimates of character: but who will take the comparative power of fancy, or force of association, as the measure of our

capacity to sympathize? Levity and imagination, often go hand in hand: and the influence of association, is more powerful in brutes than in men. Will it not then be considered, that sympathy is an inscrutable qualification of the soul, stimulated into action by the impressions which fancy enables us to form, as fancy is excited by the action of light or sound, or any other cause of sensation?

ANALYTICAL

AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

UPPER FALLS OF SOLOMON'S CREEK.

Ruin vast and dread dismay
Mark the clam'rous cataract's way.

ROCKS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Among the numerous streams that rush from the mountain to the bosom of the majestic Susquehanna, the beautiful cascade of Solomon's Falls is well calculated to gratify the ardent admirer of the works of nature.

It is situated about three miles from Wilkesbarre, the county town of Luzerne, in the State of Pennsylvania. Surrounded with dark hemlock,* the rocks stained with moss, and partially covered with laurels and other evergreens, it forms one of the finest scenes for the pencil of the painter. Dashing, foaming, and working its tempestuous way down the mountain's side, it here precipitates itself, in the most romantic and picturesque manner, over a ledge of rocks between fifty and sixty feet high into a natural basin of about twenty-five feet diameter, from which, winding beneath o'erhanging rocks, it passes through a narrow perpendicular fissure, and pours into a second basin forming the lower fall; from which latter it runs in a rapid and winding course to the river.

On this stream there are several mills, and fine situations for mansions; but during the heat of summer, like all mountain torrents, it is greatly diminished, when much of the grandeur of the falls is lost.

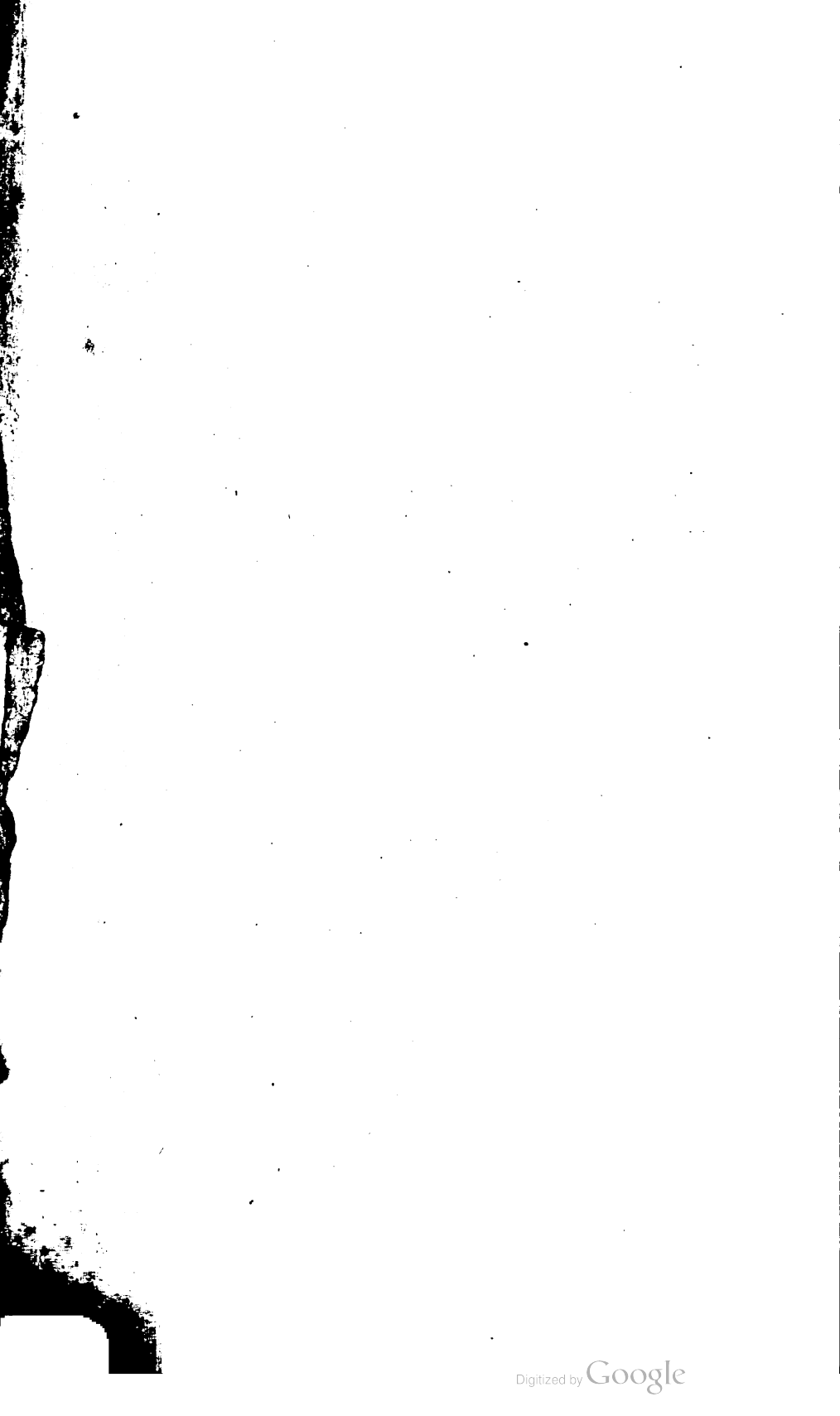
J. C.

* *Pinus Canadensis*.

† *Kalmia Latifolia*.



UPPER FALLS OF SOLOMON'S CREEK.



THE CLASSICAL WORLD—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE rudest of our readers, if rudeness can ever be predicated of any of the patrons of The Port Folio, need not revolt from the title of this article. We have no intention of publishing Greek manuscripts, to the terror of the ladies, nor quoting *barbarous Latin* to the annoyance of the beau. But we adopt and apply, on this occasion, the epithet *classical* in its most popular and attractive form, with the intention of publishing regularly certain literary articles of the most fascinating character, in the delightful department of the belles lettres. In one of the British journals of the light and ephemeral class, a witty and elegant writer, whose genius appears to be perfectly in unison with the soul of the bard of Venusinum, has, under the whimsical title of *Horace in London*, published a series of felicitous imitations of the odes of his classical progenitor. With my Lord Chesterfield, we are so much in the habit of admiring Mr. Pope's *incomparable* imitations, that we have always been of opinion that Horace is his debtor. The jocund bard, who, in the ensuing stanzas has adventurously followed Mr. Pope, is still more paraphrastical. In these gay verses, HORACE becomes completely modernized; and we think that LA FONTAINE himself would acknowledge our sportive imitator as one of his own family. *Editor.*

BOOK I. ODE 1.

Mæcenas, stavis edite regibus, &c.

TO JOHN BULL, ESQ.

Dread sir! half human, half divine,
 Descended from a *lengthened* line
 Of heroes famed in story,
 Of ocean undisputed lord,
 Of Europe and her recreant horde
 The "riddle, jest, and glory."

What various sports attract your sons!
 Some to Hyde Park escape from duns,
 In curricle or tandem.
 In dusty clouds enveloped quite,
 Like Jove, who from Olympus' height,
 Hurls thunderbolts at random.

One draws his gold from Lombard-street,
 And 'mongst the barons buys a seat,
 The Lord knows why or wherefore.

Another, give him rural sports,
 And crowded cities, splendid courts,
 He not a jot will care for.

The merchant, balked by Boreas, vents
 His idle anger, and laments
 Some luckless speculation.
 Of ease and Clapham common talks ;
 But soon on Gresham's murmuring walks
 Resumes his daily station.

This makes the jolly god his theme,
 In claret drowns Aurora's beam,
 And riots with the friskers.
 That, a dragoon, delights in war,
 And clatters, thoughtless of mamma,
 In high heeled boots and whiskers.

The hunter quits his bed at five,
 The fox or timorous deer to drive,
 Down precipices horrid ;
 And carries home, returning late,
 A trophy for his amorous mate,
 The antlers on his forehead.

Me toil and ease alternate share,
 Books and the converse of the fair.
 To see is to adore 'em.
 With these and London for my home,
 I envy not the joys of Rome,
 The circus or the forum.

If you, great sir, will deign to vote
 For Horace in his London coat,
 Nor check my classic fury,
 My lofty head, whene'er I sit
 To judge a new play in the pit,
 Shall touch the dome of Drury.

The following ode to a false fair one is highly moral, as well as *most musical, most melancholy**. Experience holds her cautious glass, to shun the breakers as we pass, and often throws the wary lead, to see what dangers may be hid, says the sensible Green, describing the

* Milton.

voyage of life. In the third and fourth stanzas the warning voice of our pleasing poet is the very echo of Wisdom, and the seventh exhibits a captivating picture of gladsome hours, now studious and now social, burnished by THE DIGNITY AND INDEPENDENCE OF LITERATURE.

BOOK I. ODE 5.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ, &c.

TO A COURTEZAN.

Say, Lucy, what enamoured spark
Now sports thee through the gazing park,
In new barouche or tandem,
And, as Infatuation leads,
Permits his reason and his steeds
To run their course at random?

Fond youth, these braids of ebony hair,
Which to a face already fair,
Impart a lustre fairer,
Those locks which now invite to love,
Soon unconfined and false shall prove,
And changeful as the wearer.

Unpractised in a woman's guile,
Thou think'st, perchance, her halcyon smile
Portends unruffled quiet;
That, ever charming, fond, and mild,
No wanton thoughts, or passions wild,
Within her soul can riot.

Alas! how often shalt thou mourn,
If nymphs like her so soon forsworn,
Be worth a moment's trouble,
How quickly own, with sad surprise,
The paradise that blessed thine eyes,
Was painted on a bubble.

In her accommodating creed,
A lord will always supercede
A commoner's embraces.
His lordship's love contents the fair,
Until enabled to ensnare
A nobler prize, his grace's.

The leafless groves are gemmed with tears ;
And nought the lonely woodman hears,
But chirps of feathered sadness.

Mortals, when Nature weeps, should strive,
By double revels to derive

 Their pleasure from her sorrow.
To-day, while health and life remain,
Let Joy, without a rival, reign.
 The scene may change to-morrow.

Quaff then the sparkling juice of France ;
Let giddy Beauty weave the dance,
 Or crown our warm devotion ;
And let the muse's magic strain,
That exiles care and softens pain,
 Excite its sweet emotion.

Thus, with the love of ease impressed,
The lexicographer addressed
 His son, the infant Sherry ;
When Care assaults thy sinking soul,
Drown, drown the miscreant in the bowl,
 Drink, revel, and be merry.

Charmed with thy economic grace,
A treasurer's appropriate place
 The Whigs shall lay before ye ;
But tory curs, with popish yell,
Shall quickly snatch thy bone, and quell
 Thy ministerial glory.

Thy genius senates shall admire,
And mourn, that, like a lambent fire,
 To wanderers benighted,
It leads thy course, through mist and fogs,
To Faction's whirlpool, Party's bogs,
 Where all is sunk and blighted.

Old Drury shall exalt thy fame,
And pleased Thalia shall exclaim,
 Augustan days are coming :
But false the prophecy, for lo !
Thy muse degenerates in show
 And pantomimic mumming.

The duns incessantly shall tease,
 And swarm around, like senseless bees,
 Who plague a weed for honey.
 While thou shalt answer their appeals,
 With jokes, evasions, orders, meals,
 With every thing but money.

Reflection will but sting thy heart,
 If e'er thy bosom's warmth impart
 A refuge to the viper.
 Then revel, and the goblet drain,
 Why should not Joy prolong her strain?
 Thou'lt never pay the piper!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE publishers of this Journal have recently republished from the London copy, a singular work entitled *Struggles through Life*, exemplified in the various Travels and Adventures, of Lieutenant John Harriott, now resident magistrate of the Thames Police.

Although many of the most respectable British Journalists have very candidly appreciated the merit of Mr. H. as a narrator, yet some of the reviews of the first distinction, having, on the contrary, treated him very cavalierly, we deem it our duty fairly to state his pretensions to the favour of the Americans. We are the more solicitous to perform an act of justice to this adventurer, wanderer, projector, soldier, and seaman, because, unhappily for his fame, those foreign journals in which we think he is *abused*, have a wide circulation, and a powerful influence in this country.

These amusing volumes, for amusing they certainly are, remind us perpetually of Robinson Crusoe, the Memoirs of Captain Robert Boyle, and many other works of that class, which though but indifferently written, have acquired an unexampled share of popularity. The style of our military adventurer is certainly not a perfect model of eloquence, and he indulges himself sometimes in a strain of garrulity that has more relation to the prosing of my grandmother, than to the style either of the closet or the camp. But with these defects Mr. H. is generally a diverting, and often a very instructive companion. In his remarks on American manners or scenery, he is much more liberal than many of his predecessors, and, indeed, his language is for the most part, highly civil and complimentary. A very high sense of honour, seems to be a prominent feature in our author's mind, and his noble behaviour and indefatigable perseverance in adversity, in sickness, and sorrow, are excellent stimulants to the children of misfortune. Some of the adventures which he records, are of a romantic cast, but many of his remarks and lessons are perfectly practical. His *Struggles* are sometimes those of a lion caught in the toils, and striving to get free; and his elastic mind still bounding under calamity's pressure, recalls to remembrance the fabulous legend of the palm-tree, which is said to exalt itself, and to flourish under every weight that can be imposed.

THE SENTENTIOUS, OR SERIOUS WORLD.

We have read somewhere a collection of Italian and Spanish sayings, which, particularly the latter appeared, to possess uncommon merit. The good taste of Dr. Knox has preserved many of them in one of his valuable repositories of elegant literature. The following, though not equal in merit, sometimes exhibit wisdom in a nut-shell. Brief sentences of this cast are easily remembered, sink deeply into the mind, and often have a salutary influence over our behaviour.—EDITOR.

THE present mode of education is much better than was practised with the last generation, when a child was told, with an authoritative tone, that children must not ask questions.

It is astonishing what a little matter will disturb a man, when he is committing a dishonest act. The slightest noise alarms a house-breaker.

No man can make a pun whose heart is not at ease.

When you tell a pleasant story, a little embellishment is allowable.

A man, who has a competency, with a good understanding, a quiet temper, and a benevolent heart, enjoys as much happiness as human nature is capable of receiving.

What you purchase in an auction room, you will, in general, be glad to sell next day at an under price.

Any man may be a pedant, but to be a polite scholar is a very difficult attainment.

Man is like a barometer. His mind seldom remains long stationary.

Could the waters of Lethe be bought, thousands would become the purchasers.

The law allows of no mitigation of offences committed under the influence of ebriety.

If, by any accident, your income should become less, meet your misfortune bravely, and be not ashamed to contract your expenses.

If you dream of getting a prize in the lottery, you may be almost certain of waking without it.

Some men, unfortunately, entertain such high notions of honour as to be continually engaged in disputes and quarrels.

When you are invited to dinner, it is uncivil to send an excuse at a late hour; and, perhaps, upon a frivolous occasion. It always gives offence, as your place cannot be supplied on a short notice, and people love to have their table filled.

Families that once quarrel, are seldom cordially reconciled.

When every thing has left us, Hope abides by us to the last.

An unlettered man, with a good capacity, is like a rough diamond, that every one wishes to see polished.

Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himself in them as in a looking glass.

One eye of the master sees more than four eyes of his servant.

Working in your vocation is half praying.

Large trees give more shade than fruit.

When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the curate, I will make it rain.

John De-little was the son of Goody Spin-little.

The worst pig often gets the best pear.
Poor folks have neither kindred nor friends.
He who quakes with cold, either wants money to buy him clothes,
or wit to put them on.

He who would have a thing done quickly and well, must do it himself.

Reason governs the Philosopher, and a cudgel the fool.

Love, Knavery and Necessity make men good orators.

When a man is tumbling down, every saint lends a hand.

A lewd bachelor makes a jealous husband.

That crown is well spent which saves you ten.

When you have any business with a man, give him title enough.

A soldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves.

A careful thoughtful man is half a conjurer.

Men toil, and take pains, in order to live easily at last.

Let us enjoy the present, we shall have trouble enough hereafter.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.

Abate two thirds of all the reports you hear.

A fair face, and very little brains.

If two know it, all the world will know it too.

The world makes men drunk as much as wine.

Wine and youth are fire upon fire.

He who eats of but one dish never wants a physician.

From hearing, comes wisdom, and from speaking, repentance.

He who serves the public has but a scurvy master.

The mob is a terrible monster.

Hell is very full of good meanings and intentions.

A great many pair of shoes are worn out before men do all they say.

He counts very unskilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning.

Experience is the father, and Memory the mother of Wisdom.

Oil and Truth will get uppermost at last.

We ought not to give the fine flour to the devil and the bran to God.

He who is born of a hen must scrape for his living.

A man was hanged for saying what was true.

Since my house must be burnt, I will warm myself at it.

Tell every body your business, and the devil will do it for you.

'Tis truth which makes the man angry.

All is good that God sends us.

Do not all that you can do ; spend not all you have ; believe not all you hear ; and tell not all you know.

LEGITIMATE LIBERTY IS TO SERVE OUR GRACIOUS GOD.

The common soldier's blood makes the general a great man.

Sickness is a personal citation before our Judge.

When children are little they sometimes make their parents heads
ach, and when they are grown up they often make their hearts ach.

A huge house, a huge trouble.

Never advise a man to go to the wars, *nor to marry*.*

Beauty beats a call upon a drum.

Make a slow answer to a hasty question.

Never count four except you have them in your bag.

Open your door to a fair day, and make yourself ready for a foul
one.

That great saint, Interest, rules the world.

Take not physic, when you are well, lest you die, in order to be
better.

A wise man will bend a little, rather than be torn up by the roots.

All row galley-wise ; every man draws toward himself.

A little too late is too late still.

If you would be healthful, clothe yourself warm, and eat sparingly.

Good wine makes a bad head, and a long story.

Receive your money, before you give a receipt for it, and take a
receipt before you pay it.

He who hath money and capers is provided for Lent.

Live well and be cheerful.

He who doth most at once, doth least.

Go as early as you may to market, and as late as you can to battle.

Thank you, good puss, starved my cat.

* I know not how the ladies, who indisputably are warm advocates for matrimony, will relish this apothegm, which Hymen will forthwith pronounce to be a most damnable heresy. But my charming friends must remember that this cold and churlish saying is, probably, the rancorous effusion of some miserable monk, moping in his cloistered cell, who is debarred from all the joys of Juno, like another Ixion, and rails at what he cannot comprehend.

Note by the Editor of The Port Folio.

MERRIMENT.

A CERTAIN ex minister, in the course of a speech in the House of Lords, said, that if any thing unjust or improper on his part, or on the part of those with whom he acted, was an obstruction to the war, he should not lie on his pillow with ease. On which, a member whispered another, If he cannot lie on his pillow with ease, he can *lie* in this house with ease.

A reverend divine being accused of negligence in his calling, and styled an *unfaithful shepherd*, from scarcely ever visiting his *flock*, defended himself by saying, he was always with them at *shearing time*.

An Irish *jolman* being asked how he liked the Parisian *elegantes*, said he liked them well enough, but he could not bear their *fainting so barefacedly*.

The same votary of St. Patrick, one day found a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day, he saw another guinea lying in the street: Arrah, says he, I'll have *nothing to do with you*, I lost three shillings on your brother yesterday.

A certain *bruising* parson having been examined as a witness in the Court of King's Bench, the adverse counsel attempted to browbeat him; I think you are the *bruising parson*, said he. I am, said the divine, and if you doubt it, I'll give it to you *under my hand*.

LEVITY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A LOVER'S CONSOLATION.

A mistress I've lost, it is true;
But one comfort attends my disaster:
That, had she my mistress remained,
I could not have called myself master.

EPIGRAM.

A DOCTOR lately was a captain made.
It is a change of title, not of trade.

During Lord Malmesbury's negotiations at Lisle, there was published, in a Manchester paper, an advertisement of the sale of an estate, in which the advertiser announces that "he is appointed *plenipotentiary* to treat in this business; that he has *ample credentials*, and is prepared to *verify his powers*; that he will enter into *preliminaries* either on the principle of the *status quo* or the *uti possidetis*; that he is ready to receive the *projet* of any person desirous of making a purchase or exchange, and to deliver his *contre-projet* and *sine qua non*, or even at once to give his *ultimatum*, assuring the public, that, as soon as the *definitive treaty* shall be concluded, it will be *ratified* by his constituents, and *fully guaranteed*."

Between the pulpit and the bar,
While thus you hesitate and trifle,
You're growing older than old Parr.
Johnny, indeed you waste your life ill.

If toward the church your zeal draws strong,
Three curacies are just now vacant.
If not, the law goes on ding dong.
Rouse up, and try what you can make on't.

Let us, at least, an *effort* see.
Be something, any thing, *for money*.
Zounds! while your doubting *what to be*,
You're likely to be *nothing*, Johnny.

The following poetical compliment is ascribed to Horace Walpole. Courtiers like him, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Littleton, have a peculiar power of gallantly addressing the ladies, in a manner of which no *vulgar* mortal can have the least conception. *Ed.*

What a rout do you make for a single sweet kiss!
I seized it, 'tis true, and I ne'er shall repent it.
May he ne'er enjoy one who shall think 'twas amiss;
But for me, I thank dear Cytherea who sent it.

You may pout, and look prettily cross; but I pray,
What business so near to my lips had your cheek?
If you will put temptation so pat in one's way,
Saints, resist if you can; but for me, I'm too weak.

But come, dearest Delia, our quarrel let's end;
Nor will I by force, what you gave not, retain;
By allowing the kiss I'm forever your friend.
If you say that I *stole* it, why *take it again*.

The following anecdote is perfectly well pointed :

A minister of state once related to a courtier the ridiculous manner in which the public councils are held in some of the nations of Africa. In the council chamber are placed twelve jars, half full of water. Twelve statesmen enter naked, and, stalking along with great gravity, each leaps into his jar, and immerses himself up to the chin; and in this attitude, well adapted for cool reflection, they deliberate on national affairs. You do not smile, continued the minister. No, rejoined the courtier, I see at home, every day a more ridiculous thing than this. Pray what? returned the minister. A country, replied the other, where the jars alone get in council.

Dr. Robertson, the historian, in the course of conversation with Horace Walpole, said, you must know, sir, that I look upon myself as a moderate whig. Mr. Walpole replied, Yes, doctor, I look upon you as a very moderate whig.

When a noted state criminal was tried at Edinburgh, for sedition, the lord justice Clark asked him, Hae you ony coonsel, mon? No. Do you want to hae ony appointed. I only want an interpreter, to make me understand what your lordship says.

A gentleman being informed that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, Did they call each other ugly? No. Well, well, I shall soon reconcile them.

Lord Kelly, once asking one of your gentle shepherds for a toast, he gave Mirth and Innocence. The next toast being his lordship's, he gave Milk and Water.

The late Dr. Wilson, fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, in passing through the quadrangle one morning, met some wild Irish students, who passed without saluting him. The doctor called to one of these ill-bred sparks, and asked him, Do you know who I am, sir? No. How long have you been in college? Eight days. Oh! very well, said the doctor, waking off, puppies dont open their eyes till the ninth day.

SARCASM.

A PICTURE of a certain divine, well known by the nickname of *Snake*, having appeared at one of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the following pungent paragraph, published in a morning paper, was made the subject of a prosecution in the Court of King's Bench, when lord Mansfield observed that he should be apt to excuse the libel for the sake of the wit :

"An artist admires the picture of the reverend parson Snake, in the exhibition, where he is drawn at full length, in a beautiful landscape, with a large tree, and attended by his faithful *Fidel*. He thinks, however, the *tree* wants *execution*, and that the painter has not done justice to the *dog*."

George II one day, sent, in a rage, for Mr. Pelham, to know why the civil list was not paid. Mr. Pelham said the money, destined for it, had been appropriated to another use, then more urgent. The king, with an oath, told Mr. P. that if he would not pay it, another minister should be selected who would. I shall not, said the sovereign, tamely consent to be the only master in the kingdom, who does not pay his servants.

A gentleman, haranguing on the perfection of the English law, and of its being equally open to the poor and the rich, was answered by his friend; So is the *devil* tavern.

The late witty earl of Kelly, in the younger part of his life, was terribly addicted to dissipation. One day his mother took him very severely to task for a debauch, and advised him to profit by the example of a certain gentleman, whose constant food was vegetables, and his drink pure water. What! Madam, said his Lordship, do you wish me to imitate a man, who eats, like a *beast*, and drinks, like a *fish*.

The same nobleman was once amusing his friends with an account of a sermon he had heard in Italy, in which the priest related the miracle of St. Antony, when preaching on shipboard, attracting the

fishes, which, in order to hear his pious discourse, held their heads out of the water. I can perfectly believe the miracle, said Harry Erskine. How so? Why, when your Lordship was at church, there was, at least, *one fish out of the water.*

One day, when Mr. Woodward and Mr. King were walking through the streets of Liverpool, where they were then performing, a chimney sweeper and his boy came up. The boy stopped and stared at them, and although his master called to him several times to come along, he still stood at a gaze, and, at length, exclaimed, *Why they be players.* Hold your tongue, you dog, said the old sweep, *you don't know what you may come to yourself.*

PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Russian minister for the home department, has communicated to the Imperial academy of Petersburg, the following account of a meteoric stone, weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, that fell in the circle of Ichnow, in the government of Smolensko.

"In the afternoon of the 13th of March, 1807, a very violent clap of thunder was heard in that district. Two peasants, in the village of Timochim, being in the fields at the time, say, that at the instant of this tremendous report, they saw a large black stone fall about forty paces from them. They were stunned for a few minutes, but, as soon as they recovered themselves, ran towards the place, where the stone fell. They could not discover it, however, it had penetrated so deeply into the snow. On their report, several persons went to the spot, and got out the stone, which was above two feet beneath the surface of the snow. It was of an oblong shape, blackish, like cast iron, very smooth on all parts, and on one side resembling a coffin. On its flat surfaces were very fine radii resembling brass wire. Its fracture was of an ashen grey. Being conveyed to the gymnasium of Smolensko, a professor of natural philosophy there considered it at once as ferruginous

from the simple observation of its being extremely friable, and staining the fingers. The particles of which it is composed, contain a great deal of lime and sulphuric acid.

“ On the 19th of April, 1808, at one o'clock in the afternoon, a great quantity of meteorolites fell in the commune of Pieve di Casignano, in the department of Taro (formerly the dutchess of Parma, and Placentia). The air was calm and the sky serene, but with a few clouds. Two loud explosions were heard, followed by several less violent, after which, several stones fell. A farmer, who was in the fields, saw one fall about fifty paces from him, and bury itself in the ground. It was burning hot. A fragment of one of these stones is deposited in the museum at Paris.

The cultivation of the cotton-tree, as well as of the sweet potato, from St. Domingo, has been introduced in the southern departments of France.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WE have so much respect for the *Rolliad*, one of the wittiest of local and temporary satires, and for the *Fugitive*, legitimate comedy, justly praised by the exquisite taste of Mr. Sheridan, that we are delighted to find a complete edition of the works of their admirable author thus announced:

Literary Relics of the late Joseph Richardson, Esq. formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, Barrister, and Member of Parliament for Newport, in Cornwall.

THESE remains of a gentleman highly esteemed and admired by his friends, who were unfortunately deprived of him, while he might be said to be in the prime of life, consist of the comedy of the *Fugitive*, and a few short poems, which were chiefly college exercises. The *Fugitive* is a work, that shows a degree of intellectual power, which surpasses most of those authors who may be considered as the dramatic corps of the day, the *body guards* of theatrical mo

marches, and if the characters in this comedy were properly cast, it might become one of the stock pieces of the stage. The poems indicate a delicate and elegant mind, which, if it had not been seduced into the thorny path of politics, might have produced many works of standard merit. These precious relics of the amiable author are preceded by a short, and, we believe, an impartial biography. The whole was prepared and arranged by his widow, and published by subscription, for her advantage. We are glad to see a very large list of subscribers, as we trust that the publication has been beneficial to the family of the author, as well as honourable to his memory. We have always understood that Mr. Richardson eminently contributed to that popular engine of its party, the *Rolliad*, and we find that the fact is ascertained in this publication by a specification of the numbers which came from his hand. The whole forms a very handsome quarto volume, and is enriched with a head of the author, engraved from an excellent portrait by Shee, which has all the spirit, and fidelity usual in the works of that able artist, and animated poet.

SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

In a very late number of *Tilloch's* justly celebrated *Philosophical Magazine*, we observe that an octavo volume is just published in London, entitled *Facts and Experiments on the use of sugar in feeding stock*, with an appendix, containing an account of two sugar fed oxen, which obtained Lord Somerville's prize at the late cattle show. So much is said and written of late, by the whole choir of Chymists on the nutriment to be derived from saccharine matter, that we are compelled to believe something on the faith both of integrity and science; and yet the results of experiments, upon children, the aged, and the dyspeptic, are so much at variance, that the mind is frequently perplexed with the adjustment of opposing probabilities. We shall be extremely glad if, by the aid of some of the learned, we could peruse a satisfactory as well as a scientific memoir upon this interesting topic.

Joseph Gandy, A. R. A. has just published a very interesting work in quarto, price two guineas, entitled *Designs for Cottages, Cottage Farms, and other rural buildings; including entrance Gates and Lodges*. Designed in a style of superior beauty, and possessing every advantage of interior accommodation, and economical arrangement, with forty-three plates, each accompanied with a ground plan, estimate, and letter press descriptions.

Plate 1, a cottage of one room, for a labourer, gate keeper, &c. 2, another. 3, a cottage with conveniences for keeping pigs, &c. 4, do. of two rooms, intended for a park. 5, a double cottage. 6, a cottage for a labourer who keeps a cow, &c. 7, another. 8, do. of two rooms. 9, do. with a bed room above stairs. 10, an ornamental cottage for a gentleman's grounds. 11, cottage with bed rooms above. 12, cottage with cow house, &c. under one roof. 13, ornamental cottage for a park. 14, a cottage dwelling of two rooms. 15, picturesque cottage for a shepherd. 16, cottage and bridge. 17, country residence with bed rooms above. 18, plan for two or four cottages on the banks of a river, and sketch for a bridge. 19, picturesque farm dwelling. 20, a small country residence. 21, a cottager's dwelling. 22, a greenhouse and conservatory, with residence for the gardener. 23, farrier's shop, with stables and habitation annexed. 24, a picturesque cottage of three rooms. 25, a cottage of three rooms. 26, habitation near a market town. 27, a picturesque building, designed for a public house. 28, residence for a market man. 29, a double cottage, with conveniences for farming. 30, picturesque double cottage. 31, a small farm. 32, picturesque farm house. 33, a grazing farm. 34, gentleman's farming residence. 35, circular group of eight cottages. 36, plan for a village. 37, a country residence, or hunting box. 38, a double lodge, an arched entrance to a park. 39, single lodge and gate. 40, single lodge and covered way. 41, a double lodge, consisting of thatched cones. 42, a lodge with octagon piers and ornaments. 43, a lodge and arched gate way.

Another work of a similar character has just made its appearance, with the following interesting title :

The Rural Architect; consisting of various designs for country buildings; accompanied with ground plans, estimates of expenses, and descriptions. Here we have graphical representations of cottages of the most simple form, and economical construction; offices, dairies, mills, group of cottages, designed for the neighbourhood of a manufactory, gardener's cottage, bath, double cottages, cottages for three, four, or five families, ornamental cottages, plan of a manufactory and workshops, groups of cottages designed upon a principle of exciting emulation and rewarding meritorious exertion, habitation for an overseer of

labourers, arable, dairy, and grazing farms, an inn, villas and small country dwellings, entrance gates, single and double lodges, &c. &c.*

A practical husbandman, of the highest authority, assures his countrymen, that the golden rule of agriculture to use such manures as will make heavy land lighter, and light land heavier, cold land hotter, and hot land colder must never be lost sight of. He who knows and follows this rule, and he only is a farmer.

The art of printing from stone continues to be practised with great success on the continent. At Stutgard a printing office has been established, for a more extensive application of this new invention. The engraving of music has been the chief branch to which it has hitherto been directed on the continent.

More balloons ! We had supposed, that, since the frightful fall, and horrible death of poor Rozier, that balloons were greatly on the decline ; but it seems that aerial navigation is again revived.

M. Degen, a watchmaker of Vienna, has invented a machine for raising a person into the air. It is formed of two kinds of parachutes of taffeta, which may be folded up or extended at pleasure. M. Degen made several public experiments, and rose to the height of fifty-four feet,† *flying in all directions with the celerity of a bird.*

On the 22d August, 1808, Messrs. Andreoli and Brioschi, of Padua, ascended in a balloon, amidst an immense concourse of spectators. Soon after leaving the ground, the barometer having fallen to fifteen inches,

* This and the preceding article we copied, that our booksellers may import these useful books into America, and that vulgar Ignorance and Prejudice may, at least in this instance, discern that Genius and Art, even in a monarchy, do not always toil for the aristocracy alone ; but that poor men's cottages, as well as rich men's palaces, are wisely planned and economically erected. *Editor.*

† Our friend, M. Degen, the German watchmaker, is now perfectly well qualified to publish a supplement to Dr. Johnson's dissertation on the art of flying, so satisfactorily expounded in *Rasselas*. But our volant Viennese is not the only high-flyer on the continent, as we learn below ; but if the palpitation either of fear or anguish, or the lethargy of palsy are to be the consequences of soaring, let us, in the name of Prudence and Humanity, grovel on the ground. *Editor.*

M. Brioschi began to feel an extraordinary palpitation of the heart. The barometer afterwards fell to twelve inches, and he was overcome with a gentle sleep, which ended in a complete lethargy. The balloon continued ascending; and when the barometer stood at nine, M. Andreoli perceived the machine was completely inflated, and that he could not move his left hand. The mercury continuing to descend marked eight inches and a half, [about six miles and a quarter high] a violent detonation* was heard from the balloon, which then descended with great rapidity, and M. Brioschi awoke. The aeronauts alighted safely on the hill of Eugenea, not far from Petrarch's tomb, about twelve miles from Padua. The voyage lasted from half past three until half past eight o'clock.

The appearance of an enormous sea serpent,† eighty feet long and of proportionate bulk, among the western isles of Scotland, appears to be fully proved by respectable testimony.

Baron Lutgendorf, long known as a traveller and voyager, has contrived a machine by which a person may exist under water, without fear of being drowned. It is a kind of cuirass, which admits of the body assuming every possible position, and which is said to be extremely useful in saving persons in danger of being drowned. The police of Vienna have purchased a considerable number of these machines, with the view of bringing up drowned persons from the bottom of the Danube.

James C. Murphey, of Edward-street, Cavendish square,, architect, who, during a residence of eight years on the continent, has discovered the manner of designing, making, and forming mosaics, and ornaments in the Arabian style, which he purposes to apply to divers art and manufactories, has obtained a patent for the same.

* *Anglice*, the balloon burst, and why necks were not broken does not appear.

† *Halsydrus Pontoppidani*.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara,
In the Autumn of 1803.

BY THE AUTHOR OF AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

(Continued from page 458.)

THROUGH this sweet vale, that wooded hills enclose,
A clear deep stream in glassy silence flows;*
There sportive trout disturb the dimpling tide,
And shoals of salmon, pike and suckers glide;
Thick vines and sycamores in rich array,
Bend o'er its banks, and mark its winding way;
Gigantic walnuts, bare and blasted, rise
And stretch their bleach'd arms midway to the skies;†
There sits the hawk,‡ inured to feasts of blood,
Watching the scaly tenants of the flood;
Or listening, pensive, to the distant roar
Of yon white falls that down the mountain pour;
Thence to the lake broad level marshes spread,
Where close rank reeds conceal the Muskrat's bed;
Above, around, in numerous flocks are seen
Long lines of ducks o'er this their fav'rite scene;

* Catharine's Creek, which forms the head waters of the Seneca Lake, and falls into its southern extremity. From this lake to the landing, a distance of about five miles, the creek is navigable for large loaded boats. The country between this place and Newton, on the Susquehanna, is generally level; and the distance, in a direct line, probably not more than twenty miles. The practicability of uniting these two waters, by a canal, at a comparatively small expense, and the immense advantages that would result from the completion of such an undertaking, have long been evident to all those acquainted with that part of the country.

† Some of these trees, owing to the richness of the soil, grow to an extraordinary size. I measured one that was nearly thirty feet in circumference.

‡ The fishing-hawk, or osprey; differing considerably from the bird of that name in Europe.

VOL. II.

3 T

Some to the lake in wedged divisions bend;
 Some o'er the creek in lengthening showers descend.
 Ah, how could sportsman such a sight survey
 Nor seek to share the pleasures of the day!
 Do well-drest beauties shun theatric walls?
 Or sleeps the swain when his own sweetheart calls?
 A skiff and paddles near the landing lay,
 Two striplings proffer'd to conduct my way,
 Fix'd in the bow for slaughter I prepare,
 The deadly barrels ready pois'd in air;
 Slow round an opening point we softly steal,
 Where four large ducks in playful circles wheel,
 The far-fam'd *canvass-backs** at once we know,
 Their broad flat bodies wrapt in pencill'd snow;
 The burnish'd chestnut o'er their necks that shone,
 Spread deepening round each breast a sable zone;
 Wary they gaze——our boat in silence glides,
 The slow-mov'd paddles steal along the sides;
 Quick flashing thunders roar along the flood,
 And *three* lie prostrate vomiting their blood!
 The *fourth* aloft on whistling pinions soar'd,
 One fatal glance the fiery thunders pour'd,
 Prone drops the bird amid the dashing waves,
 And the clear stream his glossy plumage laves.
 Now all around us rising trains appear,
 Wild whistling wings on every hand we hear!
 'Th' alarm of death, amid their legions spread,
 In files immense they winnow overhead;
 Hoarse heavy geese scream up the distant sky,
 And all the thunders of our boat defy;
 Close under rustling vines, we skulking glide,
 Till the loud uproar and alarm subside;
 Here grapes delicious, clustering, hung around,
 The mother vines through bending birches wound;
 Not richer ripen on Vesuvius' side,
 Than here spontaneous nodded o'er the tide.

* These celebrated and justly esteemed ducks, appear to be the *Anas*
ferina of Lin. From the great abundance of their favourite food, (the
 roots of the *Valisneria Americana*,) in the tide waters of many of our
 large rivers, it is probable that their flesh is much more delicious here
 than in Europe.

Now all again is silent and serene,
 Slow glides our skiff along the glassy scene,
 O'er the flat marsh we mark the plovers* sweep,
 And, clust'ring close, their wheeling courses keep,
 Till, like a tempest, as they past us roar,
 Whole crowds descend, to rise again no more;
 Prone on the sand, the snowy tribe are spread,
 Then hove on board, and pil'd among the dead,
 Beyond a point, just opening to the view,
 A fleet of ducks† collect their scatter'd crew,
 Part, soon alarm'd, with sudden splattering soar,
 The rest remaining seek the farther shore;
 There, cross a neck, conceal'd by sheltering vines,
 Down the smooth tide I view their floating lines,
 With sudden glance the smoky vengeance pour,
 And death and ruin spread along the shore!
 The dead and dying mingling, float around,
 And loud the shoutings of my guides resound.

But now the Lake‡ wide opening spreads below,
 Bright o'er its smooth expanse the sunbeams glow,
 There downward skies in concave vast appear,
 And circling wide complete one boundless sphere;
 Far spreading forests from its shores ascend;
 And tow'ring headlands o'er the flood impend;
 These, deep below, in soften'd tints are seen,
 Where Nature smiles upon herself serene.
 O lovely scenes! In ecstacy I cry'd,
 That sink to nothing all the works of pride!
 What are the piles that puny mortals rear,
 Their temples, towers, however great or fair,
 Their mirrors, carpets, tapestry, and state,
 The nameless toys that Fashion's fools create,

* These were of various kinds; among which I found two species hitherto undescribed.

† The black-duck, *Anas Perspillata*, very numerous here.

‡ The Seneca Lake. This beautiful sheet of water is about forty miles long, by from one and a half to three miles in breadth. The shores are generally precipitous, consisting of a brittle blue slate, in which many curious impressions of marine shells are perceivable. In a short search I found upwards of twenty.

To this resplendent dome of earth and sky,
 Immensely stretch'd! immeasurably high!
 Those yellow forests, ting'd with glowing red,
 So rich around in solemn grandeur spread,
 Where, here and there, in lazy columns rise,
 The woodman's smoke, like incense to the skies!
 This heaven-reflecting Lake, smooth, clear, profound,
 And that primæval peace that reigns around!
 As well may worms compare with souls divine
 As Art, O NATURE! match her works with thine.

Now high in heav'n the hastening sun had sped,
 My comrades, too, were trudging far ahead,
 Pil'd at my feet enough of carnage lay,
 So slow to shore we cut our liquid way,
 There, where a hill the level marsh confines,
 Lifts its rough front, and o'er the Lake reclines,
 Where glittering through the trees that rise below,
 A brawling cataract falls in sheets of snow,
 Prone from the precipice, and steals unseen,
 Through birchen thickets to the lake serene,
 While soften'd echoes join in cadence sweet,
 And sheltering scenery form a blest retreat;
 There, on the slaty shore, my spoils I spread,
 Ducks, plover, teal, the dying and the dead;
 Two snow-white storks,* a crane of tawny hue
 Stretch'd their long necks amid the slaughter'd crew.
 A hawk,† whose claws, white tail, and dapp'l'd breast,
 And eye, his royal pedigree confest,
 Snipes, splendid summer-ducks,‡ and divers wild,
 In one high heap, triumphantly I pil'd;

* *Ardea Alba* of Lin. These are only summer birds; and very transient visitants in these northern regions.

† The white-tailed eagle (*Falco fulvus*), so much sought after by the Indians of North America for its quill and tail feathers, with which they plume their arrows, ornament their calumet, and adorn their dresses. It inhabits from Hudson's Bay to Mexico. The claws and beak of this bird are of an extraordinary size.

‡ Called by some the wood-duck (*Anas Sponsa*), the most beautiful of its tribe in North America. They are easily tamed, and become very familiar. About thirty-five years ago, a Mr. Nathan Nicols, who resided in Maryland, on the west side of Gunpowder river, succeeded completely in

Then joining heads that ne'er were join'd before,
 Across my gun the feathery burden bore ;
 Sought out the path that scal'd the mountain's side,
 Farewell ! " Goodbye !" the smiling youngers cry'd ;
 Up through th' incumbent shades I took my way,
 They to their boat with glittering *dollar* gay.

The day was hot, the load of ponderous size,
 To heav'n's own gates the mountain seem'd to rise ;
 Large ruin'd logs the winding labyrinth crost,
 And soon the path in tangling brush was lost.
 Up these rough steep's I bore my plunder through,
 That still more pris'd and more-oppressive grew,
 Till, drench'd with sweat, I gain'd the mountain's head,
 And steer'd as chance or blind conjecture led ;
 Fill'd the deep forest with the shouts I made,
 That dy'd, unanswer'd, through the distant shade ;
 While startl'd squirrels, mounting in affright,
 Look'd down, and chatter'd, at th' alarming sight,
 At length two guns, that made the mountain roar,
 Produc'd an answering peal from those before ;
 And ten long miles in doubt and drudgery past,
 I reach'd my comrades and the road at last ;
 Where peals of mirth succeeding their amaze,
 They shar'd my load, and loaded me with praise.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO ELIZA.

Air—" *Kind deary O.*"

ANGELIC Fair ! my life's delight !
 Stay, stay, O do not flee me, O ;
 Mild as the day-star's trembling light,
 In dreams of bliss I see thee O.

domesticating these ducks ; so that they bred and multiplied with him in great numbers. In their wild state they build in hollow trees, and fly directly in, without alighting at the entrance.

Thy finish'd form, too, lovely maid,
 I wish forever, near me, O ;
 Thy face in heav'nly smiles array'd,
 With bliss divine can cheer me O.

Spher'd in thine eye enchantments gleam ;
 'Tis rapture to be near thee O,
 Each virtue of celestial beam
 Shines lovely in my deary O.

The native sweetness of thy mind
 Lights up the face that's dreary O.
 My heart in purest love is shrin'd,
 I'm thine for aye my deary O.

OSCAA.

Norfolk, 9th August, 1800.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

RUMMAGING an old port-folio, the other day, I glanced at the original, of which I inclose a copy. To a man of any taste, the least morceau, the production of an author of celebrity, is precious. The original is in the hand-writing of my father, who took it down, I know, at least twenty years ago, from a friend of Dr. Moore's ; who used frequently to amuse an idle hour, by repeating it among others, as an original, never published, and highly characteristic. The gentlemen delineated, excepting one, are all dead. Their names, however, live in the warm recollection of many of the most respectable people in Virginia ; where many of their connexions are settled ; and with which State, previous to our happy revolution, most of them carried on a very extensive trade. With the talents and urbanity of the others, in the learned professions, such of your *medical* readers, as have devoted a few of their early years to study, in the land of *cakes*, are familiar.

If the works of the *Father* have given lustre to his name, in the fields of literature, the friends of man, and rational liberty, have to deplore the deathless fame, achieved, in the field of Mars, by his gallant *Son*, cut off, in the bloom of life, after effecting a retreat, which, for cool and determined bravery, and distinguished skill, has scarcely a parallel, since the age of Xenophon.

When I can command time, I may give you some more scraps
from my port-folio, which never saw the light of day, and which I
think worth preserving. Meantime,

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

NETHERHILL.

Philad. April 10, 1809.

SONG,

ON THE GLASGOW HODGE PODGE CLUB.

BY THE LATE DR. MOORE.

A CLUB of choice fellows each fortnight employ,
An evening in laughter, good humour, and joy;
Like the National Council they often debate,
And settle the army, the navy, the state,
Derry down, &c.

If you would know, somewhat more of this class,
Like the kings in Macbeth, one by one they shall pass:
The man, who cant bear a good-natur'd rub,
I am sure is unworthy a place in this club,
Derry down, &c.

The first of the list is stout *Thomas** the tall,
Who can make us all laugh, though he laughs at us all:
But, enter now, *Thomas*, you and I, if you please,
Must take care, not to laugh ourselves out of our *sees*,
Derry down, &c.

Rough *Peter's*† the next of the group, that appear,
With his weather-beat face, and his heathery hair;
His humour is blunt, and his sayings are snell:
He's a damn'd honest heart, in a villainous shell,
Derry down, &c.

* Dr. *Thomas Hamilton*, an eminent physician, and professor of anatomy in Glasgow College.

† *Peter Blackburn*, Esq. merchant. Mr. Blackburn, Chesnut-street, in this city, lately deceased, was cousin to this gentleman.

Honest *Davis** slinks in, with a slovenly air,
 Belov'd by his friends, though o'erlook'd by the Fair,
 About ladies, and dress, he ne'er troubles his head ;
 But pulls out his pigtail, and takes to the quid,
 Derry down, &c.

What whistling and singing now grateth our ears ;
 By the music, 'tis *Campbell* † of Clathie appears :
 To do good, he in will, nor ability, fails,—
 I wish he'd leave whistling, and mumping his nails,
 Derry down, &c.

With feelings too keen to be ever at ease,
 A lover of satire, though afraid to displease ;
 Applauded, a wit, but when censur'd, a dunce ;
 Retort on *Dunlop*,‡ and you gag him at once,
 Derry down, &c.

An obsequious Doctor§ appears next in view,
 Who smoothly glides in, with a minuet bow ;
 In manners so soft, in apparel how trig,
 And a vast deal of physic contain'd in his wig,
 Derry down, &c.

Does a merchant, a squire, or a soldier come next,
 Or a medley of all the three characters mixt :
 No better companion, than *Baird*,|| have I known ;
 When he apes no man's manners—but sticks to his own,
 Derry down, &c.

Easy *Murdoch*¶ comes sauntering, as if in a dream,
 Who ne'er strives with the current, but flows with the stream ;

* *Dr. Crosse*, an amiable and eminent clergyman.

† *John Campbell*, Esq. of Clathie, an eminent merchant, and banker.

‡ *James Dunlop*, Esq. of Garnkirk, also an eminent merchant, and high personal talents. This gentleman is still alive, and has some sons, I believe, respectable merchants in Virginia.

§ *Dr. Stevenson*; a fashionable and eminent physician, professor of medicine in Glasgow College, and brother-in-law to the celebrated *Dr. Hope* of Edinburgh.

|| *John Baird*, Esq. of Craigton, a respectable landholder, or country squire.

¶ *Peter Murdoch*, Esq. a respectable merchant.

In your voyage through life, *Peter*, choose your friends well ;
 'Tis in their power to land you, in heaven or in hell,
 Derry down, &c.

What precise, dapper gentleman now treads the scene,
So grave in his dress, so composed in his mien :—
Why, *Ritchie*,* run contrary to general rule ;—
He always looks wise, though he's never a fool,
Derry down. &c.

Begot, born, and bred, in John Calvin's meek faith,
How darest thou rage, like a Pagan, in wrath ;
" If works without faith, are not call'd to account,
" *Gad damme,*" says *Archy*,† " if my soul will mount,"
Derry down, &c.

A pair of *gold* buckles, without any carving ;
The figure and workmanship not worth a farthing ;
At home manufactur'd, and plenty of metal,
An emblem of *Orr*,† and it fits to a title,
Derry down, &c.

The surly companion, he brings up the rear ;
Who looks so morose, and still speaks with a sneer,
Would fain have you think him a poet and wit ;
But, egad, *Dr. Moore*, you are damnably bit,
Derry down. &c.

* *James Ritchie*, Esq. an eminent banker and merchant. · A son of this gentleman fell in a duel, a few years ago, in Virginia.

† *Archibald Henderson, Esq.* an eminent merchant, son of a respectable clergyman. A brother of this gentleman lives on his estate, near Dumfries, Virginia, and one of his sons was a merchant lately at Alexandria.

* *John Orr*, Esq. an eminent lawyer, and city clerk of Glasgow.

§ The *Author* closes up the rear, in the last verse, descriptive of himself.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the following trifle is deemed worthy of a place in *The Port Folio*, a few, at least, of Mr. Oldschool's subscribers will be gratified. It is offered by one whose former contributions to that *Miscellany*, were received with some little applause; and who may possibly be recollected as the author of "Emily Hammond," "An Essay on shaking hands," and half a dozen "poetical posies," presented in 1807.

The writer is well aware that, in the present form of *The Port Folio*, less room is probably afforded for the sportive effusions of Taste, Sentiment, or Frolic, than its former weekly publication furnished: and on this account he is prepared to expect either Criticism or Rejection.

WHAT, Harry! still solus? no wife in the chace?

Still afraid of that soul-chilling "No?"

Poor faint-hearted soul! how I pity your case!

More timid the older you grow.

Here are blue eyes and black eyes—the fair and brunette—

The grave, the coquette, and the prude:

From stately Melinda to fidgetting Bet:

"I know it—I *would if I could*."

See Clara—sweet model of feminine grace!

How can you behold her unmov'd!

A temper more sweet, or a lovelier face,

Might be *worship'd*, but could not be lov'd.

Will sighing and wishing e'er bring to your arms,

A damsel so charming and good?

Not a single endeavour for so many charms?

"Dont tease me—I *would if I could*."

On Mira's blue eye could an anchorite gaze,

Nor kindle amain at the view?

With calmness to glance on so 'witching a face,

Was reserv'd for a puppy like you.

The rose and the lily bloom bright on her cheek—

Her lips! how with nectar imb'd!

You monster of dulness! and why dont you speak,

"Why hang ye!—I *would if I could*!"

Have J—'s attractions no longer a charm?
 Or what can have render'd them less?
 Can sweetness so touching, and goodness so warm
 Excite not a wish to possess?

Your sense of her merit you oft have avow'd—
 By heav'n you deserve a ratan—
 Go—whine, like a school-boy, "*I would if I could,*"
 "*God help me!—I will if I can.*"

W.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE following elegant, erudite and sublime poem, equally destitute of hyperbole and bombast, was composed under the full inspiration of a long beard and the *unpaid bill* of my tailor.

THE TONSORIAD.

O, FOR a quill from Python's dragon wing,
 Fledged with his scales, and pointed with his sting;
 O, for an ink-horn of Etnean height,
 Whose crater's depth should mock an ocean's right;
 O, for a Stygian stream of ink more black
 Than soul of Satan, or than Cackle's clack;
 O, for a page of lamellated snow,
 Whose tangent plane might hide the world below;
 O, for an arm, with giant's sinews wound,
 To drive this pen and ink this page around;
 To frank at once to everlasting fame
 Imperial *Huggins'* death-defying name;
 Sylphs, ye that lead, the salient hairs among,
 In stern array, your tardy marching throng,
 Pierce, with keen tubes, the prurient folds of skin,
 And suck your gory nurture from within!
 You shrunk amazed, and trembled at the sight,
 When, comb in hand, stern *Huggins* rush'd to light—
 Seiz'd the long nose, the trembling whiskers smote,
 Strapp'd his keen blade, and shav'd the subject throat.
 Lo, in his halls the matchless shaver stands,
 The keen steel glittering in his technic hands;

High round his head the fragrant vapours bend,
 And hills of soap in airy froth ascend,
 John Bulls and Emperors grin upon the wall,
 Dogs war with cats, and wives with husbands brawl.
 Thick round the room expectant phizzes wait,
 Shake the long beard or mourn the naked pate.
 Then flies more swift, than Jove's fulmineous flame,
 The well strapp'd edge, with beard-subduing aim.
 The pilose ranks tumultuous seek the ground,
 And beard and lather smoke confus'd around.

So when ten pins in dazzling order stand,
 A chief in front, in rear a marshall'd band ;
 The well-form'd phalanx spreads its angles wide,
 And stern defiance scowls on every side.
 Then urged with skill, the bounding boards along
 The rotund Ruin rushes on the Throng,
 The staggering Ranks confess unknown alarms,
 While Gravitation drags them to his arms.
 Each pin expiring gives his friend a hunch,
 And men and generals tumble in a bunch !

So erst two brethren climb'd the cloud-capp'd hill,
 Ill-fated Jack and long-lamented Jill ;
 Snatch'd from the lucid fount its crystal store,
 And the full pail with hearts exulting bore.
 No grog was there their senses to assail,
 Pure was the wave and pure the painted pail—
 But, ah, no lack of grog, no pail so neat
 Could hold their heads, or fix their fault'ring feet—
 Pate-broken Jack came blundering down the hill,
 And, blundering after, came the pail and Jill.

O'er Beauty's tresses next the shaver rears
 His high ignited tongs, and glittering shears ;
 Winds, with nice kink, the convoluted curl,
 The thin hairs yielding to his forceful twirl,
 Waves his bright blades, and leads with airy grace,
 The spiral ringlets down the lovely face ;
 Scissors and eyes in rival radiance seen
 Dispense o'erpowering lustre round the scene.
 Should some huge lens from northern ices hewn,
 Pour hell's hot focus on the orb of noon,
 Not half so bright the encountering blaze would rise,
 As springs from Huggins' shears and Delia's eyes !

IMPERIAL SHAVER ! on thy laurell'd brow
 Roses shall bloom, and wigs spontaneous grow,
 On slaughter'd Beards thy airy Throne shall rise,
 And piles of whiskers lift thee to the skies;
 There as thou sits't in Fashion's cause sublime,
 Shaking thy razor-strap o'er many a clime,
 Each rival barber at thy shrine shall bow,
 Till Time expire, and Beards forget to grow.

B.

 EPIGRAMS.

On seeing Miss Sims of Covent Garden Theatre, in Fanny, in the Maid
 of the Mill.

From *Norwood*, say what *Gipsy's* this? Who knows?
 'Tis Sims, who all excels in furtive arts,
 For other gipsies only steal our clothes,
 This little gipsy steals our very hearts.

Dear honey, says Pat, I'm just come to town,
 Quite speechless amid from the late expedition,
 But to make out the use of it boddies my crown,
 Pray, what think *you* of it? I ask, with submission,
 Says Dermot, 'Twas meant a *diversion*, that's all;
 Profound was the plan, and too wise to be scoff'd at;
 A *diversion*, cries Pat, you it rightly may call,
 For, wherever we went, we were sure to be *laugh'd at*.

On the controversy respecting the dramatic merits of Messrs. Mossop
 and Ross.

Some they cry Ross up,
 And some they cry Mossop,
 Which is the best is not the contest,
 But which is the worst is a toss up.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE SCOUNDREL* WILLIAM III.

Round William's chair, in triple rows,
The courtiers stood to gaze,
And every tongue in flattery dipt,
Bedaub'd him o'er with praise.

I pray you friend, said *surly John*,
Who stood behind the chair,
Do ope that window, and let out
This d——d *corrupted air*.

Epigram, written by the celebrated Caleb Whitefoord, Esq. on Mr. Colman's dramatic piece, called *The Spleen*, or *Islington Spa*.

Wit, humour, character, and well-wrought scene ;
Can these the envious critics rage allay ?
Ah, Colman, no ; they only cause more *Spleen*
Than twenty city *Spas* can wash away.

And is there then, alas ! no method left,
Of such curst carpers to escape the fury ?
Yes ; copy *them*, subsist by *lies and theft*,
Be dull, and *underwrite*, and I'll *insure* you.

Codrus, alas ! to wit or sense,
Alike we both make vain pretence ;
Since all the world both claims denies,
The foolish mine, and yours the *wise*.

EPIGRAM, ON SAM FOOTE.

Unless puns and bon mots with good humour you blend,
You may oft *gain admirers*, more oft *lose a friend* ;
Though our fancies, sharp Sam, are oft pleased with your *wit*,
Yet our feelings are hurt, by each "palpable hit ;"
Thus a monkey diverts by his tricks ; but alas,
What dire havoc he makes with our *ching and glass* !

* Dr. Johnson.

EPITAPH,

ON LUKE LONG, A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

As souls, of late, through heaven's gate pass'd,
 St. *Peter*, who survey'd the throng,
 Exclaim'd *Long looked for* comes at last,
 For here, at last, comes my *Luke Long*.

ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN class of the Parisians busy themselves in prying into the circumstances of Bonaparte's birth and education, in order to furnish food for scandal. A lady, wishing to mortify Madame Bonaparte, asked her whether she was fully acquainted with her husband's origin. I know, and all Europe knows, replied the Empress, that he is the son of *Mars* and *Fortune*.

The late Lord Strichen, a Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland, a very worthy man, but no conjurer, was in company, when it was observed by some one, that dull boys at school often proved very ingenious men. It is very true, said his lordship, I was a dull boy at school myself.

An officer's servant in Gloucestershire, having taken offence at something said by the clerk of the parish, thought it incumbent upon him, as a gentleman, to send the other a challenge to fight with pistols, to which the following answer was given: Abraham Amen conceiving that murder with fire arms is the exclusive privilege of men of honour, and of cavaliers, refuses to fight with the upstart Bob Bouncer, in the manner he requires; but, as, by the laws of duelling, the person challenged, has a right to choose his weapons, Abraham Amen will meet the said Bouncer, even on a Sunday, and on consecrated ground, to the praise and glory of God, with *two staves*.

A little girl, on hearing that her mother had lost a law suit, said, Dear mamma, I am quite glad that you have lost that plaguey suit, that used to vex you so.

In the parlour of a public house in Fleet-street, there is inscribed over the chimney-piece, the following notice: Gentlemen, *learning to spell*, are requested to use *yesterday's paper*.

BANTER.

DR. EGERTON, the late Bishop of Durham, on coming to that See, employed a person of the name of *Duc*, as his agent, to discover the true value of the estates held by lease under him, and, in consequence of *Duc's* report, greatly raised both the fines and rents of his tenants; on which account the following toast was frequently drank in that diocese: May the *Lord* take the *Bishop*, and the *Devil* have his *Duc*.

A nobleman, remarkably abstemious, was chiding one of his workmen for often getting drunk. It is astonishing, said his Lordship, that all good workmen are addicted to drunkenness. Then, answered the man, your Lordship, I presume is *not a good workman*.

Henry IV, of France, had received notice of the conspiracy of Marshal Biron. It was observed by a nobleman, that the marshal was one of the best card players at court. He *plays* very well, said the King, but he *makes his parties* very ill.

On account of the great number of suicides lately in Dublin, an Irish member of the House of Commons, moved for leave to bring in a bill making suicide a *capital offence*.

The author of the tragedy of Douglas makes his hero repeat

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And *inaccessible*, by shepherds trod,
A hermit liv'd.

Pray, Mr. Author, by what sort of path did the shepherds reach this inaccessible mountain's brow?

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

MUCH indisposition and the calamities of the times have, with despotic sway, forbidden us the discharge of some of our editorial duties, and the indulgence of some of our privileges. Among the latter we class that of occasionally addressing our friends with a cheerful greeting; rendering thanks for literary service; indicating merit, wherever it may be found; and inviting communications from the virtuous and the wise.

We acknowledge the resources, worship the genius, and applaud the spirit of HILARIO. His truly independent mind soars on eagle pinions beyond the miry realms of *carking Care*, and, in the very notes of Cheerfulness he exclaims,

Many, I see, have riches plenty,
 Fine coaches, livery servants twenty;
 But Envy never pains me.
 My appetite is good as theirs,
 I sleep as sound, as free from cares,
 I'VE ONLY WHAT MAINTAINS ME.

And while the precious joys I prove
 Of *Bob's* true friendship, and the love
 Of *roguish black-eyed Jenny*,
 Ye gods! my wishes are confined
 To health of body, peace of mind,
 Clean linen and a guinea.

For the biography of General Gates, than which few articles in *The Port Folio* will be perused with more patriotic pride, we are indebted to the splendid genius and indefatigable industry of a gentleman who, in our rivetted opinion, is in the very first rank of our authors, and whose lucid style, fashioned after the best models, is in the purest taste of composition.

The author of a speculation, not more elaborate than ingenious, entitled *Man Constitutionally Moral*, is assured that his theory is greatly admired by the best judges. We are not much in the habit of perusing pages where metaphysical distinctions greatly predominate; but our author has arrayed his Abstraction in a garb so agreeable and popular, that we accompany him with sensations of a much more lively character than we felt when studying either John Locke or Bishop Berkeley. After thus sincerely praising this performance, which is highly

evinced of the author's acuteness and dexterity of argumentation, we cannot omit to notice, with complacency, his laudable mode of calling up historical testimony, and summoning Fact, Experience, and Anecdote as auxiliaries to moral and metaphysical analysis. This plan was successfully pursued by my lord Kaimes, in his *Sketches of the History of Man*, and is by no means awkwardly imitated by our author. We feel a pleasure in thanking this gentleman on another account. In the zeal of a controversialist, he has never forgotten the courtesy of a *cavalier*, but behaves towards our friend and brother *Analyticus*, not in the spirit of furious polemics, but in that of bland civility, treating the opinions and reasoning of an able opponent with that respect to which his talents have the fullest claim.

The biography of Captain Nicholas Biddle, which so resplendently adorns The Port Folio for October, has, in the repeated perusal, afforded us a satisfaction perfectly unalloyed. Few papers, since, by the partiality of the public, the editor has had the honour of collecting and arranging the materials of a miscellany, have been more strictly scanned, and more cordially admired. We have acquired the right to assure the amiable author, that this life of his gallant relative, the Sir Sidney Smith of America, will challenge a comparison with the best biographies of foreign birth; and if weighed in the critical balance, either of Oxford scholars, or Edinburgh reviewers, will never be *found wanting*. A composition of so pure and chaste a character may bid defiance to all the calumny of criticism. The editor is constantly in the habit of perusing the foreign Journals of the most established reputation, in which the lives of the learned, the adventurous, and the brave abound, but, for many years, he has not, after the most diligent research, discovered one, in any respect, superior to the article in question.

To a friend, commencing a course of English literature, and anxious to view the best models for a style, vigorous and masculine, we recommend, very strongly, most of the *elder* masters of thought and expression. Let the attention be directed to the beauties of the English writers from Queen Elizabeth to the civil war, writers who, as has been pertinently remarked, perhaps surpass those of any other age or country.

The literary ardour of B. is of the most noble and generous kind; but let him remember what he owes to himself, as well as to his muse and to his country. Let him beware, as he values the vigour of health and the brightness of fancy, of moping too intensely among his mid-

night studies; and shun the dangerous servitude of that generous spirit who, as we read in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, was made *slave to a lamp*.

The complaint of X is perfectly well defined in the medico-moral philosophy of the prescribers of medicine, or the analysers of mind. The want of regular employment is followed up by dreary intervals of care, but rarely burnished with joy, and thus life is reduced to a state of blank listlessness, occasionally enlivened by a gleam of forced-enjoyment, like an ignis fatuus playing over the bosom of a swamp.

F. Y. need not run after visionary Speculation, which will always fly away and elude his grasp, like that "amusive arch," the rainbow, chased by the simple boy in Thomson. On the contrary, let him follow the maxims of Michael Montaigne, an author in whose pages the freshness of good sense perpetually springs up under the reader's eye, like the verdure of a dewy June.

It has been incident to the editor, ever since he commenced the publication of this Journal, to receive a much greater mass of poetical than of prose compositions. Indeed the proportion of the former to the latter is as ten to one. This is at once a curious and mysterious circumstance in a new-born country, continually reviled by foreign Criticism for a total want of poetical power and poetical taste. From the above accurate statement of the editor, it must appear that the frequent attempt is not wanting, however slender may be the success. If we have no epics like Milton's, or tragedies like Shakspeare's, or poems like Pope's, or satires like those of Young and Swift, yet infant adventurers abound, even on this side of the Atlantic, who struggle with all their might to *bend the bow of Ulysses*. Now we sincerely think this a good omen, and a pleasing proof of an ardent desire to excel, which most manifestly is a very noble step towards excellence. Though justice towards himself as well as to others, compels the editor to declare that *heaps* of poetical matter are often ranged before him of a character scarcely less offensive than the compost heaps in a farmer's field, yet, amid this trash we sometimes spy a jewel of diamond lustre, at once brilliant, solid, and durable. Every article so precious is preserved with a sort of religious care, and if, perchance, it may not instantly radiate to the public eye, still it will shine in *its season*, to the satisfaction of the owner, and to the admiration of all.

"The Tonsoriad," with which we have taken a few editorial liberties, for which we hope to receive the author's pardon, is a lucky imitation of the Darwinian style, and will readily remind the polite rea

der of the Loves of the Triangles, than which a more humorous burlesque cannot be discovered in all the regions of wit. Our arch American has succeeded very happily in his lucky similitude in the fourth paragraph of his poem, and has been still more fortunate in his allusion to a well known nursery tale in the fifth. We think that the fame of the sovereign of shavers is now perennial; and that Partridge and Hugh Strap, and even the barber of Bagdat himself, are only qualified, in comparison with him, to *eat mutton cold*, and cut *blocks* with a razor.

Imperial Shaver! on thy laurelled brow
 Roses shall bloom, and *wigs* spontaneous grow,
 On slaughtered *beards* thy airy throne shall rise,
 And piles of *whiskers* lift thee to the skies.
 There as thou sitst in Fashion's cause sublime,
 Shaking thy *razor-strop* o'er many a clime,
 Each rival barber at thy shrine shall bow,
 Till Time expire, and *beards* shall cease to grow!

In full communion with our *High Church* friend, G——r, we remember the duties and delight of this festal season. During the Christmas holidays we cannot refrain from applying to a most accomplished *classical* scholar and delightful companion, the impassioned lines of Walter Scott.

How just that, at this time of glee,
 My thoughts, dear G——r, turn to thee,
 For many a merry hour we've known,
 And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
 Cease then, my friend, a moment cease,
 And leave your classic tomes in peace.
 Of Roman and of Grecian lore,
 Sure mortal brain can hold no more.

The "Choice of a wife," if we understand the reasoning of "A prudent Bachelor," is regulated principally by what my worthy friend Cocker of Cheapside and mathematical memory, calls the *main chance*. Our *bachelor* is quite indifferent to the virtue or the beauty of a bride.

He cares not if tender, he cares not if tough;
 If she *tender* the cash, she is tender enough.

In despite of the vulgar *notion* we cannot help defending the cause of Roman literature.

Those ancients, as Noll Bluff would say,
Were pretty fellows in their day.

The character of "A Genuine Sportsman" would be hardly recognised in America. The *jovial chase* is better known in the parks of England, and among the mountains of Caledonia. There may be found many a bold huntsman

As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
Or ever halloo'd to a hound.

The picture of "The Lass in Love" is pretty and pleasing; but has not the genius of a Scottish poet drawn such a nymph in a style of superior excellence?

She looked down to blush, and looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

We shall not neglect the lighter departments of poetry, because, in a work like this, they are indispensably necessary to contrast with the more serious character which should predominate in such a miscellany. Our faith and practice concur with a high authority, that it is extremely proper to unbend the mind with poetry; and not always with that species which turns upon subjects of great length; but those *little pieces* of the gay and epigrammatical kind, which serve as proper reliefs for employments of every sort. They commonly go under the title of poetical amusements; but these amusements have sometimes gained as much reputation to their authors, as works of a much more serious character. In this manner the greatest men and the greatest orators have either exercised or amused themselves, or rather, indeed, have done both. It is surprising how much the mind is unburthened and enlivened by those little poetical compositions which turn upon subjects of gallantry, satire, tenderness, politeness, and every thing, in short, that concerns life and the affairs of the world. Besides, the same advantage attends these, as every other sort of poems, that we turn from them to prose with so much the more pleasure, after having experienced the difficulty of being constrained and fettered by numbers.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE EDITOR, as he proceeds in an arduous adventure, perceives more clearly every hour, the impossibility of giving universal satisfaction. Indeed, in the wildest of his reveries, he never dreamed of pleasing the *million*. It is not for them that he writes, no, not a single paragraph. With their absurd and clashing requisitions no man, however ductile, can comply.

If I answer all the letters I receive, says some philosopher, no mortal will be so full of business. If I do not, they will say I am disdainful and insolent. If I censure, I shall be an odious critic ; if I praise, a nauseous flatterer.

In those ingenious apologues which are commonly ascribed to the fabulist of Phrygia, there is one of such pithy sententiousness, and of such profound wisdom, of a character so just, and of a conclusion so true, that, without any violent stretch of Fancy, one might easily imagine that the Sage, its author, had been either the chief magistrate of a *commonwealth*, or, what is more probable, the conductor of some *Phrygian Evening Post*, or *Grecian Miscellany* ! The picturesque fable, to which we allude, has been coarsely translated a thousand times, and, in its rudest shape, in elementary books of instruction, is familiar even to Childhood. But, as our friends the lawyers say, as it is a *case in point*, we shall assume the liberty of quoting it once more, but in a form so finely fashioned after the pure models of Phædrus and La Fontaine, that the most fastidious reader will peruse it with smiles.

A sire and son, as once we're told,
The stripling tender, father old,
A jackass purchased at a fair,
To ease their limbs and hawk their ware ;
But, as the animal was weak,
They thought that *both* his back would break,
And so th' indulgent good old sire
Set up the boy lest he should tire.

The father, trudging, leads the ass,
 And through the *gaping crowd* they pass ;
 The grey-beards, angry, hobble out,
 And hail them with a feeble shout :
 " This the respect to age you show,
 The duty you to parents owe ?
 He beats the hoof, you sit astride.
 Get down, and let your *father* ride.

The *lad*, by no means void of grace,
 With *cheerful* haste *resigned* his place.
 Fresh murmurs through the village ran,
 Boys, girls, wives, widows hail the man :
 " Brute beast less pity never had :
 Have you no feeling for the lad ?
 To *your own baby* so unkind !
 Here put the *pretty child* behind."

Old *Dapple* next compassion drew,
 E'en from the ass *o'er driving crew* ;
 For instantly they all exclaimed,
 " Them boobies ought to be ashamed,
 Two at a time upon the beast !
 They'd better carry him ; at least,
 I *wonders* how it came to pass !
 'Tis plain to tell the *greatest ass*."

The pair, *still pliant* to the voice,
Dismount, and *bear the ass*. What noise,
 What gibes, loud laugh, and cutting joke
 At length the *silent sire* provoke !
 COME ON, my son ; PURSUE THE WAY ;
 Nor mind what *idle people* say.
 Vain the attempt to heed their call.
 He *fails* who STRIVES TO PLEASE THEM ALL.

After they shall have finished the perusal of this tale, we trust that our subscribers will be in ample possession of two facts : the jarring counsels, that are impertinently given by others, and the *independent and decisive style* which we choose for ourselves. For more than fifteen years we have published, in periodical pages, our sentiments, in complete defiance of the choice or the dictation of the *many*. In this

path we shall persevere ; and, while the editor obtains the partial suffrage of gentlemen, scholars, and Christians, he is most contemptuously careless of the vulgar voice. If he can proudly number one man of genius, spirit, and virtue for his friend, he does not shrink at discovering every fool in the commonwealth his enemy.

It is expected by many that, during the Christmas holidays, an editor should make his appearance in the character of a *servant*, and make some complimentary speeches to his audience. To pursue the allusion, the *noisy* and *stupid galleries* still bellow out, "*Make your bow, Charley ;*" and even the *rest of the house* look for a fine flourish or two. But, on this occasion, we disdain all grimaces ; and though the editor's courtesy, as a cavalier, forbids him to look contemptuously, or turn his back upon the PIT and BOXES, yet, even to *them*, he makes neither a bow nor an apology. With very limited physical, and still more limited mental Power, he is conscious he has achieved but *little* ; but it was all that Nature and Fortune would allow. Having finished his annual toil, he may now be permitted, like a cheerful labourer, to go *carolling* home, without any grumbling to deprecate, and NOTHING BUT JUSTICE TO DEMAND.

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum

PRINTED FOR BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, NO. 4, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, BY SMITH AND MAXWELL.

INDEX

TO

VOLUME II,

OF

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES.

	Page	Page
Abercrombie's Lecture on Em- phasis,	1	Correspondents, To, 81—170—282
Charge,	89—180	Correspondence,
Lecture on Quan- tity,	293	Colebs in Search of a wife, re- view of,
Lecture on Pauses,	383	Chesterfield's Epistle,
General, Monu- ment to,	49	Drama, the
Author's Evenings,	135—254	Dedication to my Wife,
American Independence, Prophe- cy of,	337	Drysdale, Thomas, Biographical Notice of,
Arts, the Useful,	265—525	Dictionary, English, New,
Anacreon, Memoirs of,	309	English Language, Remarks on,
American Painters, Anecdotes of,	316	Epistolary,
Apparatus, Description of, for Unrolling the Herculean Papyri,	521 573	Etymologies, American,
Anecdote,	573	France, Travels in,
Bloomfield, Robert, original Let- ter from,	60	Franklin, Dr. Letter from,
Bradford, William, Esq. Life of,	177	Friend, Prospectus of The,
Burke, Character of,	239	Fox and Pitt, Portraits of,
Biddle, Captain, Memoirs of,	285	French Philosophers,
Beattie, Dr. original Letter from	299	Geography,
Brydone's Tour,	322	Gertrude of Wyoming, Criticism on,
Bacon, Lord, Remarks on the Writings of,	514 576	Gates, Horatio, General, Life of, 363—481
Banter,	576	Gregoire's Letter,
Cowpenfinch of N. America, 61—151		Letter, Answer to,
Cassada Plant,	69	Hayti, Memoirs of, 35—103—188 —325—414—490
		Hamlet, Remarks on the Charac- ter of,
		History, Natural,
		Hutchinson, Col. Memoirs of,

INDEX.

	Page		Page
Intelligence, Literary, . . .	133—556	Republic, The Literary, . . .	9
———, Philosophical, . . .	553	Readers and Correspondents, to, . . .	81—170—282—577
———, Scientific and Miscellaneous, . . .	557	Reflections on Ridicule, . . .	324
King William's Ring, description of, . . .	524	Regnard, Biography of, . . .	441
St. Lawrence, description of a View on the, . . .	265	Revolution, the French, . . .	511
Literature, Grecian, . . .	420	Select Speeches, Criticism on, . . .	20
Letters of the Prince de Ligne, Criticism on the, . . .	444	Scribbler, The, No. V, . . .	29
Levy, . . .	451—551	———, The, No. VI, . . .	124
Literary Bill of Mortality for 1809, . . .	452	Segestes, the Wife of, . . .	69
Literature, American, . . .	502	Smith, Judge, Obituary notice of, . . .	78
Monitor, The, No. II, . . .	55	Simmons, James, Obituary notice of, . . .	80
My Pocket Book, No. III, . . .	261	Southey's Thalaba, Defence of, . . .	57
———, No. IV, . . .	331	Shaw, John, Obituary notice of, . . .	382
———, No. V, . . .	527	Sciota, Ruins of an ancient work on the, . . .	419
Mortuary, . . .	281	Solomon's Creek, View of the Lower Falls of, . . .	443
Man Constitutionally Moral, 300—391		———, View of the Upper Falls of, . . .	540
Markets of Philadelphia, some Account of, . . .	508	Spain, Commerce, and Freedom, an Ode, Criticism on, . . .	497
Naturalist, The, No. II, . . .	51	Sympathy, Remarks on, . . .	537
——— The, No. III, . . .	119	Sarcasm, . . .	554
——— The, No. IV, . . .	197	Tahopha, or the Cassada Plant, . . .	69
——— The, No. V, . . .	426	Variety, . . .	87—378—459
Notice, Literary, . . .	193	Valedictory Oration, . . .	97
Niagara, Remarks on the Falls of, . . .	231	Ventriloquism, . . .	313
Nuptial, . . .	281	World, the Sententious, or Serious, 130—244—353—429—547	
Potato, Introduction of the, . . .	117	———, the Literary, . . .	241—546
Polonius, on the Character of, . . .	247	———, the Laughing, . . .	356
Poet and Painter compared, . . .	363	———, the Classical, . . .	541
Pitt and Fox, Portraits of, . . .	431	Woodlands, description of the, . . .	505
Philosophers, French, . . .	437		

ORIGINAL POETRY.

	Page		Page
Anna's Prayer, . . .	279	Lines to Miss ———, . . .	375
Burke's Garden Grave, . . .	77	——— on the Glasgow Hodge Podge Club, . . .	567
Collins's Ode on the Passions, Supplementary Stanza to, . . .	278	Moonlight, . . .	375
Evening Star, Hymn to the, . . .	78	The Naiad's Complaint, . . .	147
Epigrams, . . .	377—573	Smedes, Anna, Tribute to the Memory of, . . .	373
Eliza, Lines to, . . .	565	Stanzas, to Miss A. F. . .	458
Foresters, The; a Poem, 70—141—273—367—452—561		The Tear, . . .	279
Lines by Mrs. Ferguson, . . .	149	The Tonsoriad, . . .	571
——— on a Drop of Rain, . . .	150		



